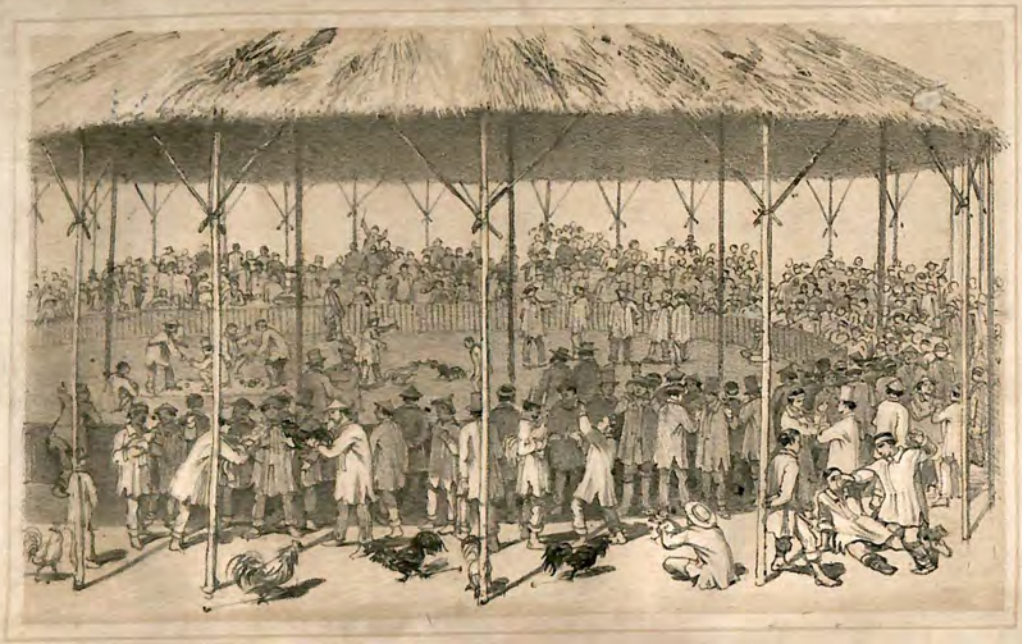

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Sunday Pastume at Manilla

HONG KONG TO MANILLA

AND

THE LAKES OF LUZON,

IN

THE PHILIPPINE ISLES,

IN THE YEAR 1856.

38018
ac
B 1020

BY HENRY T. ELLIS, R.N.



A RARA AVIS: TO WIT, AN INCREDULOUS MARINE.

AA 42

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1859.

[*The right of translation is reserved.*]

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DEDICATION.

TO LAWRENCE BELL, ESQ.

My dear Bell,

Reminiscences of the very enjoyable visit I paid your interesting but little known part of the world, enhanced as it was by the pleasure of your society, led me from thoughts to notes—from notes to more extended manuscript—from manuscript to print—and from print! into what shall it be? Some of my friends, on hearing I was about to publish, warningly reminded me of the passage, "Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!" Others gave an encouraging "pro-ceed;" and there were those, again, who, in kindly confidence,

whispered the somewhat dubious counsel of, "Don't be foolish." To you and, I trust, the indulgent consideration of the public, I leave the decision into what print has led me; sincerely trusting that at least it may not have involved any loss of your friendship or esteem.

Believe me,

Ever yours very truly,

HENRY T. ELLIS, R.N.

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Santo Tomas
Tanauan
LAKE OF BOMBON
TYBUCAN ISLAND
OR OF TAAL
Published by Smith, Elder & Cº, Cornhill, London, 1859

HONG KONG TO MANILLA,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Arrival of Rear-Admiral Sir M. Seymour at Hong Kong—The Spanish War Steamers—Visit to the "Jorge Juan"—Intercourse between Hong Kong and Manilla—Society at Hong Kong — Roads—Private "Pidgin" — Anecdote — Study of Spanish—Illustrations of English Scholarship — Geography and Ethnology — Facts about Manilla and the Philippines—The Island of Luzon—English Conquest of Manilla—Chinese Traders — Exports and Imports — Earthquakes and Hurricanes—Introduction of Horses and Cattle—The adventures of M. de la Gironière—Brain Feast—Duck Hatching—Search for Knowledge under Difficulties—Making ready.

THE summer of 1856, being the fourth of my residence in China, had brought with it a sharp attack of illness, which threatened to become chronic, when, happily, the arrival of Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour at Hong Kong enabled me to obtain six weeks' leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting Manilla, where, it was hoped, I should derive great

benefit from change of air. As my leave was understood to commence from the date of departure, ample time was afforded to prepare for a trip to which I could not but look forward with the highest interest.

At that time, the monthly despatches and mails were conveyed between the two places by war steamers belonging to the Spanish Government; and generally they arrived in China in time for the Peninsular and Oriental steamer starting for Europe per overland route; leaving again for Manilla two days after the arrival of the next packet from England. At first, besides the postal arrangement, passengers were taken at a very high rate; but the system being distasteful to the officers, and therefore not working very well, it was eventually discontinued, and the officers permitted to grant free passages at their own discretion. An exception was of course made by the Government in favour of their own officials, respecting whom, as in the British navy, there were special regulations.

My leave was granted early in the month; and as the English mail was not expected for a week or two, the "Jorge Juan,"* last from Manilla, was not yet prepared to return; however, being recommended to make timely application to the Dons, I attired myself in the paraphernalia of office, and repaired on board to pay my respects to the officers and request the favour of a passage. The "Jorge," I may remark,

* Pronounced in Spanish very much like "Horka Whan."

was a six-gun paddle steamer, of about 900 tons, armed like our own, and of, I think, 300 horse power, built in Ferrol, and badly put together.

I was very politely received by the officer of the watch, who, as in the French service, was distinguished by wearing an oval-shaped brass plate, loosely suspended round his neck. After the usual round of compliments, which, with my limited knowledge of the language, were rather embarrassing, we seated ourselves in arm-chairs on the quarter-deck, a proceeding not to be lightly attempted in an English man-of-war, though, for my own part, I am far from thinking the Spaniards to blame for their greater freedom in this respect. As soon as I had stated the immediate object of my visit, the officer told me that the captain was taking his siesta (it was about half-past 11, A.M.), but that he had not the slightest doubt he would be most happy to comply with my request. He then took me down to their mess-room, which proved to be a fine, spacious saloon with cabins all round, where gin and water seemed to be chiefly in request, as the favourite beverage of the officers. Their mode of drinking it is peculiar; for, instead of mixing the spirit and water, and thereby producing legitimate grog, they swallow the gin first, and then wash it down with a draught of water from a tumbler of gigantic dimensions. After due compliance with a custom which struck me as being very like creating a fire for the purpose of extin-

guishing it, I took my leave, highly gratified with the result of my visit.

Notwithstanding the proximity of the two places, only about 635 miles apart, the residents of Hong Kong and Manilla at this time saw but little of each other. Occasionally a stray member of either community might cross over, on business or for the sake of a change, and passengers between Europe and Manilla would, as a matter of necessity, pay a flying visit *en route* to Hong Kong. But, on the one hand, the love of gain kept the "dollar worshippers" of Hong Kong spell-bound to their desks; and on the other, the good folks of Manilla cared little to leave their happy, healthy, social isle, for a place not particularly famous for either of these characteristics.

There was, as it were, a bleakness of life and prisoner-like sensation, in a residence at the latter place, arising, in a great measure, from a local monotony, from the difficulty experienced in moving more than a mile or two on either side of the town of Victoria, partly from want of practicable roads and partly from the unscrupulous treachery and hostility of the Chinese. There had been roads to one or two police and military stations on the other side of the island of Hong Kong, which is in itself about thirty miles in circumference, but the Chinamen had broken the bridges down for the sake of the iron fastenings, and the rains were continually washing away the embankments on which the roads

were laid round its rocky hills; so that these circumstances, together with the necessity of being well armed against predatory bands, rendered excursioning, at best, but a search for change of air and scene under difficulties, and was seldom attempted except in large parties, or by water, in boats, nor were the latter by any means exempt from attack by local pirates. So that unless you could manage to get a few days' leave occasionally over to the Portuguese settlement of Macao, distant about thirty miles, it was exceedingly dull, stupid, and monotonous, to say nothing of the baneful influence of the climate on health and spirits.

The English residents at Hong Kong, like many other small communities, were divided by exclusive feelings, which rendered society far less agreeable than it might have been had a better understanding existed among them. As each little coterie was headed by its own peculiar lady patroness, it was a difficult matter to find any half-dozen who would meet any other half-dozen, without their evincing mutual marks of contempt or dislike. Naval officers, as a rule, mixed but little with them, and caring as little who sank or who swam in these turbid waters, had the best opportunity of judging of the game, which was often more amusing than edifying. The most absurd part of this purse-proud stuck-up-ism, was that with the exception of a few Government *employés*, they were all more or less rowing

in the same boat, *i. e.*, striving to amass as many dollars as opportunity would admit of; and though some were called merchants, and others storekeepers, such was the undercurrent of retail speculation, that it was hard to define where one batch ended and the other began. Nay, even for those who were not supposed to be personally engaged in commercial pursuits, the chance of a little *private pidgin** (as we used to call it) possessed irresistible charms, and the grandeur of their position was not sufficient to deter them from competing secretly with their fellow colonists who were openly in business, and consequently beyond the pale of "good society."

A little story current at the time to which I allude, will serve very well to illustrate this state of things. A storekeeper, whose wife was a milliner, requested of the race committee, or some one connected with it, permission to enter a horse in his own name, but was absolutely refused, because only "gentlemen" were admitted to this privilege. Knowing his ground pretty well, the applicant slyly inquired if Mr. —— would be allowed to do so, at the same time naming one of the above-mentioned provident aristocrats. "Certainly," was the answer, "his position being that of a gentleman," &c. "Well," said the honest dealer in wearables and other necessaries of life, who with his wife had thought his manor somewhat

* Supposed to be a corruption of the word "business," and used in a most general way by the Celestials.

poached on in more ways than one, "I don't see the great difference, ee sells *ams*, I sells *ats*." But, true or not the assertion, the credit of being a bit of a wag, was all he gained by this sally. There was, too, just about this time, a good deal of squabbling among the Government colonial officials, so that, altogether, the place was far from an elysium, and was wanting even in the solace of enabling an officer to lay by something for brighter times, the exceeding dearness of everything, especially if of European manufacture or produce, rendering that a matter "of very fine drawing" ill-adapted to the exigencies of the climate.

Little intercourse as there was with "Manilla," it was invariably well spoken of, and most people expressed a strong desire to visit it before finally leaving this part of the world. Partly from such a feeling, and partly for employment in my leisure hours, I had, for some months previous to my application for leave, made a study of the Spanish language, commencing with that valuable little work, compiled on the Robertsonian principle, by A. H. Monteith, Esq., who follows up his initiatory instruction by a thorough dissection of that interesting little narrative of the three travellers who found the treasure on the road and were mourned over by the passing philosopher, who blames, forsooth, the world rather than themselves for their having eventually destroyed each other, like the Kilkenny cats. I worked away other-

wise unassisted, and having fully digested this little book, proceeded to the more advanced study of "Gil Blas," in which I derived some help from a French copy as well. By this means, and occasionally meeting Spaniards or Portuguese, who spoke the language, I had managed to make so much progress, that before being ten days in Manilla, I was frequently asked whether I had learnt the language in Old Spain or the South American colonies. Sometimes, I told the whole truth, at others, I must confess to having permitted a delusion to blacken the faces (as the Chinamen say) of inquirers, who, finding it had not been acquired in either of the former places, jumped at the conclusion that my five days' residence in Manilla must have imparted it to me, on which they would exclaim, "Why, what a capacity you must have for learning languages." "Some people have," would be my rejoinder; but how far that was fencing the truth, is a question too delicate for ordinary inspection.

How is it that, taken as a whole, we are so ignorant on the interesting subjects of geography and the manners and customs of different races? Sailors are apt to think they know more of these things than other people, but, after all, their knowledge is a good deal confined to what they have either actually seen themselves or had drummed into them through the oft-repeated yarns of their associates. I remember a gentleman, who had taken his B.A. degree, asking me whether the Cape and India were not so near

together that they might be considered one and the same place; while another acquaintance, also highly educated, informed me that his brother had gone either to Calcutta or Bengal, he could not say exactly which! So, in regard to Manilla, there was a general impression among people at Hong Kong that it was a Spanish settlement in the Philippine Isles, where cheroots came from; but beyond this, and their personal knowledge of Indians from the neighbourhood occasionally serving on board ships as "Manillamen," little information could be obtained. Such marked ignorance in respect to subjects which, nevertheless, would appear to be of the highest interest, may be due, in some measure, to the all-engrossing attention paid to classical learning. Otherwise, I can think of no excuse, save that which might come pleasantly enough from a damsel of fourteen or fifteen: "Really, there are so many places in the world, and so many different kinds of people, that it is impossible to remember about all of them."

While awaiting the departure of the steamer, I took some pains to acquaint myself, through different sources, with the following matters of fact relating to the place I was about to visit, and of which the reader may likewise feel it his interest to be informed.

The island of Luzon, or Laçon,* of which Manilla

* Pronounced in Spanish something like "Luthone." This appellation is said to have been bestowed on it by the Spaniards, from the Indian name of a large mortar for pounding rice in, which stands at the door of almost every native house.

is the capital, and also the name of the neighbouring district, is the largest and most northerly of all the Philippine group, approaching at its north-western extremity to within 400 miles of the south-east coast of China. It has an area of 57,405 square miles. As to shape and size, it somewhat resembles a bent arm, which, measured along the bend, is more than 550 miles in length; its width varying from 10 to 136 miles.

The shores of Luzon are for the most part rocky, but indented by several very good harbours, besides the magnificent "Bahia de Manila," which is one of the largest and finest basins in the world, being upwards of sixty miles in circumference, and open only to the south-west. The general character of the country is mountainous, but the reverse in the immediate vicinity of Manilla. The Philippines were discovered by Fernando Magalhaens, or Magellan, as he is commonly called, in 1521, who was killed in one of them, but it was not until the year 1565, that they were taken possession of by a Spanish fleet from Mexico, which first anchored off the island of Zaba, and reduced it. In 1570, a settlement was effected at the mouth of the Manilla river (Pasig), and in the following year, the town of the same name as the bay constituted the capital of the Spanish possessions here. According to the customary policy of Spain, the priest and the soldier worked conjointly, and rapidly converted the native

Indian tribes, mostly of Malay origin, to the Romish faith. The Chinese became constant traders, and numbers settled also in the island as artificers, shopkeepers, &c. The town was powerfully fortified at an early period, this being necessary to defend it against the desultory attacks of Chinese and Malay pirates, and also against the Dutch, with whom a long protracted war was carried on. Ships passed periodically between the Philippines and Spanish South American possessions, carrying on a very profitable trade, but this died out on the latter obtaining their independence. In 1762 Manilla was taken by the English, but given up at the peace in 1764,—little advance having been made beyond the town itself,—on agreement of some large sum being paid as a ransom; there appears, however, to have been a screw loose about this, for, like many other of John Bull's outstanders, it never has been, and in all human probability never will be, paid.

The fate of the Chinese settlers has, from first to last, been fluctuating and uncertain. Though valued for the material benefits connected with their avocations, they have been personally despised and disliked by the rest of the inhabitants. Little sympathy or encouragement have they derived from either government or people. In 1639, when their numbers in the Philippine Isles amounted to some 30,000, the Spaniards commenced a war of extermination against them, the Indians remaining neutral, with less friend-

ship for the unhappy Celestials than for their own conquerors. So dreadful was the havoc made on these unwarlike people, that in a short time they were reduced to but 7,000, who surrendered at discretion. Again, in 1757, the Viceroy expelled all the Chinese from the country. Since that time, they have regained their footing on legalized terms, and at present they hold the greatest part of the shopkeeping and mechanical business in their own hands. Their numbers are said to exceed 20,000.

Trade was, for many years, subject to the most absurd restrictions, but especially by the navigation laws affecting ships sailing to or from the port of Manilla; but of late years a more liberal policy has been adopted, and commercial activity has proportionately increased. The exports consist principally of rice, sugar, indigo, cochineal, manufactured tobacco, coffee, hides, hemp, rattans, and cordage made from the fibres of a species of banana, for the European and American markets, and for the Chinese, in addition to rice, tortoise-shell, Sapan wood, edible birds'-nests, and trepang.* To these might be added a great many of the products usual to such climates, besides cloths and gauze of native manufacture, among which the most valuable is the far-famed piña cloth, made from the fibres of the pine-apple.

The imports are much the same as those of British

* Biche de mer, a sort of dried slug.

India, including a large demand for printed cottons from Manchester, and bright-coloured plaided silks, which latter compose the "sayas" or skirts of the dress usually worn by the native and half-caste ladies.

The climate of Manilla is strictly tropical. The wet season commences about June, is at its height between August and September, and over by the latter end of November, after which there are generally two or three months of very delightful weather, with the thermometer sometimes as low as 60°, but the greatest heats are during April and May, when it not unfrequently rises to 94° and upwards.

These islands are subject to earthquakes and hurricanes, the principal of the group being within the range of typhoons, and there are several volcanoes in action on them.* The climate, however, for a tropical one, is considered on the whole very healthy, if not temperate, and Europeans may and do reside there many years without suffering in constitution.

Manilla is the seat of government, the Viceroy having the local rank of Captain-General. The forces under his command at the present time, including native regular infantry, Spanish artillery, and a few cavalry, number about 10,000 men; besides a large body of irregulars, both cavalry and infantry,

* In 1617, a mountain was levelled, and in 1645, a large part of the city of Manilla was destroyed by an earthquake, on which occasion 3,000 persons are said to have perished.

mounted and foot police forces, revenue men, and marines, (I beg their pardon for putting them last, but somebody must be.) These latter, I believe, are all Spaniards, and I think, perhaps, about the best of the troops. The war-vessels,—those, at least, which belong to the Imperial navy,—are manned with about half Europeans and half Manilla-men.

The Spaniards enjoy the credit of having introduced into the island horses and horned cattle, both of a small breed, and the latter, apparently, derived from a Chinese or Indian stock. The buffalo, on the contrary, is an unwieldy, ugly animal, similar to the water buffalo of India and China, and there is reason to believe that it was known in the Philippines long before the Dons made their appearance. When tamed, it is by far the most useful domestic animal they possess. As to the sheep, goats, grapes, figs, wheat, pepper, coffee, cocoa, sugar, and tobacco, which some writers attribute to a Spanish origin, it must suffice for me to state that I found others a little sceptical on the subject, more especially in regard to those productions in the list which are indigenous and peculiar to tropical climates.

I had proceeded thus far with my notes in search of information, when I read the highly interesting and romantic tale entitled "Twenty Years in the Philippines," by the late proprietor of Jala Jala,* which determined me to shoot a wild Buffalo; dead

* Pronounced "Harlar Harlar."

or alive I would pot one, and place my naked foot between his horns à la "de la Gironière." Human brains, too, I would eat or drink, whichever the operation he so graphically describes might be termed. "Eat brains!" Yes, of course; why not? Gironière did, not so very many years ago; besides they are a rarity anyhow, at least good human ones are supposed to be, in one sense or another, rather scarce. And oh! how can I describe the eagerness I felt to be chasing the wild deer, lance in hand, mounted on one of those beautiful horses he speaks of.* This book, however, gives a vivid and romantic interest to localities which otherwise a stranger visitor would not feel.

From another work I elicited many interesting and highly important particulars. In his passage up the river Pasig, this author became aware of the singular fact, that not only were the tame ducks in the river hatched by men lying on the eggs, but that the wild

* It was very odd, but when I mentioned these aspirations on arrival at Manilla, the people laughed at me—yes, actually laughed at me! It was very rude in them, and highly improper, and I felt it so on Gironière's account as well as my own; but as it was one of the very few acts of unkindness I experienced there, I suppose I ought to be, considering all things, a little forgiving on this head; and, probably the good old days this author describes had long departed, even from memory, and taken with them the beautiful prancing steeds and all, for I found few that deserved the appellation of more than mere ponies. At the same time, hunting the deer in the way he speaks of is still in practice in some of the more remote parts of the island, and it is only there that deer are now found.

ones which frequented the Lake of Bay, were all brought into the world by the same means. On pointing this fact out to a Transatlantic friend, Jonathan quaintly remarked, "I expect, sir, when he passed the first lot in the river, he took a drink; I expect he did, sir."

The simple faith of this writer in all that was related to him disarms criticism; yet, on reading the above remarkable statement, I could not prevent the old story of the countryman and the showman popping into my mind. The latter asserted that he had a giant inside his show, whose alleged height, as the countryman discovered, exceeded that of the caravan itself. This discrepancy the showman endeavoured to explain away by saying, "Oh, but he does not stand up, he lies;" on which Hodge rejoined, "Oh, he lies, do he? an I reckon he been't the only one in the caravan as *do lie*."

Another of my authors, professing to tell all about Manilla and the Philippines, has produced a most entertaining and instructive book. But here I must remark how very wrong it is of readers to perpetuate their own absurd thoughts in the margins of standard works. I was strongly impressed with this on finding my copy of the very excellent little book alluded to defaced in this manner by some blockhead, who probably thought himself very much wiser than the author. For example, where the writer asserts that a good deal of wine is drunk on the island, and out

of glasses, one of these absurd marginal readings is to this effect, "What, not out of buckets, then, after all!" Again, the author, taking it for granted that every one is acquainted with Spanish or Tegalan,* informs his readers that, early in the morning, certain members of the community regale themselves on chocolate and broas, on which I found, apparently in the same handwriting, "and what the d—" (he was evidently ashamed of this word, as well he might be,) "is *broas!*" as if every reasonable being was not fully aware that the term is applied to a kind of sponge biscuit, that answers the purpose of an edible spoon to the said chocolate. From this book I learnt that eau-de-Cologne was the circulating medium leading direct to the affections of the ladies; and a supply, of course, was laid in accordingly; and that little story of the tailor being kicked down-stairs for intruding on his betters, would have quite posted one up in the gossip of the place, had it not been a little stale already in Hong Kong. But remembering the old adage about those who live in glass houses, I think I had better simply take heed to myself. Besides, there is merit in the work alluded to, as containing some valuable statistics on trade.

Another authority, of a more early date, informed me that cigars were made on the island, but principally for the use of the ladies, and this I thought gave probably some clue to the great demand for eau-de-

* The Indian dialect spoken in the vicinity of Manilla.

Cologne; but another piece of information that I stumbled upon, resting on the authority of the earliest voyagers, viz., that the island was inhabited by Satyrs, and men with tails, and sea-monsters, I could not quite so easily adapt to the purpose of throwing light on either the homohatchic arrangement, or any other of the wonders; so, for fear of confusion of mind on the one hand, and the dread of knowing more about the place before visiting it than I was likely to believe afterwards, I gave up this search of knowledge under difficulties, and betook myself to packing—a delightful occupation, occasionally a little trying to the temper, more particularly when, after cramming a box too full, you break the lock or pull the hinges off, in vainly endeavouring to fasten it.



The pleasures of packing.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

Under weigh—Reflections at Sea—Englishmen abroad—Foreign discipline—Smoking—Spanish cookery—Sleeping on deck—Arrival at Manilla—Gunfire—The Capitan del Puerte—Permission to land—Singular mode of rowing—Mouth of the Pasig—In quest of a lodging—A Manilla inn—Stables—Reminiscence of the Cape horses—The led horses of Hong Kong—Waking in the morning—Cock-crowing—Manilla people astir.

I WAS agreeably interrupted in the occupation alluded to at the end of the preceding chapter, by a venerable "Salt," who appeared with a spyglass under his arm, and his hat in his hand, into which, as it passed his mouth, he had adroitly shot a quid of tobacco, with a view to the facilitation of speech, who went on to say, "Please, sur, that ere Spanish stimmur has bin and lighted her fires!" which was evident by the smoke that so gracefully curled, &c.; and, in the course of a bright summer's evening, on the 26th June, 1856, I found myself rattling down the Lye-Moon Pass, the narrow channel between the island of Hong Kong and the mainland, into the China Sea. My fellow passengers, for there were

several, were principally *employés* of the Spanish Government, and exceedingly well bred and agreeable people I found them all, as also the officers of the "Jorge Juan," to whom, in particular, I stand indebted for an amount of courtesy and disinterested kindness which I shall ever remember with the warmest gratitude.

The weather was nearly a calm the whole way across to Manilla, and the water smooth as glass. To be far from the sight of land, under these circumstances, is always favourable to reflection, and associations are called up, which blend with our pleasing reminiscences the darker shades of pain with which our pleasures are usually saddened by time. Such are the golden dreams of fortune or destiny never to be realised, which surround the young with a world of enchantment; such, too, are the memories of our departed companions, of those who but yesterday shared with us, in all the wild hilarity of thoughtless youth, our joys and sorrows, our prosperity and adversity, our perils, trials, and all the varying fortune by which a seafaring life, in particular, is so strongly marked. Morbid sentimentality on such subjects is worse than useless, but at the same time I would not much prize the heart that never felt their saddening influence, and happy are those who, feeling them, can also cast a cheering and confiding gaze towards that good land whither they may hope old friends are gone, and themselves prepared to follow.

It is a trite remark, that Englishmen, as a rule, are perhaps rather too English, by which I mean they are too apt to condemn as altogether wrong whatever differs from their own habits and customs. This trait of character, as might be expected, is more especially conspicuous in those travelling abroad. The more your downright John Bull is isolated in foreign society, so much the more resolutely does he wrap himself in his national prejudices, and endeavour to bring everything within his influence to a condition as purely English as possible. Irishmen and Scotchmen are of a more cosmopolitan disposition. They fall more readily into the ways of the places they visit. They are not so apt to growl at the "parcel of foreigners" they meet; and, to quote the old saying, they are readier to "do in Turkey as Turkies do." These reflections were especially forced upon me by the contrasts I observed in the course of my voyage to Manilla.

Our naval officers, for example, are very apt to find fault with what appears the laxity of discipline in foreign ships of war; and, in many particulars, there is beyond doubt room for improvement. On the other hand, it is, in my judgment, far from certain, that we might not render our own service much more agreeable to the rulers as well as the ruled, and still preserve its efficiency for every purpose by a page or two out of their books. Smoking at all times and almost in all places, as permitted on board the

Spanish ships-of-war, is not a custom we would wish to see introduced in the English navy; but surely we need not fly to the other extreme by rules which almost amount to a total prohibition, and is really so after nightfall, reckoned from 8 P.M. Cleanliness, of course, and a due regard to safety from fire, require certain regulations to be rigidly enforced; but in the latter respect open smoking on deck would be attended with far less danger than a system which induces the men to secrete themselves in holes and corners to have what they call "a draw on the sly," —this, I fear, being really the case, more or less, even in the best disciplined ships. Smoking in the daytime on duty, of course, is an extreme that no English officer, I should imagine, would desire to see adopted; but at night, under proper restrictions, it would tend materially to break the monotony of the long dark watches, and render napping on duty less frequent.

I was very much puzzled to make out the cause of a call that was constantly going on for what sounded to me like "major." At first I imagined it must be the sergeant-major of marines, whose title on board our own ships frequently "gains by the loss" of the first word; but then again that in Spanish ought to have been pronounced something like "mahòr." May be it was the name of one of the domestics, or somebody else; but no, the only one that I ever saw moved by it was a sentry, or orderly,

who had charge of a hempen match, stuck in a little tub for safety, and used by all hands for lighting their cigarillos. An idea struck me; and on referring to my pocket-dictionary, behold! there I found it *mécha, s.f.*, a wick or match, &c., and I thought myself very stupid for having been puzzled so long with a thing so apparent, when one knew it: and it was a standing joke against me. Now there are exceptions to all rules; the rule in this instance was that its being a calm, there was little or nothing to do—all hands, including passengers, "took it easy," and lounged about, in listless idleness; but the unhappy custodian of the *mécha* was the exception, and a most glaring one too, for not one moment did he rest bearing his charge about from one end of the ship to another, and frequently there were calls for him in three or four places at once. A cigarilla is smoked out in a very few minutes, and as nearly everybody smoked, and they were always at it, it may without the slightest exaggeration be said that the wretched "*mécha*" did the work for all hands, and exemplified, in his particular character of "peripatetic Lucifer," as near an approach in his own person to the solution of perpetual motion as ever was attained by any living being. The responsibilities and importance of his office, too, were not matters to be trifled with, which I found out to my discomfiture when, on a particular occasion, I requested him to call one of the cabin servants for me, and

he replied, with evident surprise at such a request being made, "No puedo, Señor; solamente yo guardo la mécha."—"I can't, Sir; I only guard the match." I presumed to hint that I would be responsible for it during his absence, but to that arrangement his reply was as closely bordering on the indignant as Castilian politeness and professional respect would permit.

There is a saffron-like tint pervading Spanish cookery in general that is rather apt to frighten an Englishman at first sight; but I found on further acquaintance that its looks did injustice to its character. It may or may not have contained garlic—a point on which our nearest neighbours would be more competent judges than ourselves,—but I found nothing unpalateable in it. In the arrangement of the courses, on the other hand, one thing always struck me as being very odd, not to say disagreeable; I allude to the invariable appearance of fish at the time when the sweetmeats might be expected. I was John Bull enough to regard this custom with a considerable share of the national intolerance for all foreign customs, and more especially when accepting, as I thought, a piece of tart or other confection, I found Mr. Fish again in disguise, an old foe with a new face. This was one of the very few and slight disagreeables incident to my voyage, and is only worth noting for the contrast it presents with our own habits.

Probably on account of the boilers being larger than necessary for the size of the "Jorge Juan," or from their being placed too far aft, it was unusually hot below, and most of the passengers slept on deck, which the beauty of the weather rendered rather a luxury than otherwise. As for myself, I felt quite at home, with the blue vault of heaven for my canopy, as it had been often and often before, and in much worse climates than the China seas; but one morning, on repairing below to dress, I was met by a cabin-boy, who possessed one of those comical faces one occasionally meets with, and I shall never forget the absurd figure he made when, throwing up his hands with an expression of the wildest surprise and amazement, he exclaimed, in Spanish, "Oh, sir, your face is all the same as a nigger's!" "Thanks," said I, on ascertaining the fact, "to the bad coal supplied by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company," the dense soot of which had been intervening between my physiognomy and the aforesaid blue vault; but I had slept so soundly that I might have been dyed green, yellow, or red, for aught I should have known of the process being in operation.

We had been running since daylight in sight of the high, jagged mountain land (so often spoken of with awe by voyagers) of the northern part of Luzon, and at length, about the same hour that three days before we had left Hong Kong, we steamed round the northern side of a lofty, well-fortified, rocky islet,

called the "Corrigidor," which to a certain extent commands the entrance of the spacious and noble "Bahia de Manila." The distance across the bay being more than twenty miles, and the wind against us, we did not anchor off the town until some time after dark, and then nearly three miles from shore. It is the general custom when a vessel arrives at Manilla, to fire a gun as a signal for the port-captain, whose duty it is to come on board before any one is permitted to land. Accordingly, a small brass swivel, mounted on the paddle-box, was puffed off, why I cannot say, except to save powder, as there were several big guns on board that would have made a more respectable noise. It was amusing to hear this poor little gun abused, and the most extraordinary epithets applied to it, by a gentleman belonging to Manilla, who was returning from his travels, on board the "Jorge Juan," and was very anxious to go ashore without delay. No comparison was too odious or absurd for the supposed futility of the report, when lo! after a reasonable lapse of time, the steady splash of the port-captain's row-boat was heard at measured intervals, and very soon that functionary came alongside, like most people in similar circumstances, asking everything at once, and answering every inquiry in the same breath.

To judge by the greetings given and received, the "Capitan del Puerte" might be the best beloved and most loving man in all the world.

They were all his very dearest friends; who would ever have thought of his seeing them or they him again! Then there was a perfect shower of mutual inquiries and attentions, such as are usually exchanged by people returning home with the first old acquaintances they meet, however indifferent to them previously. My own reflections amidst all this happiness turned on the prospect of sharing, what is, alas! too often the stranger's fare, "coldness and neglect," for I had no passport, which, by rule, I ought to have produced before receiving permission to land. Under these circumstances, I had recourse to the libeller of the little gun, and he willingly undertook to intercede for me with the official, in order that the usual form might be waived.

After some deliberation, and on my new friend becoming security that I would neither revolutionize the island, set fire to the town, nor attempt the life of Her Most Catholic Majesty's representative, I was permitted to land. The port-captain, on hearing that I was a "brother in arms," also added to the favour the offer of a passage in his boat, which I, of course, most gladly accepted, only taking with me a small travelling-bag. The captain's boat was a large double-banked barge, with a covering over the after part, and pulled by about twenty Indians. No sooner had we pushed off from the ship than to my utter surprise, and some little momentary alarm, every rower jumped up on the top of the thwart

next abaft the one upon which he had been sitting, assuming in the act an attitude so threatening as to convey the impression that, in more senses than one, they had "risen on us." This idea, however, was soon dispelled, by each falling back, as little boys say, "flop" on to his own particular seat, taking at the same time a long steady pull at the oar as he receded, and then waiting several seconds before he repeated the manœuvre. The human frame may be brought to bear a great deal, no doubt, but I must say that I began to suspect these gentlemen of being provided with defensive armour, so placed as to withstand the dreadful pounding to which they subjected themselves. What, thought I, would have been the feelings, under similar circumstances, of a late gallant Admiral, who, though perfectly sane on other subjects, laboured under the delusion that he was partly composed of glass, so that the greatest care was necessary whenever he sat down?

The river Pasig is conducted far out beyond its natural mouth between two piers, which make an artificial embankment, and create a channel by which boats can enter, when otherwise they would be grounded in the mud. The extremity of one of these piers is crowned by a small fort; that of the other, on the left hand entering the river, by a lighthouse, barely entitled by its feeble illuminating powers to that designation. Passing into the river between these edifices, we presently arrived at our

destination on the left bank, a place connected with the Port-office, where I took leave of my fellow-traveller and the Capitan del Puerte, who appeared to be a gentlemanly, agreeable man. As it was already near midnight, I was anxious to find a place of rest, and at once started in quest of an inn, accompanied by an American gentleman who had also come over in the "Jorge Juan." Our Manilla friend, I ought to observe, had provided us with a guide at the landing-place, or, I should rather say, guides (for two or three pressed themselves into our service, and offered to make themselves generally useful), and by these gentlemen we were conducted to an hotel, a little further up the river, where after some protracted hammering at the outer gate, and parleying through a grated window, an elderly and not very charming female became sufficiently convinced that we were not thieves to admit us within the enclosure.

This entrance introduced us, through a sort of courtyard, with horses in stalls all around it, to the house, where the old lady eventually left us, to make the best we could of a very small room, with a little musty-looking bed for each. It was some time before I could sleep, owing principally to the disagreeable smell of the dirty stables, which, being almost immediately under the bedroom, sent up a rancid, sour odour, and caused me devoutly to wish, much as I value horses, that they had never been created. The only consolation to be derived from this state of

things was the conviction that here, at all events, there would be no difficulty in getting a mount. But even in this supposition, as it afterwards turned out, I was greatly mistaken, for though you may get any number of carriage-horses, or rather ponies, I never could discover one saddle-horse fit to be seen for hire in the whole town of Manilla.

I remember on our first arrival at Hong Kong in the "Styx" some of my messmates and myself experienced a similar disappointment. Having just previously passed a year and a half at the Cape station, where we enjoyed an unlimited amount of equestrian exercise, including many a good scamper over the wilds of Kaffirland, we were delighted on landing in Victoria to see strings of good-looking horses led about, apparently for the want of somebody to ride them. Being able and willing to assist in this way, we deluded ourselves with the idea that we had come to the right place, but it was soon our lot to learn that this was Hong Kong, not the jolly hospitable Cape, and that here people as a rule kept horses for two purposes, namely, to race them once a year, and to gratify their vanity in the meanwhile by seeing them led about with their masters' initials on their clothing, neither caring to ride them themselves, nor permitting any one else to do so. Further, we discovered to our chagrin, that saddle-horses for hire were not to be had in all Hong Kong. But I am forgetting Manilla, where I was awoke a little after

daylight by the crowing of an immense number of cocks, the occasion of which was soon manifest, and will hereafter appear to the reader.



The window of my room opened upon a back lane, and looking out, I beheld the Mestiza* and Indian

* Half-caste.

women busily engaged in washing their clothes, carrying water on their heads, or dressing their long beautiful black hair, which, between the bath and "putting to rights," is allowed to hang loosely round their shoulders, like the well-known picture on the Macassar oil bottles. Many were dressed in the light transparent piña camisa, a sort of short loose jacket, the lower edge of which barely meets the upper part of the saya, or petticoat; and occasionally, might be seen another outer garment, called the tapez, which is wrapped tightly round the hips, and descends a little below the knee; this garment was formerly worn as low as the ancles, and I was told that a late innovation, whereby it became either curtailed or dispensed with altogether, was for some time regarded with great dislike and suspicion; those adopting it being designated, by a very negative expression of blame, as "no better than they ought to be." Surely, few of us are!

Sauntering along the street were thin, lanky Indians, dressed in a light shirt of native manufacture, and trousers tucked up to the knees. Their peculiar fashion of wearing these two garments reminded me forcibly of what, I think, Lord Byron said of the Russians, where the peasantry frequently adopt a similar fashion. After launching forth an anathema, little complimentary to the maternal relatives of these Muscovites, his lordship pleasantly adds, "they wear their shirts without their breeches,"

from which the reader might infer that they dispense with the latter article, while the simple truth is, they wear the shirt outside the trousers, so that its extremities are allowed to flow "wild as mountain breezes," instead of being tucked inside the waistband. The shirt is also worn open at the neck, without a tie of any description; and this, with a covering for the head, consisting of a tall, black, very seedy felt hat, or a straw hat of similar form, or, occasionally, a shiny-looking, painted hat, in shape something like an inverted washing-basin, completes the entire costume. Occasionally, I observed that a cotton handkerchief was wound round the head, and this seemed to me the most becoming of all, and the most in keeping with the picturesque freedom of the other portions of their attire.

But the most striking circumstance, at least to a stranger, is the constant appearance of the Manilla Indians with a gamecock, either carried on the hand, arm, or shoulder, or, occasionally, on the head. The master of the bird makes it a standing occupation to smooth his plumage, and the many little interchanges of affection that pass between them are quite ludicrous to witness. Not only when sauntering about in the streets, but when they are at work in the fields, or otherwise occupied, the feathered favourite either keeps his roosting-place, or, we may be sure, is not far off. Often, when two of these gentlemen, with their beloved charges, had exchanged the compli-

ments of the morning, I observed them squat down, and allow their respective birds, who had, meanwhile, been bristling up with warlike ardour, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seemed to refresh them amazingly, and, without further comment, each would go on his way, and each cock resume a peaceful attitude. We may occasionally observe something of the same kind amongst ourselves; America, for instance, just about this time, was having a peck at England; which peck being somewhat heartily returned, she at once became perfectly satisfied to resume "the pipe of peace."

A cup of chocolate, so thick that the spoon would almost stand in it, terminated these observations and the reflections which accompanied them. The chocolate used in Manilla, and, indeed, grown on the island, is almost too rich and good for those not accustomed to it; but it is universally drunk by the Spaniards and natives of all classes, who nearly always swallow a huge tumbler of water after it in order to counteract its bilious tendencies. Foreigners in Manilla—English, French, German, or American—usually prefer tea for their morning repast.

CHAPTER III.

HOTEL EXPERIENCE.

The bath—An unexpected douche—Old chairs to mend—Description of Manilla houses — Earthquake-proof — Oyster-shell windows — Gardens in town and country — The Author's breakfast companions — The Captain's wife — English and Yankee skippers — Nearly full — Sailors *versus* coolies — A "neegur" missing—Curiosity baffled.

"WELL, what sort of a bath is it?" I inquired of my American fellow-traveller, as he emerged, with dishevelled locks, from a dismal-looking place, which had been pointed out to me as the "Bath-house," his countenance evidently rubbed into a most perfect rubicund condition, excepting, perhaps, the merest touch of light blue on the tip of his nose. "Well, sir," was the reply, "I *expect* it's not bad to take, sir!" This he said more as though it had been a dose of medicine that was yet to be swallowed, than an ablution that had just been enjoyed. Some folks are very easily pleased, and my friend was apparently of the number, for I think a more wretched arrangement in the shape of a bath I never had anything to do with. It was dark, dirty, and stinking, and the

floor being unpaved was worn into hills and holes. Nor was its uncomfortable condition in this respect the only inconvenience. In the first place, you had to bawl yourself hoarse for the space of five minutes to get a servant to empty the former visitor's remains and provide a towel for yourself. Then you had to wait until some water was put in overhead; for it was on the shower-bath principle, if there was such a thing as principle about it at all. Then you got in, pulled away at the string, but nothing came down—no results. Then, after a considerable amount of protracted massacre of Her Most Catholic Majesty's Castilian tongue, you persuaded some one to go aloft, and see what was the matter; and while they were in the act of doing so, down came the water, all in a heap, when you least expected it, and were only half underneath, and the benefit of the douche, such as it was, being thus lost, you had to eke it out with the few drops that fell from time to time; for as to putting more water in, it was out of the question. A bath was a bath. I had had mine, and if I had not made as much of it as I might, that was my fault; besides, other people were waiting.

If any consolation can be imagined after such a bath as I have described, it must consist in being at least comfortably dried. But the only seat in the place (except the sharp edge of the bath itself) was the wreck of a cane-bottomed arm-chair, which had once stood firmly on its four legs, but now retained

only three, two of them inclined inward, with but little respect for the line of gravitation, and all exceedingly shaky. Instead of the back and arms, a sharp, jagged remnant at each corner was all that remained, in the shape into which it had been last broken, while the once comfortable seat was grimly represented by a few straggling ends of plaited cane that still adhered to the sides of the framework. Under these circumstances, the drying operation was ill adapted to soothe the mind or console the body; and the reader may well imagine what ingenuity of exertion was required to preserve the balance, though but for a moment, to let each foot have "a look at the towel."

On returning to my room, I was accosted with, "Well, sir, how do *you* like the bath?" and, with a slight relish for the answer given to my own inquiry, I replied, "Why, it's not so bad, barring the chair." "Well, sir," continued my interrogator, "I do, on my word, candidly admit that the fixins of that chair have been con-siderably used, sir; and I don't think any man can deny that fact." This was said with such a richly serio-comic air, and so determined an expression of countenance, that, forgetting all the annoyance I had just been labouring through, I laughed heartily, and as my friend could not resist a similar inclination, we "amalgamated," as they say, all the better for it.

I was soon ready for breakfast, but found that ten o'clock was the appointed time. To fill up the

interim, it occurred to me that I might examine the architecture and arrangements of the house, which, as I afterwards found, resembled the greater number of residences in this place. The following is the result of my observations. The houses in the town of Manilla are for the most part large, and heavily built of stone. They are two-storied, red-tiled edifices, of a quadrangular form, enclosing within their four sides a spacious court-yard, which is entered through a massive arched gateway. The basement story, the walls of which are built remarkably thick and well, in order to resist the effects of earthquakes, is seldom used as a dwelling-place, but is frequently appropriated—especially in mercantile establishments—for offices or store-rooms, connected with the transaction of business. My own impression is, that the ground-floor portion of their houses is not sufficiently appreciated by the people of Manilla; for I have frequently found, when the upper story was pretty nearly red-hot, you might sit in the lower in a comparatively cool climate—the thickness of the vaulted roof over head, to say nothing of the further protection of the upper story, of course fully accounting for the difference of temperature.

The upper story is lighter in build, and supported on heavy beams, that protrude some four or five feet through the walls on either side, also as a precaution against earthquakes, with a view to the buildings

being able to rock considerably without shaking to pieces, and, in fact, allowing it to have what, in nautical phraseology, would be termed "a good deal of play," or "beam enough to veer and haul on." The roof-timbers are also fastened outside the masonry on either side by means of bolts, which allow of a little "play" in case of a shock.

All round this story outside there is generally a rather wide verandah, fitted with sliding windows, which, like those of the houses generally, are of oyster-shell (mother-of-pearl) instead of glass. At first sight, this material has a dull, heavy appearance, being only sufficiently transparent to admit what might be called a readable amount of light, and of course too opaque to see through. Like other strange things, however, this inconvenience is soon forgotten by those habituated to it, and for such a climate the material in question is found to possess many advantages over glass, the principal being that the temperature is kept many degrees cooler than it could possibly be with glass, and the eye is relieved from the fierce glare so trying to the sight. But it also possesses certain economical advantages, for after every earthquake or hurricane it would be hard to say whether the bill for new glass, or the face of the unhappy sufferer who was expected to pay it, would be the longest—add to which, glass cannot always be obtained, even at a high price, whereas oysters are

not only cheap and plentiful, but you may breakfast off the tenant and mend your window with his homestead afterwards. There are, in fact, reasons why oyster-shells should be preferred there to glass by far too numerous to be mentioned here; besides, I always thought they had a tendency to carry one's imagination back to the old baronial times, or even, by a further flight of fancy, to the cool grots where naïads and sea-nymphs tuned their harps of old. If you can see nothing through them, so no one can see you; and there are few windows of the kind so perfect but that you can find a peep-hole afforded by a chipped shell, which affords the double advantage of seeing and yet not being seen. Moreover, it is only during the great heat of the day that windows are kept closed at all, most people sleeping with them open all the year round.

The sitting and sleeping rooms, I ought to mention, are generally very large, lofty, and well ventilated; the small bedroom in which I was ensconced at the inn being the result of an economical division of one room into four, with a view to the dollars. They occupy the front and greater part of the sides of the upper story—the other rooms forming the opposite side of the house or back suite, being assigned to the servants, and used for pantries and other convenient purposes. Round the court-yard, under cover of all these apartments, are the stables, kitchens, &c., as before mentioned. Either in the front portion or in

one of the wings there is generally a long gallery, half, or sometimes the whole width of the house, say twenty feet, and not unfrequently as much as eighty or a hundred feet long. This gallery looks into the court-yard, and, as the staircase from below leads into it, it serves for an entrance-hall, and in nine cases out of ten for a dining-room too, being the coolest and pleasantest part of the house. The floors, I may add, are formed of broad planks of a dark, hard wood, grown on the island, and are seldom covered, except here and there by strips of matting. This feature of a Manilla dwelling, combined with the *tout ensemble* of furniture and fittings, gives it an air of solidity, coolness, and "free-and-easiness" which, as it emancipates the sailor or bachelor from the enthralling fear of "spoiling things," possesses a charm in his estimation worth all the elegance and high finish of a European drawing-room.

I do not mean to imply by the above description that all the houses in Manilla are precisely of one pattern. There are many shades of difference; for instance, some have an additional story, others have high towers to look out from, here and there a part of the court-yard is roofed over, and turned into a kind of a would-be garden—at least as far as a few China imported flower-pots, with a flower or green thing of some kind, but more frequently a few dead or dying sticks in them, entitle it to be called so. In the country, there is still further variety. There

it seldom happens that more than three sides of the quadrangle are built over, the fourth being left open, with the exception of rails and gates. Some of the gardens out of town, too, are perfect paradises of bloom and bouquet.

While I peered about the house, breakfast was announced, and we sat down, some twenty or thirty in number, principally English and American masters of the merchantmen in port; for, as the vessels anchor at a distance, the captains here generally live on shore. Among the guests, were some few extraordinary specimens of humanity, but none that arrested my attention so forcibly as a lady, the only one present, and the wife, I imagine, of one of the captains. She was a thin, sharp-featured woman, and had rather large hands, which, together with her countenance, bore that bright red glossy appearance which the very liberal use of brown soap imparts. Not being habited, as one might rather have expected, in either black satin or sky blue, she wore a bright green dress, of material somewhat more limited than was then considered fashionable, and both this and her general manner, gave the idea that she had been accustomed to the economy of space so necessary in small cabins on board ship. Her dress, moreover, from the creases still existing, told tales of recent hard packing, and she spoke disparagingly of the "orrid place they were in." She referred, no doubt, primarily to the hotel, whose dark shade, it is to be

feared, would remain indelibly blended in her imagination with all that related to "Manilla," for I have generally observed, in the case of people who have either been little from home or are but indifferently educated, that the impression formed from the accommodation and fare met with on landing from a voyage, has far greater influence upon their opinion respecting the place itself, than any subsequent acquaintance with its general merits. But I feel that I am digressing, and, besides that, have only exposed my want of proper gratitude for the honour conferred on us by the presence of a lady, whom, like a savage, I now see I have been endeavouring to pull to pieces. Would I could remove the bad impression I must have caused, by adding, without further comment, that her presence shed that lustre around, which always attends the presence of ladies as a matter of course.

The English skippers were for the most part stout, jolly, red-faced, curly-haired dogs; the Yankees, lanky, long-jawed, and cadaverous, with what Jack playfully designates "straight hair and curly teeth." In both, the style of conversation might have puzzled, or even startled, the uninitiated, and even I myself, well posted up, as I imagined myself to be, in matters of the kind, was occasionally a little mystified. For instance, a gentleman opposite, addressing one sitting next to me (who, by the way, was making as much of a very substantial breakfast, which had a con-

siderable dash of dinner in it, as far as potatoes, beer, wine, and all that sort of thing, went, as "*tous les deux de couteau et de fourchette*" would enable him), called out, "When do you expect to be full?" Rather a blunt inquiry this, I thought, though I had been some time wondering myself when that consummation might be looked for. "Very nigh," replied the one addressed; "two boats more 'll do me." The filling, by this, evidently referred to the ship, and not the captain. One was growling very heartily at the ingratitude of his crew, who, having got all the cargo in without the assistance of coolies, (whose employment here, both on the score of economy and health of the crews, ought always to be insisted on by owners,) had been treated to a run on shore. The consequence of this indulgence was that they all got drunk—the consequence of which was that they all got sick—the consequence of which was that the ship could not go to sea, by reason of there being nobody to get her under weigh—and the grand consequence of all, in addition to the detention, was the certainty of running up an imposing doctor's bill with the only English practitioner then in the place, who was equally famous for the discharge of his duties and the charge of his patients. Quite right, too, of the doctor, in my opinion; for why should he not take advantage of the state of the market, as well as any one else that goes abroad to make money?

An American captain was unburdening his mind, in his own quaint way, with respect to what he termed having "had his eye opened to the tune of fifty dollars," by a native boy, whom he had engaged as a temporary servant; an ophthalmic operation and musical treat he seemed to be but slightly grateful for, to judge by the threats he breathed out against the person of the operator in the event of capturing him, which I inwardly wished might never happen. The moral he drew, however, that "all neegurs was alike," afforded him a little consolation; and it is likely enough that some unfortunate in the "sunny South" of the "land of freedom" may yet be made to feel the weight of his brother "neegur's" crime in the remote but *really free* Philippine Isles.

In consideration of having to attend the custom-house to clear my baggage, besides making the acquaintance of several strangers, I had dressed in my uniform, knowing that that, in itself, is a sort of introduction, and is almost sure to command, at least, civility from foreigners. From this cause, it was evident that I was the subject of much curiosity and speculation amongst the assembled guests, not excepting the lady herself, I have the vanity to believe. It seemed to be doubtful whether I was an Englishman or a Spaniard. The uniform in the two services is very similar, and although my accent might be rather too English for Spaniards generally, yet many of them speak our language with wonderful

exactness, and I generally addressed the servants in Spanish, which, whether strictly correct or not, served equally well to puzzle those who knew nothing at all about that language. Then, again, my complexion, never of the fairest by nature, was so darkened by the sun and sea air, not forgetting the Peninsular and Oriental coal smoke, that I looked in that respect much more like a Spaniard than an Englishman. Indeed, on making the acquaintance of some strangers the same day, they told me that owing to my complexion they certainly took me at first for a Spaniard, and were quite surprised when I addressed them in English.

By dint of hard questioning, direct and indirect, my breakfast companions became satisfied as to one or two facts, which only led them further off the scent as to what I really was, and what I was doing there. They ascertained that I was certainly an Englishman, that there was no British man-of-war in harbour or even expected there, and that I had landed the night before from the "Jorge Juan." Putting these facts together, they arrived at a conclusion more ingenious than flattering to my personal vanity, namely, that being an Englishman, and apparently in the Spanish service, I must be an "engineer," as nearly all the engineers are so. My own countrymen were a little delicate about pushing the inquiry too closely, but a well-streaked Yankee, who filled his mouth with tobacco immediately after he had

emptied it of breakfast, at once fastened on me with what he reckoned must solve the mystery—"You had quite light weather coming across from Hong Kong, sir, I calculate." "Nearly a calm the whole way," I replied. "Well, sir, that's not so well for the fires, I guess; you want a breeze to make them burn, I expect." "I imagine so, but don't know much about that sort of thing," was my rejoinder; and having now plunged them further than ever into darkness respecting this important question, I left them, lady and all, to calculate, expect, and dare say, among themselves, for as long as they thought proper to waste their time at the shrine of impertinent curiosity.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT IN MANILLA.

Universal employment of carriages—Fashionable postilion—The Banca—View of Manilla from the sea—Bridges—Fortress—The Calzáda, or public drive—Streets and public buildings—The Grand Square—The suburbs—The Custom House—Official courtesy—Fire-arms and Bibles—Houses at the water-side—Bustle on the river—Great variety of craft—Depth of water—The navigation improveable—Polite conversation at the inn door—Settling an account—A ride on the Calzada—Heavy cavalry—Manilla beauties—The mantilla—Use of the fan—Style of carriages used—The evening prayer—A mad cavalier—Foreign residents in Manilla, their hospitality and friendly intercourse—Spanish politeness.

No one in Manilla ever thinks of moving about in the daytime without a carriage; even the lower class of "Mestizos" keep them, and they are termed by the Spaniards "los zapatos del pais," literally, the shoes of the country. They are for the most part light, open, single-bodied four-wheeled vehicles, with a moveable cover; such, at least, are those in ordinary use, generally termed office carriages. They may be seen standing at the door of every mercantile house and most private ones, and on account of the

heat of the country they are used if it is only to cross the street.

Having hired a carriage of this description at the rate, I think, of about 2½ dollars a day, and taking with me the letters of introduction with which I had been furnished in Hong Kong, I started to pay my first visits, drawn by two grey Manilla ponies, one of which was bestrode by a postilion, who sported shiny black leggings, and one spur, tight shorts, a rather spicy jacket, white cravat, and a hat, looking as hard, black, and shining as any well-japanned iron coal-scuttle, and in the sun's rays, perhaps, about as cool as that article might be after an hour's proximity to a roaring fire. But fashion is all powerful everywhere, and I found this style of hat quite the rage amongst the postilions of Manilla. My calls finished, I left my carriage again at the inn, and started in a "banca" (a canoe-shaped boat, furnished with outriggers and propelled by paddles), accompanied by the servant of a gentleman whose very kind offers of hospitality I had accepted, to bring ashore the remainder of my goods and chattels.

On arriving on board the "Jorge Juan," I found them all busy preparing to go down to Cavite, a naval station and arsenal about twelve miles distant, where the men-of-war usually lay before starting on the voyages I have mentioned, and much to the disgust of the officers, who thus see but little of Manilla itself. Having expressed my acknowledgments of the

extreme urbanity and hospitality with which I had been treated by the captain and officers, than whom a more gentlemanly and finer set of young men I never met with, I returned up the river, my little banca half swamped with my traps.

From the seaward approach the town of Manilla makes but a shabby appearance. Standing as it does rather in a hollow, the voyager sees little except the red tops of a few of the nearer and larger buildings, so that a stranger can hardly reconcile himself to the fact that a city of that magnitude is really at so short a distance from him. In passing up the river, we had first to visit a guard-boat stationed on the left bank, where an attaché of the customs came on board, and remaining in charge took us up to the "Aduana," or Custom House, which is on the opposite shore, and within the military or walled city.

Before proceeding further in the much and often most unnecessarily dreaded ordeal of a Custom House examination, which stands in most people's estimation very nearly in the same category as the extraction of a tooth, it may be as well to recall the principal localities and general aspect of the good old town of "Manilla" and its suburbs, which are perfectly distinct places, having the river Pasig between them, and connected only by two bridges; one of these, a solid structure of eight arches, would look handsome enough, were it not that one of the original arches

having been destroyed by an earthquake some years ago, its place has been supplied by a wooden one, which detracts much from the appearance of the bridge; the other, an iron suspension-bridge, a little higher up the river, was built as a private speculation by a Frenchman, who obtained the framework from England.

The town, on the southern side of the river, or what may be called "Manilla proper," is the old city, first established by the Spaniards. It is surrounded by a wall and ditch, with drawbridges, sally-ports, and gates, and may deserve to rank as a third-class fortress of its time. Things here, speaking generally, are kept in a very creditable state of repair, and the gates, or most of them, jealously closed at certain hours. Two-thirds of the way round the walls there is a fine broad carriage drive, called the "Calzáda," where all the beauty and fashion of both sides of the water enjoy the sea-breeze, which sets in pretty regularly between four and five. Here may be seen every evening as many as a hundred, for the most part, elegant carriages, graced by Spanish and Mestiza ladies, with hardly a bonnet amongst them, and having no covering for their heads save their own luxuriant jetty locks, dressed and ornamented with great taste. Within the military or walled town, the streets, though hardly wide enough, are regularly built, and show but little variety in architecture; they are generally clean, and

only too quiet perhaps for the taste of a bustling Englishman.

The public buildings are not very numerous, but I observed several large churches, besides monasteries, nunneries, and colleges. One of the latter is really a fine building, and the institution, I believe, a most useful and benevolent one, for there the unprotected find an asylum without the least infraction of their personal liberty, and with the opportunity of acquiring a good education. Near the centre of the town is a rather irregularly built square, where stands the palace of the Governor of the Philippines, whose local rank of "Capitan General" is one of the highest in the Spanish military service. The palace is a heavy, sombre-looking edifice, covering a large space of ground, but far from imposing in its aspect. In this square a military band performs on Sundays, and perhaps one or two days in the week. The centre is occupied by a railed green, laid out in gravelled walks and with a sprinkling of plants and flowers, forming an agreeable promenade.

On the opposite side of the water is that part of Manilla generally designated the "suburbs," larger than Manilla proper, more irregularly built, and altogether unwalled. Here the foreign and many of the native merchants reside, the Chinese drive their "pidgin,"* cigars are manufactured, and everything in the shape of trade is carried on. The air circu-

* See note, page 6.

lates more freely here than in the military city, the principal street being wider, and it is consequently pleasanter and cooler as a residence, though not kept with the same regard to cleanliness; at the same time, either town is fully as clean as those of our own colonies, and cleaner by far than the generality of our provincial towns at home, at least in the north of England.

On arriving at the Custom House, I found that in consequence of my friend having sent a note to the head of the department, explaining who I was, and the nature of my visit to the island, besides the advantage of my uniform, which pointed me out as the individual referred to, I had nothing more to do than give my word of honour that I would take away with me again whatever fire-arms I might have brought into the place, and my boxes were allowed to pass without further inquiry. Nothing could exceed the courtesy I experienced where of all other places it is least expected. The Spanish Government, I may observe, is necessarily cautious as to the introduction of fire-arms into the island for fear of their falling into the hands of the Indians, and thereby rendering them better able to cope with the troops either in avowed rebellion or in marauding parties, in both of which characters they have occasionally shown themselves formidable opponents; yet in despite of all precautions, the natives do manage to obtain guns by one means or another, and not un-

frequently by the very direct method of walking into people's houses and helping themselves. I was informed, by one of the authorities referred to in the commencement of this narrative, that the authorities were equally averse to the introduction of Bibles. However, if so, they were polite enough not to question me on the subject, which they might have done with perfect safety, for taking that piece of information as "gospel," I had like a heathen left mine in Hong Kong, and trusted to remembering enough of it to last me for the six weeks I was to be away.

Having made everything, as sailors say, "square" with respect to my baggage, I sent it on to be landed at the wharf adjoining my friend's house, and returned to the hotel to "square off" there also. Nearly every house on the suburb side, if situated on the water's edge, has its private landing-place, and the number of these gives a lively business-like appearance to the river, though it is but small. The general activity is increased by the loading and unloading of large cargo boats, which pass to and from the vessels in the roads, or by others going between the town and the "Lake of Bay" at the head of the Pasig. Large rafts of timber or bamboos coming from the same direction contribute life and variety to the scene. It would be too long and tedious, if it were at all possible, to give an intelligible description of all the different kinds of small vessels at anchor in the

"Pasig below bridge." Suffice it to say, that from the ordinary bluff-bowed English merchantman, here might be seen specimens of every rig and build to be met with in the East, with such an intermingling of chain, hemp, grass-rope, kazah, and bamboo cables, as to form quite an illustrated lesson on national advancement.

There is but little water at the mouth of the Pasig, sufficient only for the admission of small vessels, principally coasters, together with, occasionally, one of the little Government steamers that cruise about the islands keeping order and collecting tolls or tribute money. If I remember right, there was at one time more water on the bar, and I was given to understand that it would not be a matter of either great difficulty or expense to deepen it sufficiently for the admission of much larger craft, as also for the passage to the Laguna of vessels much superior to the ordinary "cascos" or cargo boats, in which the produce of the country around it is now brought to market.

The landlord of the inn, or "la fonda de ——" something or other, I forget what, was a slow, sleepy, stupid, but, at the same time, rather forward young man, who was, I believe, taking care of it for some one else, though that some one else was not likely to profit much by his care, as the house was filthy and the attendance wretched. In appearance—thin and sallow-faced—he might have passed for a native

of any warm country under the sun, but I believe he really was a half-caste South American Spaniard by birth, but "reared," as the Yankees say, in the "Southern States of America," whose euphonious accent and beautiful phraseology, with a dash of northern slang, he had acquired to perfection. I found him on my return, in a warm discussion—at least it was so as far as the opposite party was concerned—with my American friend of the morning, who, as I have previously mentioned, had had his "eye opened," according to his own account, by his domestic. The point in dispute between him and "mine host" was touching the hire of a carriage and ponies for the forenoon. It appeared from what I could gather, that the landlord had arranged in his domestic economy that the "forenoon". *de facto* should consist of a given space of time between certain hours of the day, which did not quite fall in with the view that the American gentleman took of the legitimate length of a forenoon *de jure*, which, according to his calculation, had not yet expired, so that he emphatically objected to the ponies being taken out of harness and left to enjoy their *siesta*. But then, the more he stormed, the more placidly did the other overrule the objection, by simply repeating the facts, that the time was up, the horses out, and should not be put-to again. One style of argument or reasoning, or whatever it might be called, struck me as being, to say the

least, "very peculiar;" for the exasperated captain not only expressed a strong desire to see the horses, and carriage, and all the paraphernalia thereunto appertaining—which he spoke of as being *in toto* sanguinary in their nature—roasting in a certain warm region; but, in the same breath, he reiterated his equally strong desire, and indeed his determination, to use them again forthwith. Seeing that these two were somewhat incongruous, I drew the landlord aside, to settle my account with him. There was some little difficulty about small change, he professing an ignorance with respect to the value of a rupee, which he assured me would not pass for more than a shilling, at most, in Manilla; he very thoughtfully proposed that the difference should be settled by my "taking a drink" at his expense.

A delightful bath at the town-house of my friend, Mr. Lawrence Bell, amply atoned for the scanty ablution of the morning; and a drive on the Calzáda, made me acquainted with one of the most enjoyable customs of the place. This fine carriage-road has been adorned by a monument erected to the memory of Magalhaens; and for a considerable distance, it is bordered with trees on either side, besides being provided with lamps, which are used on particular occasions only. In the centre of the road, orderlies, handsomely dressed in a light blue uniform, cocked hats, and jack-boots, are stationed, mounted on some

of the largest ponies the place affords; which, however, look sadly over-burdened by their heavily got-up riders, the long steel scabbards of whose swords dangle within a very little of the ground, while the carbine seems to give the poor animals quite a "list" (if I may use a sailor's phrase) on the side upon which it is slung. These guards are stationed to keep order amongst the charioteers, and make them observe the rule of driving, viz., to keep on one side of the road going, and on the other returning; no one ever passing another, but forming, in fact, a perfect revolving chain of vehicles. For the sober-minded residents, such restrictions would hardly be necessary; but, occasionally, the placidity of the scene is disturbed by the rush of two or three hired shanderidans, containing half-mad people from sea, whose recklessness it is necessary to control.

A band plays on the Calzáda once or twice a week; on which occasions, caballeros may be seen lounging amongst the carriages that have halted near the music, talking soft nonsense and whispering naughty fibs to the señoritas, their bewitching occupants, braving alike the brilliant fire of their dark lustrous eyes, and the all-enchanting coquetries of the fan, in the mysterious uses of which no ladies in the world are better versed than the daughters of Spain and her colonies. Bonnets, as I have remarked before, are seldom worn by the Spanish, Creole, or Mestiza ladies. It is only, I believe, in



Evening on the Calzada at Manilla
by the Monument of Magalhaens

making calls of ceremony, that they inflict this injury on their appearance. The elegant mantilla and black silk dress is still the usual costume of Spain out of doors and in church.

Most of the carriages are rather of the American style of build, nearly all open, and generally light and elegant looking; a few are driven by the owner or by a coachman mounted on the box, but, generally speaking, they have a postilion. None but the Governor and the Archbishop are allowed to drive four horses about the town, and they seldom appear, particularly the former, without an escort of Lancers. The Indians kneel and pay obeisance to the Archbishop frequently as he passes, which struck me as being just a shade more of adulation than his reverence ought to have permitted.

A stranger on the "Calzáda" is surprised to see all the carriages stop at the instant of sunset, as by common consent—gentlemen, servants, and all, taking their hats off, and remaining so for the space of a minute or two. The intention, which struck me as being a graceful and pleasing one, is to afford an opportunity of repeating mentally a vesper prayer, a thanksgiving for the blessings of the day past, and protection besought for the night to come, which being concluded with the sign of the cross, heads are again covered, and the carriages rattle on as briskly as before. I suppose there are people sufficiently bigoted in Protestantism to condemn even

so simple and becoming a custom as this; and fancy it might lead to the idolatrous adoration of the setting sun, but all I can say is, that I saw no one in Manilla so narrow-minded; and Protestant hats were doffed—as a matter of course—as promptly as any of those upon heads appertaining to the Church of Rome.

Equestrians are rarely seen, and they are principally young Englishmen; the climate being rather too warm to ride with pleasure, except early in the morning. At the time of my visit, however, there were some rather dashing exceptions; one, in particular, being a young Englishman connected with one of the principal houses, who used to make his appearance on a gallant grey, with nothing but a light horse-cloth, in lieu of saddle and stirrups, and himself dressed very nearly à la Indian. In this fashion he was accustomed to gallop about, as though his fortune were at stake, in one continued race against time. From this, and many other little eccentricities, into which he was led by his never failing flow of good spirits, he had acquired amongst the young ladies of the place the sobriquet of "loco" or mad; notwithstanding which, his thorough good nature and willingness to do anything for anybody made him a great favourite with all who knew him.

After the drive with my friend, we dined with one of the English merchants, where I had the pleasure

of meeting one of the very few of our country-women then resident in the place; and loath as I generally am to enter into matters of at all a private nature, I may, perhaps, be excused in remarking that the hearty hospitality, and complete absence of all reserve and vulgar purse-proud affectation, which I everywhere experienced among our own people in Manilla, was, to say the least of it, exceedingly refreshing after so long a sojourn in Hong Kong. Nor was this agreeable sociability confined to the English alone, for I observed that the most friendly intercourse subsisted between all foreign merchants there, including gentlemen of America, France, and Germany; and though the habits of the Spaniards are, in many respects, so different from our own, they not unfrequently grace the tables of the foreigners. This remark applies more particularly to those who reside in the suburbs, the fortified town on the other side of the river being chiefly inhabited by Government employés, who are not on the same intimate terms, from the fact of their being so frequently changed.

No people know better how to pass a compliment and recommend their hospitality than the polished, punctilious Spaniards. On a visit to one of their houses, they inform you that you "take possession of your own house," and place (nominally) everything contained in it, dead or alive, entirely at your disposal. Any article for which you express the

slightest admiration is immediately offered. The verbal compliments on entering and leaving are, to a matter-of-fact Englishman, equally bewildering; it being difficult to conceive that civilities offered in such positive terms are not to be literally understood.



Church and Village of Santa Anna,
and child's funeral procession.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT IN MANILLA—*continued.*

Santa Anna—My friend's country house—The garden—Bathing shed—Morning calls—Breakfast—Vegetable products of the country—Potatoes—Green peas—Fruit—Rice—Rambles about the town and suburbs—Chinese shopkeepers; their notion of duelling; intermarriages with native women; their ready conversion—Foolo pidgin—A call on the British Consul—Ship-of-war in request—The Governor-General—Spanish ceremony—Story of an assault—Seven thousand fair maidens—Interior of a cigar manufactory—Style of native beauty—Chewing the betel—Consumption of tobacco.

My friend's country residence was situated at "Santa Anna," a pretty little village between three and four miles from "Manilla," on the banks of the Pasig, and to this pleasant spot I was driven in hospitable haste immediately after dinner. The house was a large, roomy one, for which the description I have already given of a residence in Manilla will very well suffice. It was perfectly encompassed by plants and flowers of every variety; having the rear, or what, in the city, could have been the fourth side of the quadrangle, open to the river, the approach to which was a pathway of forty or fifty feet long, enclosed over

head by a light trellissed archway, rendered almost impervious to the sun by dense masses of flowering creepers. At the end of this pleasant walk through the garden was a bathing-house, formed by a bamboo shed, which I found equally convenient either for a float in the shade, or for a dash out in the river, when I was tempted to indulge myself in a long swim, one or the other of which I usually enjoyed twice every day.

Early rising is almost the universal custom in Manilla; riding, walking, or driving, commencing shortly after daylight, while the air is cool and bracing. Occasionally, therefore, we were caught in rather light bachelor costume, while taking the usual cup of tea or chocolate about six o'clock, by a sudden and unexpected visit of ladies, who had honoured us with a call, *en route*, during their morning drive. The penalty in such cases was the burden of a monster bouquet, culled from the choicest flowers of the garden, and gallantly presented to each lady on her departure.

The breakfast hour is fixed at any time from ten to twelve, and this repast is in most respects more like a dinner, or tiffin, than an English breakfast. Most people dine about seven. Turkeys are finer and more plentiful in Manilla than in any place I ever visited, while geese are equally rare; in Hong Kong, on the contrary, turkeys are exceedingly difficult to rear, while geese thrive well: considering the

short distance between the two places, this contrast is a little remarkable.

The supply of ice during my visit to Manilla was abundant, and this I believe is generally the case. It is brought from America, and to me it proved a great luxury, as no such thing had made its appearance for the three years I had been in Hong Kong. Some time previously a cargo had been imported, but not paying, it was discontinued.

Most tropical fruits thrive in the neighbourhood of Manilla, but it is more particularly famed for its mangoes, which are in season from about November to June or July, and, with the exception of the choicest kinds from some of the Bombay gardens, are supposed to be the best in the world. Of course the climate is much too warm for many of the most common European vegetables to answer well. Potatoes of the ordinary kind are imported from China and Van Diemen's Land, and when the stock of these is insufficient, their place is abundantly supplied by sweet potatoes of native growth. Lettuces and green peas are also produced by the soil, but the latter are very precarious, and so tender that they are dressed and served at table in the pod. The best market gardens are in the neighbourhood of Old Cavite.

Fruits and vegetables, however, may be considered luxuries, rice being the staple article of food with nine-tenths of the inhabitants, and even with

foreigners who have been some time resident in the island. The preference given to it over bread is very observable, although the supply of the former is plentiful and good. According to the same idiomatic usage, which has denominated carriages the "shoes of the country," this useful grain is figuratively spoken of as the "bread of the country" ("pan del pais"). Its proper local designation, however, is a word of singular origin, which must puzzle even a Spaniard. Instead of the Spanish "arroz" for rice, it is here called by a name which sounds more like "morasquita" than anything else; the origin of which corruption, for such it undoubtedly is, the word not being Tagalan, is traced, as I was informed, to an expression frequently used by the early Spanish settlers, viz. "Arroz quita," "Take away the rice;" or "Moros quita," "Moors, take away;" the immense quantities of rice constantly heaped before them, and the difficulty they found in obtaining any other food, eliciting this expression of disgust, which the Indians hearing repeated on every occasion, assumed as the proper name of the article in Spanish. Whether this is really the origin of the term, or only a pleasantry got up for the amusement of strangers, I would not pretend to determine, but judging from similar words in common use at Manilla, I am myself rather inclined to yield it implicit credit.

It was my custom, while resident at Santa Anna,

to go into town in time for breakfast at twelve, and remain there the greater part of the day; and, sometimes, if, for any reason, I desired to stay to sleep there also. Being anxious to make the most of my time, and finding that my friends were much occupied during the day, I used to wander about exploring the neighbourhood alone. At first my proceedings in this respect were regarded as almost suicidal, reminding me forcibly of a polite remark I had heard some years before, made by a fat, lazy Dutchman, in Java, while we were lying in Sourabaya, to the effect that you never saw anybody but Englishmen and dogs in the streets in the daytime, for which civil speech, by the way, his mid-day nap was frequently disturbed by the then "young gentlemen" of her Majesty's ship, in which I had the honour of serving. However, notwithstanding the earnest and most kindly meant remonstrances of my friends, I persisted in pursuing my rambles, and never experienced any ill effects from it; indeed, from the fact of nearly all the houses having verandahs on the second floor, there are few places where you can walk so much in the shade, and, to my fancy, the heat never felt so oppressive while moving quietly about as when sitting quite still.

The two principal streets in the suburbs, called the Escolta and the Rosario, have a very fair display of shops of all kinds, kept by people of many nations, the French, perhaps, being the most showy and

tasteful in all their arrangements. These shops are an exception to the rule which devotes the basement floor to other purposes, and the consequence is not always a very agreeable one.

By far the greater number of retail shops are kept by the Chinese, who, for many reasons, can afford to undersell almost all native competitors, but especially because they find no difficulty in making the basement serve them for shop and dwelling place too. In fact, a Chinaman rather prefers these places for their very closeness, if not for the foul air they generate. They are literally crammed with goods of every description, both of English and native manufacture, so ingeniously arranged that everything can be seen and reached, without difficulty, by hand, though there is hardly standing room for two or three people together in the midst of the multifarious stock. Most of the Chinese are natives of Amoy, and I may here remark that the people of that place have always shown a greater spirit of enterprise than elsewhere in China, especially as emigrants. They are hardy, industrious, and independent, and most quiet and forbearing in their demeanour, perhaps rather too much so, for they allow even the Indians to treat them with the most marked contempt. A Chinaman's idea of spirited retaliation for an insult offered, is not inaptly illustrated by a remark that one made, which I know to be genuine, on the subject of duelling: "What fashion you talkee,

that call out, must go, that man wantee shoot mi, heiyaw can secure, suppose he call plenty timm I no come."

As no women accompany the Chinese emigrants, and they cannot marry on the island without professing Christianity, numbers of them embrace Roman Catholicism, together with an Indian or Mestiza wife, and so become naturalized to the place. But, on the other hand, a very large proportion return to their Celestial homes, after having hoarded up money enough to serve them perhaps for life. But whether they marry or not, a surprisingly large number become Roman Catholics, and pictures of the Saints, with very rosy cheeks, and of the Virgin, dressed in the latest and gayest Parisian mode, invariably form a portion of the attractive wares in their shops. I suspect, indeed, many of these conversions are professed with a view to business; for, as a rule, it is as difficult to hammer any real belief in things unseen into a Chinaman, as it is easy to influence him in the adoption of a profession of any kind that may further his temporal interest. The Chinese, in short, are perhaps the most thorough materialists in the world. They have no conception of such doctrines as that of the Holy Trinity, for example, but set it down in very plain terms, as "foolo pidgin," *i. e.* nonsense.

The morning of the second day after my arrival I called in uniform on the British Consul, Mr. Farrant, at his office in town. His residence is

about two miles out of Manilla, on the Santa Anna road. It chanced that Mr. Farrant himself was not at the office, but his place was very courteously supplied by his assistant. Two or three ports were being opened at this time by the Spanish Government, and to these places British Vice-Consuls were despatched; consequently, an application had been made to our Admiral on the China station for a vessel of war to conduct these gentlemen to their destinations. Though not charged with any official communication on the subject, yet knowing the state of affairs and the number of vessels then at the Admiral's disposal, I took it upon me to acquaint the authorities that I thought it highly improbable such a request would be granted, and the Vice-Consuls, I believe, eventually found their way to their several posts of duty in coasters.

Soon afterwards I also paid my respects to his Excellency the Governor, in company with my host, who was personally intimate with him. After passing through several outer apartments, occupied by naval and military officers and other attachés, besides fierce-looking halberdier sentries, we were ushered by an aide-de-camp into the presence of a little old gentleman, very plainly dressed, with either a nightcap or white bandage of some kind round his head. At first sight, I thought he looked nervous and ill; but, in fact, there was almost a look of suspicion or apprehension about him that I

could not at the time quite account for, though afterwards it was explained. This was "DON MANUEL CRESPO Y CEBRIAN, Teniente-General de los Ejércitos Nacionales, Caballero Gran-Cruz de la Orden Militar de San Hermenegildo y de la Americana de Isabel la Catolica, con dos placas de la Orden Militar de San Fernando, condecorado con siete Cruces mas de mérito por acciones de guerra en las campañas de ambos Hemisferios, Gobermador y Capitan-General de las Islas Filipanas, Presidente de su Real Audiencia, Juez Subdelegate de la Renta de Correos, Vice-Patrono Real, Superintendente-General Delegado de la Real Hacienda, y Director é Inspector-General de todas las armas é institutos de este Ejército, etc. etc. etc.;" of which history, for it seems little short of one, the substance in English may be as follows:—

"Don Manuel Crespo and Cebrian, Lieutenant-General of the National Army, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Saint Hermenegildo, and of the American* one of Isabel the Catholic, with two clasps, of the Military Order of Saint Fernando, decorated with seven more Crosses of merit of war services in the campaigns of both Hemispheres, Governor and Captain-General of the Philippine Isles, President of the 'Royal (Court of) Audience,' Judge Subdelegate† of Postal Revenues, Vice-Patron Royal, delegated Superintendent-General of

* *i. e.* South American. † Or sub-delegated judge.

the Royal Hacienda,* and Director and Inspector-General of all Military Arms and Establishments, etc. etc. etc."

Notwithstanding the little apparent disquietude referred to, he received my friend and myself as only Spaniards can; expressed a strong desire, as well as I remember, that I should consider the island, and everything contained in it, at my disposal, and, what I liked better still, as being somewhat nearer approaching tangible reality, offered to render me every facility in his power in the event of my wishing to see any part of the interior. As strangers are occasionally refused permission to travel, on the score of the country being in an unsettled state, and unsafe from robber-bands, or some such reason, this assurance was a point of some importance to me. Possibly my waiting on him in uniform, under the circumstances, was a compliment he appreciated; at any rate my appearance in it was a novelty, as no British man-of-war had been at Manilla for some time previous.

Our interview was of short duration, and we retired under a heavy cross-fire of compliments, sustained on our side by my friend, for, with the exception of a few very commonplace ones, my battery was minus ammunition, and quite silenced

* Hacienda may mean a good many things; but here it implies, more particularly, the collecting of revenues and auditing accounts.

long before we got half-way down-stairs. On complimentary visits to Spaniards (at least in Manilla), it is always customary for the host to see his visitor (as we say in England) fairly off the premises, and for this purpose he stations himself at the head of the stairs, enumerating as you descend the honours imparted and obligation conferred on the house and family, of which he is an unworthy member, by your visit. In answer to all this, if sufficiently master of the language, you of course go on protesting that both honours and obligations are all the other way, until, on arriving at the bottom of the staircase, or more generally the last landing from which you can conveniently face him, you raise your hat as gracefully as your capabilities in that respect will admit of, and with some little "bonne bouche" of a compliment that you have reserved for the purpose, bestow your final "Adios señor," and depart under the impression that their civilities are a little unlike ours. To this, however, exceptions are not wanting, for the English and Americans, residents of old standing, have, in a modified form, adopted this fashion also.

Matters connected with Government affairs on the island are kept with jealous secrecy, but shortly after my visit to his Excellency, sufficient intelligence leaked out to account for the uneasiness that I had observed in the Governor's manner. It appeared that a few days previously an army officer, lately

arrived from Spain, had waited on him, and after the two had been together alone for a few minutes, either an aide-de-camp or the halberdier outside heard an extraordinary noise proceeding from the room, and, on entering to ascertain the cause, the poor old gentleman was discovered well nigh at his last gasp, in the clutches of his strange visitor, who had him by the throat. The assailant was of course immediately dragged from his prey and secured, to accomplish which, it was rumoured, he was rather roughly handled; the story current among the foreign community being, that they put him down a well and kept him there three whole days, at the end of which time he was so altered in appearance that no one would have recognised him. Whether or not this portion of the story was a hoax, the prisoner was tried by court-martial, the Governor, as Captain-General, being of course his senior officer, and the minutes of the trial were sent home, there being no power to punish Spaniards capitally on the island. But what motive he had for such an extraordinary proceeding did not transpire, excepting a vague rumour that high words had passed at the interview, in consequence of the officer applying to be immediately sent home. Though his act was certainly more like that of a madman than anything else, the medical men refused to give him a certificate of insanity, and I have good reason to believe that he ultimately died in prison. No wonder that

the poor old gentleman appeared to disadvantage, so recently after a struggle of this nature; it is only surprising that he was presentable at all.

In the course of my rambles one afternoon I observed an immense concourse of Indian girls coming out of what appeared to me a church; and thinking it a good opportunity to make myself acquainted with the leading features of native beauty, I crossed over and scrutinized them, in a sufficiently marked manner to afford them some amusement, no doubt, by a few jokes, in the native language, at my expense. For ten minutes the stream of native beauty rolled by without the least sign of cessation, and I began to feel myself in the position of the countryman who was found waiting at noon-day in Cheapside until the "crowd had passed." With this reflection, therefore, I moved on. Returning home I inquired what saint's day or other holyday it was. For some little time my friends were puzzled by the inquiry; but at last, the fact shone out in a joke at my expense, that promised to be as endless as the stream of beauty itself. In a word, I had been standing in the rear of the cheroot manufactory, or "Fabrica de Tabaco," as they call it, and the young ladies who had attracted my curiosity, instead of coming out of the church of "Binondo," which stands in the rear of the "Fabrica," were girls leaving the latter establishment after their day's employment of cheroot and cigar making.

I afterwards went over the place, which is worth visiting once. Few people go oftener, I believe, for pleasure. It consists of a number of large apartments, in which, at the time of my visit, seven thousand girls, from about fourteen or fifteen years old and upwards, were employed in converting leaf-tobacco into the manufactured forms above mentioned. The whole process was effected by their delicate fingers, aided by a stone hammer, to beat the leaf out, and a slight dash of some sticky compound to keep it together when rolled into shape. At each table I observed a lady of more mature age and greater experience in the craft than the rest, whose business it was to keep order, and give instructions to beginners. They are paid, I believe, in proportion to the quality and quantity of their work.

As a general rule, the figures of these Indian girls are more to be admired than their faces, one great defect being the smallness of the nose, and another, the red tinge of their teeth, produced by the habit of chewing the betel-nut. Their eyes and hair, however, especially the latter, are good, and amongst so many, there are not a few that might be pronounced pretty; yet, notwithstanding the spell-binding attraction to an unfortunate bachelor, on finding himself in the midst of seven thousand of these sirens, I must confess that, what with the constant rap-i-ti-tap of all these stone hammers, the closeness

of the rooms, and a few other addenda arising from want of cleanliness generally, I was heartily thankful on finding myself once more in the "world outside;" and from what I heard of the visits of other strangers, the feeling was not one at all confined to my particular taste. There are several establishments of this kind in different parts of the island, but none on so extensive a scale as the one at Manilla. The tobacco trade is a Government monopoly, and it is a singular fact—one, indeed, which at first sight must appear incredible,—that, great as the annual export of manufactured tobacco undoubtedly is, the amount consumed in "Luzon" itself is at least six times as much.

CHAPTER V.

TRIP TO THE LAKES.

Preparations for departure—Baggage and provisions—The canoe—The river Pasig—Houses on the banks—Bathing—Church of San Nicolas—Chinese tradition—Los Pateros—The town of Pasig—Cultivation of the sugar-cane—The Casa Reale—The capitan—Hire of a sailing-boat—Confluence of the river and the Laguna—Curious mode of fishing—Water buffaloes—Bonneting the rudder—A sleepy crew—Arrival at Jala Jala—Gironière's successor, M. Vidie—Gironière's house—Its interior accommodation—The adventures of the founder—His faithful lieutenant, Alila—The robbers of the neighbourhood—The beautiful Anna—M. Vidie's alleged daughter—Manilla gunpowder—Improvements in Jala Jala—Machinery for pressing the sugar-cane—Good of laziness—Dogs and cats—Dead bullocks—A passing funeral—The padre's niece.

HAVING determined on a run through the Lake districts, visiting *en route* Gironière's famed "Jala Jala," exploring the wonders of the enchanted Laguna, Taal Volcano, and all that was worth seeing in that direction, after about ten days' sojourn at Manilla, I rather hurried matters in order to accomplish the journey before the wet season had set in more determinedly. The rain as yet only fell in partial showers, and frequently we had none at all

for days together; but local experience pronounced this immunity too good to last much longer.

A gentleman who knew that part of the country well, and spoke Spanish fluently, as well as a little Tagalan, agreed to accompany me, and took in hand most of the necessary arrangements. When it can be done, it is best to hire a large boat in Manilla, and send it up the river with your baggage a few hours before, and ride up to the appointed place, so as to arrive there about an hour after the time arranged for rendezvous. By so doing, you avoid a long, monotonous pull against the stream, and may have, most of the way, quite as good a view of the river as could be obtained from a boat, and, by being a little late, make more sure of finding it there—the Indian boatmen, as a rule, being very dilatory, and requiring an enormous amount of talk over everything before they fairly start doing it.

In our case, we could not procure a large boat very easily, so we determined to take a banca* up to the vicinity of the lagoon, and trust to the chance of procuring there, where they are more numerous, such a boat as we required. A few changes of clothes (flannels are the best), some provisions, in case of need, mats and rugs to sleep on, a European saddle, *with* a crupper, in addition to guns and

* The term "banca" is applied to all kinds of canoes, and is, in fact, used generally for all boats, except the large ones that carry cargo. These latter are termed proas and cascos.

ammunition, and, if you have a turn that way, a small sketch-book, is about all that is necessary. The less baggage that is taken the better, of course; and as you can get rice and eggs in most places, the supply of provisions need not be great, at least as far as eatables are concerned. Drinkables, with the exception of palm-wine, are not to be had in the country; seldom even, as far as I saw, at the residences of the priests. We took a servant with us, as much for an interpreter in Tagalan as anything else. We slept at Santa Anna the night before, and embarked there in our banca a little after daylight on the morning of the 11th July.

The weather was not encouraging, as it was raining in torrents; but we were told that that was no criterion as to how it would be in the Laguna, and any change must be for the better. We sported five paddles, including the steersman; the canoe was between twenty and thirty feet long; yet barely wide enough to sit in, with two bamboo outriggers of so limited a range, that it was just possible to put your hand between them and the sides of the boat. But what we then admired and appreciated most was a wide mat awning overhead, that effectually protected us from the rain. The first impression of a novice in such a mode of travelling is, that little short of a special miracle could save the frail bark from upsetting; but experience gives confidence, and I believe, in smooth water, they are wonderfully well



Embarking on the Lake of Taal,
for the Volcan Isle

behaved in this respect. Our progress was rather slow against the stream; but, by poleing along close under one of the banks, we got on very well.

The Pasig here is a pretty little river, with profuse verdure on either side to the water's edge, and here and there very stately trees. During this season of the year it is muddy-coloured, which is rather a drawback to its appearance. But (to use the expression applied to it by determined bathers) as the mud is "clean and wholesome in its nature," every villa has its bathing-house, and most people, of both sexes, indulge in a dip twice a day, and not unfrequently together, due precaution of course being taken on the score of bathing costume.

A few miles above "Santa Anna," we passed the Pueblo, or village of St. Pedro, where there is a large factory for making Manilla rope, and a little above that another Pueblo (both on the right-hand bank, ascending), called "Guadaloupe," at one end of which stands the picturesque ruin of a church, dedicated to St. Nicholas. On St. Nicholas' day immense crowds of Chinese, both Christian and Pagan, assemble to celebrate a feast in commemoration of a legendary miracle said to have taken place there,* in which, during a rising of the Indians

* Gironière, in his "Twenty Years in the Philippines," relates another story about a wonderful crocodile that was changed by St. Nicholas to a rock, for the especial benefit of a drowning Chinese, and hence the national gratitude. Both legends may be equally true; I give mine "as it was told to me."

to massacre the Chinese settlers on the island, the only three that escaped owed it to their being rendered invisible on fleeing to this church as a sanctuary. Whatever may be the amount of truth respecting the miracle ascribed to the agency of the "blessed San Nicolas," I believe it is perfectly true that, in one instance, only three out of a great concourse of Celestials effected their escape by hiding in the church; and it is pleasing to know that there is an occasional spark of gratefulness to be found even in John Chinaman himself.

A little above Gaudaloupe, the river divides into two branches, and becomes rather narrowed. We took at first the more southerly stream, up as far as Los Pateros, so named from its being a duck-hatching establishment, and on a very extensive scale; every brood of these aquatic aspirants keeping to the particular part of the river apportioned to it. Some say, and, as I remarked elsewhere, some have written, that eggs are here hatched by men laying on them, and I was rather desirous to inspect and judge for myself. But we could not spare time just then, and I never got another opportunity: so this important question must remain undetermined; but I strongly suspect that covering the eggs with straw, and allowing the sun to do the rest, is the system adopted.

Not finding any boat likely to answer our purpose up this branch, we descended and took the

other, which leads to the town of Pasig, where we arrived at about nine in the forenoon. It is a large, irregular mass of native houses, of all sorts and sizes, and contains, I should imagine, some 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants. Much of the neighbouring country is under cultivation, and devoted principally to the sugar-cane, which was, at this time, of a light green hue, and five or six feet in height. The greater portion of the town, I observed, was on the north bank of the river, but there are houses on both sides, the river being crossed by a pretty bamboo bridge.

In every Indian village there is a sort of town-hall called the "tribunal" or "casa reale," principally for the despatch of public business, confinement of delinquents in the stocks, or custody of fire-arms allowed for the defence of the place. Strangers when travelling, on showing their passports (with which they ought always to provide themselves on leaving Manilla), can claim lodgings in the "casa reale," that is to say, shelter and a place to lie down in, but nothing more.*

This privilege is obtained by application to the gobernocillo or capitan of the place, who is a native officer, generally Indian, and with his "teniente," or second in command, is appointed yearly by the Government from among the inhabitants: his business is to collect the duties, be more or less responsible for the good conduct of the inhabitants of his district,

* Barring vermin, especially fleas.

and look after Government interests generally. Here we found fishing and cargo boats in plenty—the latter such as are used for bringing imports up for the use of the provinces, and taking down the produce of the shores of the Laguna; but no boat of exactly the kind we wanted was visible, nor did the owners of those we saw seem to care much about letting them out.

In this dilemma we betook ourselves to the tribunal, where we were honoured by an interview with the capitan. He was a gentleman with an awful amount of red fluid (betel-nut juice) about his mouth, habited like the rest, except that he wore a dark-coloured jacket over his piña shirt, the tails of which were nevertheless still outside his trousers. Finding that there was no proa (a small cargo boat), or even a banca with safe outriggers for the Laguna, to be had, we were obliged to hire a casco, or large sailing boat, which, after a most wearying amount of talking, we at last obtained, at the moderate rate of thirty dollars for three days, besides providing for the crew. But as it was well matted overhead, and had room enough on deck, even for walking about, it was a great relief to get into it after having been cramped up so long in a shell of a canoe. The owner, who was a smart, intelligent fellow, and spoke a little Spanish, soon got his crew together, and in about an hour's time we were poleing along up the shallows to where the river and Laguna meet. Near this the

former narrows considerably, and there is a fishing establishment, with a huge net half-way across, and a "quartel," or military station-house, where they asked us for our passports, but were quite content with seeing the outside of them, the corporal of the guard, the highest official that presented himself, not seeming to be deeply versed in Castilian lore.

The banks of the Pasig, at its junction with the Laguna, terminate in low, grassy swamps, covered, I imagine, at times, when the tide from below forces the water up thus far, or during freshets. There is often a considerable deposit of fish on them, and besides nets, the natives adopt a somewhat novel mode of fishing, in the use of long wicker baskets, open at both ends, the lower one about a couple of feet wide, and the upper just big enough, or rather more than enough, to admit the hand. This basket is suddenly stuck down into the ground firmly, so that whatever is within the circle of its lower orifice cannot escape, and is withdrawn by the hand from the upper. We were greatly amused by watching this proceeding, carried on principally by children, and also by what appears to be a great source of combined duty and pleasure among the junior branches of the Indian community, that of riding the ugly water-buffaloes about. You seldom see one grazing without a boy perched on it, or lying at full-length, taking a siesta on its back; and when in the water, they either do a little Astley's, by

standing on them as they swim, or, kneeling, scrub away at their elephant-like hides, evidently to the great satisfaction of the brute itself, who not only takes it quietly, but wears, on as much of its countenance as it shows above the surface, the impress of being at peace with all the world—save, perhaps, on the approach of a white man, when a grunt and a snort, and a most unamiable upturning of the upper lip, shows how offensive to its delicate olfactories is his unusual presence.

On emerging from the narrow river, the widely-spread sheet of the Laguna, backed by land to the southward and westward, high, and even mountainous, has a very fine effect, and is quite cheering and refreshing. Our comfortable casco, dry clothes, and a rather late, but very hearty breakfast, together with the cessation of the rain, had brought our minds to a state of serenity admirably adapted to the appreciation of the scene; and with the exception of its being almost a calm, and our onward progress temporarily deferred (for sweeping was out of the question, from the size of the boat and paucity of crew), we had all our hearts could reasonably desire. We were lolling about, indulging in revery and Manilla cheroots, when a heavy confused splash was heard in the water alongside, which, as a matter of course, we took to be an alligator, calling on us, as strangers newly arrived ought to be called on (a good old custom, by the way, sadly departed from

in many parts of the East); but on looking over the side, we found it was caused by three of the crew, who had jumped overboard for the purpose of securing an extra piece of wood on to the lower edge of the rudder (a sort of bonnet, to use a professional term) which would give it more power, now that we were in water deep enough to allow of it. They tied it on with grass-rope very dexterously, and remained fully five minutes in the water, apparently regardless of caymans, numerous and voracious as they are known to be here.

Our crew consisted of seven Indian marineros and a pilota, besides the owner, who also accompanied us; the latter, I remember as a closely knit, powerfully built man, with a rather ferocious cast of countenance, reminding one a good deal of Lord Byron's description of, "As mild a man as ever cut a throat!" The casco was nothing more than an overgrown canoe, at least as far as its hull was concerned, but of about twenty or thirty tons burden, with a bamboo platform all round for the men to walk on when poleing along in shallows, and just above the water when the boat was laden. The roofing was of stout mats, bent into a half-circle to shoot the rain off: two mat sails were spread on lower masts, that dropped forward a little (both sails and masts), not unlike those used in China.

The distance across the Laguna to the Straits of Quinabutasan is only about twenty-five miles, but

from the lightness of the breeze, on which we were dependent, it was after dark before we got through. The crew becoming sleepy after that, I awoke several times, and found the sails filling the wrong way, and the casco, as Paddy would say, advancing backwards, or otherwise drifting about in an aimless manner, there being no one awake to trim sails, or hardly to steer, or look out for squalls or pirates—neither at all unusual visitants on the Laguna. By broad daylight, however, we found ourselves off Gironière's Paradise, the far-famed "Jala Jala,"* which is still in the occupation of Monsieur Vidie, the gentleman who succeeded the author of "Twenty years in the Philippines."

The house is a two-storied, whitewashed building, with a tiled roof, and stands at some fifty or sixty yards from the beach. It has a garden in front, and a clump of native huts, a little wooden church, and a large open building, that serves for a school-room, to the right (or southward) of it.

The hills in the background rise abruptly, and are thickly wooded, and altogether the situation is exceedingly picturesque. On anchoring, we spied

* This place is about twelve or fourteen miles from the Straits of Quinabutasan. For the information of those who have not had the good fortune to read the work referred to, I may be permitted to state that "Jala Jala" is the name of an estate which was for many years the scene of most praiseworthy labour, in agricultural pursuits and romantic exploits, of a French gentleman of the name of Gironière; I would strongly recommend the perusal of his book to all lovers of the wild and wonderful.

Monsieur Vidie himself, superintending the getting together and starting off for their day's work, a great concourse of Indians and caraboas (buffaloes), flourishing a long staff about, not always beating only the air, and vociferating in a manner that left little doubt as to the healthy state of his lungs. His costume consisted of a blue cotton frock and trousers, the former buttoned at the throat, and worn à la Indian, outside the latter, which were turned up to the knee; on his feet were slippers, with barely toe enough to keep them on. His head was protected by an ordinary Indian salacote, an affair like an inverted basin, made of fine matting. A slight shower coming on, he retired to the house, and presently re-appeared, with one of those huge grass tippets on, delineated in Gironière's work, very similar to that which are worn by the Chinese boatmen in wet weather.

On landing, we took M. Vidie by surprise in a grain-store on the basement floor of his house, where he was superintending the issue of rice, &c. to a number of Indian women. He had taken our casco for one that he was expecting from Manilla for sugar, and was greatly astonished at our unexpected appearance, although my companion was an old acquaintance. This surprise, however, did not hinder him giving us a most hearty welcome, and ushering us upstairs to the habitable part of the house. The upper story consisted of a large landing or

entrance-hall, used, as is customary, for a dining-room, a sitting-room, with four or five bed-rooms off it, a bath-room, kitchen, and other offices. Perhaps it was from being accustomed to the spacious apartments of Manilla houses, but the whole looked small for the climate, and reminded one very much of what you would find in a respectable farm-house in England. The furniture, I imagine, was the same as had been there in Gironière's time, and was here and there beginning to look a little *usé*, and sadly wanted the magic of a lady's superintendence.

Monsieur Vidie himself is a French gentleman, of, I should say, between fifty and sixty years old, of a short wiry figure, very active and hardy, not having, as he informed me, had occasion to consult a medical man, or have anything to do with physic, for upwards of twenty years, during which he had been at Jala Jala. His countenance, sunburnt and weather-beaten as it is, is pleasing and intelligent, lit up not unfrequently with a ray of roguish humour, very pleasing; and though at first sight you might almost mistake him for an Indian, having little that marks the difference outwardly, in conversation this impression is rapidly effaced. He evidently preferred speaking Spanish to his native tongue, which is not at all unusual, though Frenchmen, generally (nor was he an exception), seldom can compass the full round tone so requisite in Castilian, however well they may be acquainted with

it in other respects. He spoke also a little English, but he told me he had almost forgotten it for want of practice.

Notwithstanding Monsieur Vidie's vaunt of the extreme healthiness of the place, and his personal exemption from bodily ailment, I had my own misgivings on the score of his mental soundness, more particularly as to memory; for in the course of a long conversation I had with him respecting Gironière (which he invariably gave the Spanish pronunciation of Hironiere to) and his book, hardly one, out of all the many adventures and achievements there recounted, did he remember, or even seem to have much faith in, although he had been on the island at the time.

I asked him about Gironière shooting the caraboa when afoot, which, he said, possibly might have been done, but he had never heard of it before, and if it had been, it was a very foolish risk to run, when the general custom was to shoot them from trees. With respect to the brain-feast, I never could get an answer, as he did nothing but laugh when it was mentioned; and on my inquiring whether "Alila," the faithful lieutenant, was alive, he said he had never heard of him or any lieutenant in particular, more than the ordinary "teniente," appointed yearly from among the villagers by the Spanish authorities. As for the people about there, of course there were robbers amongst them, and, like all other Indians

similarly circumstanced, they were more or less in connection with "Tulisanies" that infested the hills, but that he had never heard of their being considered a bit worse than other people. The house we were then in, instead of having been built altogether by Gironière, had only, according to his account, been enlarged and improved by him, after having been the residence of four or five occupants before him, some of whom were Spanish alcaldes. Madame Gironière, the beauteous Anna, he well remembered, and though twenty years had elapsed since her death, the poor old gentleman was quite affected in showing me the room where it occurred, and pointing out the spot in the little wooden chapel whereabouts (for at that time no tablet marked it) she and her relatives lay buried. Gironière, personally, he spoke very highly of—said he was an excellent and brave fellow, that they had been the greatest friends all their lives, and that he would give much to see him again;* but that as for his book, which every traveller that came that way bothered him so much about, it was (what he emphatically denominated) "*ombug.*"

* A pleasure he has since probably had: Monsieur Gironière having returned to the Philippines, with the avowed intention of spending the remainder of his days there. The author of these pages met him, although at the time unknown to him, in Hong Kong; he was still a fine, athletic, hardy-looking man, very much like the picture of him in his work, and wearing the red riband of the Legion of Honour.

M. Vidie's judgment, after all, is only a matter of opinion, or, perhaps, of little more than prejudice, in which many may disagree; besides, he confessed that he had never read the book through. On one occasion, he said, when returning from Manilla, he had manned his banca with two little boys only, in order that he might have time on the voyage to accomplish this feat, but that, after trying his utmost, he could not do it; and I am not sure that he did not consign the volume to the bosom of its own so highly and graphically pictured Laguna.

After troubling the poor old gentleman with my inquiries, beyond what even his extreme courtesy could well bear, for he was evidently desirous of changing the topic, I requested him particularly to favour me with his version of the attack on the house at Jala Jala by the Tulisanies, mentioned in Gironière's work as having occurred shortly after he had himself left it in charge of Monsieur Vidie, and was waiting in Manilla to depart for Europe. The latter says that Monsieur Vidie, after defending the house against the bandits as long as he could, was compelled to escape out of the window, and to run and hide in the woods, leaving his daughter, then very young, to the care of an Indian nurse; that the bandits pillaged and shattered everything in the house, wounded his daughter by a sabre-cut, of which, to the day of her death, she will bear the marks; and then went off with the plunder they had

made; and that, in consequence of this outrage, a guard of Spanish troops was sent for Monsieur Vidie's protection. He had apparently not read this part of the book, for he asked me to repeat the particulars more than once, and then told me, as well as an evident loss of temper would admit, that although it was perfectly true the house had been attacked at that time, instead of the robbers having got in and pillaged it, obliging him to bolt, he had beaten them off most successfully; for neither had he been compelled to leave, nor had they been able to gain admission. "And about the daughter?" I continued. "Daughter!" he exclaimed; "why I never had a daughter, that I am aware of, in the whole course of my life." He then politely, but emphatically, requested that I would ask him no more questions on the subject, and muttered something, that sounded uncommonly like a malediction on Gironière himself, and an extra and particular one on his book. However, historians, as well as doctors, will occasionally differ, and, as I said before, it is very possible that the worthy old gentleman's corporeal economy was sounder than his mental faculties, as regarded memory.

While on this subject, I may perhaps be excused for mentioning a fact that came under my notice while in Manilla, showing forcibly how the most "knowing ones" may occasionally miscalculate. The good folks of Manchester, so I was told, had

caught a bright idea, and sent out some "Gironière" pocket handkerchiefs, with prints of the author, performing many of the exploits recorded by himself, and illustrative of his work generally; but the only result was, that those who knew him thought them funny, and those who knew him not, could not see the fun of them, and neither party bought any.

Monsieur Vidie, in the warmth of his heart, held out some hopes of a wild pig or deer hunt in the mountains for the afternoon; so, in order to see a little of the immediate neighbourhood, we sallied forth with our guns, while the sun was yet low, and strolled about for an hour or so, shooting some wild pigeons and a few specimens of an odd-looking black and bright yellow plumaged bird, about the size of a crow, that seemed very plentiful; its note is screeching and discordant; its flesh is said to be coarse and unfit to eat.

Good gunpowder is a very scarce article in Manilla, the Spanish Government setting its face against the importation of it, and what they make on the island is most abominable. The native produce was the only kind I could get, having very foolishly been persuaded not to bring any over from China with me; the consequence was, that every time I used it, a perfect stream of liquid fire was vomited forth, converting the gun into a sort of portable volcano, that was more curious than satisfactory to behold.

On returning to breakfast, our host did the honours in a most hearty style, but there was an evident diminution of zeal for the afternoon's hunt, that was discouraging. We took a siesta after it, and then he showed us over his entire establishment, and pointed out the result of the joint agricultural labours of Gironière and himself. Out of about 10,000 acres on the peninsula of Jala Jala, he has about 1,000 in cultivation, the principal growth being rice and sugar-cane, laid out in very extensive fields; the rest, mostly mountain land, is run over by large herds of horses and cattle in a wild state, excepting inasmuch as that they are driven between the harvests from the hills to pasture on the cultivated land. Horses, at this time, fetched a high price at Manilla; and the cattle, too, would have sold well, being of an excellent breed, but partly from the difficulty of getting the Indians to catch and bring them in, and partly from a liking he had to keep them scampering about, knowing that they were there, all happy and jolly together, he said, he seldom sent any to market; but told us, at the same time, that we were quite at liberty to go and catch a horse if we wished to be possessed of one—a thing easier said than done, I suspect.

He had lately imported from Europe some machinery for pressing the sugar-cane, of which he seemed very proud and sanguine as to results, but he complained sadly of the lazy habits of the

Indians, and the great difficulty there was in getting anything like steady or continuous labour out of them. Like all coloured races in countries where nature has been so bountiful in spontaneous produce, they do not see the use of doing more than is sufficient to supply the wants of the present—enjoying luxurious ease more than they would the greatest wealth. And, after all, seeing, as we everywhere do, the wonderful natural adaptation of constitutional habits to the different climates and local peculiarities of countries, it seems quite an open question whether even our Anglo-Saxon stirring industry might not in the tropics be advantageously tempered by a hint from the "ways of the natives." Sooner or later we are almost compelled, more or less, to fall into them, by a loss of energy, even where there is no apparent loss of health; and, possibly, by a timely adaptation to circumstances, more real and lasting ability of usefulness might be the result.

Gironière mentions the number of half-starved curs about Jala Jala, and that state of things had not at all altered at the time of our visit, excepting that there was an addition to the force, of an irregular body of cats, not less remarkable for their comeliness, and claiming a joint right of occupancy in the house. All day long, but particularly during meal times, two or three little Indian boys, with exceedingly short, and not over cleanly, shirts on, were employed harassing these wretched animals

(the dogs particularly), with a view to keeping them out of the room; but the usual course was a grab by the dog at something, a screech from the boy, accompanied by a blow, that, whether it took effect or not, the cur invariably howled out at, then a rush to the door, the pursuer yelling, and accompanying his war-cry with a wasteful expenditure of whacks on the floor, the pursued giving tongue, regardless of cause or consequence, and, before the time I have taken in telling it had elapsed, a return of the latter to try his luck again.

The cats had, if anything, a better time of it, and, except when they so far forgot themselves as to stick their claws into your legs, as a more striking reminder, were allowed to keep up a constant plaintive whine, something after the style of an Irish wake when there is no whisky to be had.

It struck me forcibly that a good chow chow, as the Chinamen term a meal, would have had a most beneficial effect, and saved a world of trouble and annoyance to all parties. The oddest thing was, that with all this lack of food, there was the body of a dead bullock lying close under the walls of the house, in a nearly putrid state, all day, and which it never seemed to occur to any one would be the better for removal, although, without being particularly sensitive to such things myself, the odour of it made me feel half sick. The dogs, I may remark, are sometimes used for beating the bush,

or running down deer, but Vidie told us you were nearly as well off without them, and they certainly had not a promising appearance in a sporting point of view. Deer and wild pigs, he informed us, were plentiful in the hills, and you might occasionally find the buffalo or caraboa, in a wild state, by penetrating a day's march into the forests; but all persuasion, when it came to the time, failed in inducing him to get up a hunt; principally, I imagine, from a habit he had fallen into of seldom going beyond his plantations. He confessed that a visit to Manilla, even, was a thing the exertion and bother of which he always dreaded, and that he invariably returned the moment his business was done.

While we were sitting in the verandah of his house, looking out on the Indian nipa palm huts and neat little church, a funeral procession passed on to the latter, accompanied by some of the higher classes of the community, distinguished by wearing short, round, black jackets on and over flowing embroidered shirt-tails, the whole headed by the priest, a half-caste, who is also the schoolmaster of the place. Some little boys in white robes bore lighted tapers, and the whole arrangement was exceedingly neat, orderly, and reverent. The padre was a rather dark mestizo, and, on passing his house, we had noticed a very pretty Indian girl, taking a sly peep at us, and suddenly retiring. On inquiry, our host informed us, with a wink, that she would probably be either

his reverence's sister or niece; but as he and the father were not on very good terms, he was, may be, insinuating a joke at the latter's expense.

We were a good deal disappointed at the failure of our sporting prospects; but as we were entirely dependent on our host for the means of carrying them out, and there seemed little hope of bending him to our purpose, we were obliged to give up the idea, and made up our minds to prosecute our tour without further delay. Monsieur Vidie then accompanied us to the beach where our casco, or clipper, as he denominated her, lay, and, after many adieux and acknowledgments for the kindness and hospitality he had shown us, we re-embarked, and started at nine in the evening for the southern shore of the lake.

CHAPTER VI.

LOS BAÑOS AND THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

The hot springs of Los Banos—Hot springs in this locality—The military hospital—Visit to Gironière's enchanted lake—Embarkation in the canoe—Alligators—Flying foxes—Reminiscences of the coast of Africa—The alligator disgusted—Alligators at Port Essington—Sunday at Los Banos—Visit to the priest—Reflections on Catholicism—Singing to the guitar—Native women of the mixed races—The Chinese taint—The beautiful hair of the Mestizas—Early deterioration—Smoking and chewing—Delicate sportiveness of the lower class Mestizas—Indian girls—*Hijas del pais*, or daughters of the land—General use of the harp—A lingering farewell.

The breeze was so light, and our crew so drowsy—as a necessary consequence, I presume—that it was only by frequently arousing them, and by vociferously demanding of them, whenever we ourselves happened to awake, why the deuce they all slept at the same time, that we could get either look-out kept, or steering done. Wearied, perhaps, by these nocturnal exercises, it was fast approaching broad daylight when my companion awoke me, to call my attention to a cloud of smoke, or rather vapour, that rose in a broad white column from the beach we were

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approaching. At first I was a little incredulous, but soon became convinced that this was the steam of the hot springs at Los Baños, which, as its name in Spanish implies, is a place of baths. Streams flow in covered ways down the sides of the neighbouring hills; an idea of the temperature of which may be formed from the fact of their retaining sufficient heat as they emerge to the surface, a little above high-water level, to boil eggs by a simple immersion, and the natives take advantage of this for cooking purposes generally. Vapour-baths, constructed on the principle of simply allowing the hot stream to pass through, and confining the steam under them, stand between the little village and the shore; and the use of them is considered exceedingly beneficial in rheumatic and many other complaints. However, notwithstanding their generally admitted good properties, they are at present seldom used; and a military hospital, that had been established in their neighbourhood, is now deserted.

On landing, our first care was to procure, if possible, a couple of small canoes for the purpose of performing Monsieur Gironière's feat of paddling round the Enchanted Lake, or Lagunita* de Socol, which is situated two or three miles to the westward of Los Baños.

It was desirable to have two canoes to lash together, in the way described by Gironière, as a matter of pre-

* Little Laguna.

caution against an upset, which the extreme tininess of the only kind that could be carried from the one lake to the other rendered not at all improbable with inexperienced passengers. And as to the result of such a mishap there could be no doubt, seeing that this little lake, now as then, was almost alive with alligators. Either from the boats being otherwise engaged, or their owners not much liking the job, we could not procure more than one for our purpose, which, nevertheless, we determined to prosecute under a disadvantage rather than utterly abandon.

With this little boat in company, we started in a larger one, and skirting along the intervening beach, reached the foot of the hill that separates the two lagunas. Gironière estimates this hill at 1,200 or 1,500 feet high; we thought, unanimously, that about 100 was nearer to the mark, for the part the canoe had to be carried over, which task was performed by four Indians with ropes, very nearly as fast as we could scramble after them, carrying our guns. Though I could not do better than refer my readers to Gironière's description of this very singular little lake, yet it is possible that some may not have an opportunity of seeing that work, and for them I will endeavour to give some idea of its appearance.

On descending to its sombre banks the words of Moore's song, commencing—

"On that lake whose gloomy shore,"

are vividly brought to your mind; all is so dark, cold, and still, that it might well be compared to the "valley of the shadow of death." Its area, nearly circular, comprises a space of between two and three miles in circumference; its sides, equally steep above and below the surface, give on the one hand very deep water close to the edge, and on the other rise in abrupt, thickly-wooded masses, so steep and overhanging as even at noon-day partially to intercept the sun's rays, and cast over the water's surface a dead, leaden hue, and cold mystery-bearing effect, sufficiently suggestive of its name. With the exception of the narrow belt between it and the lake of Bay, the hills all round rise to the height of at least 1,500 feet, or rather, when you are on the shore of Socol, you have the impression of being sunk that far below them, much in the same way as you would when down a well; and I believe it is an ascertained fact that its level is actually below that of the neighbouring great lake of Bay, with which, of course, if such be the case, it cannot be in connection.

Our little canoe having been launched and manned by an Indian at either end to paddle it, our next undertaking was to get in with our guns without swamping the whole arrangement, which required a considerable amount of care and a most subdued quietness of action to accomplish; indeed I do not know that I ever felt less disposed to commence any playful antics than I did when I found myself thus

vis à vis to my companion, floating away from the friendly bank in a mere shell, whose sides rose but two or three inches above the dusky ashen surface of these sullen waters, containing, as we knew they did, monsters but too ready for an opportunity to convert us into a component part of themselves.

The surrounding trees had a shade of brown blended with their dark green foliage, which at first I could not quite account for, but this soon explained itself; for, after getting a little accustomed to our cockle-shell, and thereby acquiring sufficient confidence to fire our guns in among them, the report was succeeded by a rushing sound like that of a distant mountain torrent, and the air became immediately darkened by the flight of myriads of flying foxes that fluttered about just over our heads, confusing and stupifying us with their discordant screams. There were, besides, herons and sea-fowl of different kinds, but the number of the flying foxes (*Vespertilis Vampyrus*, Lin.) far exceeded them. This creature, as its name implies, has a head quite like that of a small fox, and wings like a vampire bat; its body is about a foot long, of a reddish-brown colour; and the *tout ensemble*, even to the peculiar smell possessed by that animal, bears a most striking resemblance to Master Reynard. Unless you catch them under the wing in flying, they are very difficult to kill. They hang on in clusters to the trees, screaming if wounded, while there is a spark of life

left; and at such times, woe betide the unhappy fingers of any one attempting to handle them before they have received their final quietus; for their teeth are as sharp as needles, and they equally sharp in the application of them. We shot several, and some sea-fowl, myriads of which come here to deposit their eggs; and, indeed, the gloomy bowers of Socol seem to have been adopted as a sort of hereditary nursery by the feathered tribes generally, the intrusion on which by man they most unmistakeably remonstrate against. No alligators chased us, open-mouthed, as they did Gironière, though our solitary canoe offered them even a more tempting bait; nor while on the lake did we distinctly see any signs of one. However, the sudden disappearance below the surface of several heads of our game, left little doubt as to their actual presence, and my companion told me he had never before, out of several visits he had made, missed seeing some either on the banks or in the water.

Having made the circuit of the lake, and sufficiently explored its mysteries and enchantments, we returned to the spot whence we had set out, had our canoe retransported into the "Laguna de Bay," and embarked in our larger one on our return to Los Baños. Shortly after we shoved off, the sharp eyes of the Indians discovered a "cayman" basking in the sun at the foot of the hill we had just left, but he did not remain long to be inspected, and bolted

into the water like a shot. It is singular how rapidly an alligator will reach the water; I have frequently remarked it while on boat service on the west coast of Africa, blockading the mouths of some of the rivers, where for days we had to lay off with little else to amuse us. They would be lying on the beach, looking for all the world like so many huge logs of timber, without the slightest sign of life, when, pulling towards the back of the surf, near enough for musket range, a ball would come pat against the hard side of one, appearing to it, probably, nothing more than the fillip of a finger would be to us; but, taking the hint, they seemed to roll (I imagine that is an ocular deception) into the water with a most surprising velocity. At other times, a very diverting game used to be going on between them and some long-legged white birds, in the manner following. Our attention would be arrested by one of these birds hopping about, most provokingly, just in front of Master Cayman, as he lay in a quiescent state, which he would sometimes do for a long time; when, apparently, either losing patience, or fancying his long-legged tantalizer was off his guard, he would make a sudden dart at him, which invariably resulted in Master Bird just rising high enough to let the alligator pass below him, and then alighting in his rear, he would await the return of calm moments to torment his enemy afresh. Frequently, after a few ineffectual charges of this kind, the alligator would

rush to the water in evident disgust, there to seek that repose which was denied him on *terra firma*.

Notwithstanding that the idea of an alligator attacking a canoe has been somewhat ridiculed, I know from experience that it is a thing not at all improbable. At Port Essington, on the north side of Australia (where we had for years, perhaps, one of the most ill-managed of all our blundering attempts at a settlement), the alligators were so fierce, that it was not at all an uncommon thing for them to bite at the blades of boats' oars as they dipped in pulling, nor even to make attempts to get into the boat itself, which in the case of a canoe must have been certain destruction; I forget exactly what their length there averaged, but I know it was frequently difficult, at a little distance, to distinguish between one basking on the surface and a native canoe, which are generally large enough to hold ten or a dozen people.

We landed about half way along the beach between Socol and Los Baños, and did a little shooting. It is a pretty wooded country here, and, as Gironière says, pigeons are plentiful; but we resigned our guns to our Indian guides as we approached the latter place, seeing that it was Sunday morning, and we intended visiting the priest.

Whatever may be said for or against Papistry, the system has certainly not, like our own, left fully one half the population without provision in the matter of places of worship. There are hardly a dozen

houses anywhere about Manilla and the adjacent districts without a large, substantial church, and convento or parsonage attached; the priests are from all classes, *i.e.* Spaniards, Mestizos (half-castes), and pure Indians, generally men of fair education and attainments, hospitable to strangers, and of inquiring minds. I have frequently been surprised at the information they both possessed and sought, particularly on political questions, and the knowledge of men and things, which one would hardly expect people in their position to interest themselves in, which they displayed. Their influence, especially over the native population, quite equals that found elsewhere under the Romish system, and if the stories which one sometimes hears with respect to the immorality of their lives be true, the fact of their retaining this influence is still more wonderful. I have said, especially over the native portion of the people, for I think, from what I have observed both here and elsewhere, that the Spaniards themselves, particularly men among the upper classes, care little about the priests or their doctrines, and the "Frailes"* are always fair subjects of jest, and not unfrequently of most unqualified abuse. Whether such a state of things is more for good or for evil is an open question, but it is evident on the face of it, that Roman Catholicism at the present day is either above or

* Friars, but frequently applied, especially in a jocular sense, to priests generally.

below the appreciation of a large proportion of its nominal members. One glance over the present state of Europe must, I think, suggest that idea, and pretty clearly confirm it.

We found his reverence (an Indian) enjoying his cheroot after the labours of the morning service, which is all over by about nine o'clock. He received us very kindly, offered us cigars, bouya, chocolate, or gin-and-water, but as we had not yet breakfasted, excepting a cup of tea at daylight, I excused myself, which is always a little awkward in an encounter with the extreme politeness of Spanish manners. My companion, however, gratified our host by accepting a weed.

There was a gentleman staying with the priest, commandante of one or two of the neighbouring districts, who gave us a good deal of information regarding the country, and a letter of introduction to a friend of his, at a place we thought of visiting that day. I had noticed on entering the house that there was a guitar and one of the small harps of the country in the outer room, which I thought presaged well. On inquiring who was the performer, I was told they were "*para las niñas*" (for the girls), which I thought presaged better still; and sure enough, while we were talking to his reverence, there first reached our ears a rustling of "sayas,"—silken petticoats peculiar to the native ladies—a little timid whispering, then a string of the harp sounded



As we appeared at los Baños

as if touched accidentally, and a few others echoed the sound as though desirous of tuning themselves. By degrees these blended into chords, and the chords into one of the wild airs of the island, accompanied by two silvery voices that would have warmed the heart of the most adamantine stoic. For a few moments there was an internal struggle. The priest and his friend were in the midst of a very interesting description of the state of the country, and giving us their opinion of things in general; to leave them abruptly would hardly be courteous, and they showed no signs of adjourning, added to which our time was limited. No introduction; for three days no razor had visited our beards; and as far as boots, trousers, and shooting coats were concerned, perhaps we were about two as dirty-looking ruffians as could well be imagined. All these circumstances combated against a strong inclination to join the ladies, and, as I said before, there was a great internal struggle: the result was (thanks to a considerable share of impudence), that one of us, who was anxious to prosecute the journey, going out to give some directions about the boat, on his return found the other playing a guitar and singing Spanish love-songs to the damsels, in a style that, whatever else might be said of it, boded little good for the prospect of an early departure.

The Mestizas or half-castes of Luzon, as in all countries similarly situated, are of various removes from either the Spanish or Indian blood, and in addi-

tion to this, especially among the lower classes, there is also a considerable sprinkling of the blood of the Chinese. This latter circumstance, which adds but little to their beauty, is easily accounted for by the fact I have elsewhere adverted to, of the Celestial intermarriages with Indian women; indeed these smug, jocose, smooth, round-faced gentlemen appear quite to have imbibed Tom Moore's idea (savouring more perhaps of expediency than principle), that when we are far from the lips that we love, we have but to make love to the lips that we are near, and to have acted on it too.

The Mestizas taken *en masse* are not a particularly good-looking people—the more Spanish blood the better, the more Chinese the reverse; but unfortunately the veriest drop of the latter is often sufficient to tincture the whole; and by some means or other, with the exception of those slightly removed from Spaniards, the Chinese trait shows itself very generally. You see it in the drooping corner of the eye, the high cheek-bone, the broad and somewhat flattened nose; and you hear it in the shrill falsetto squeak of the voice, particularly in singing, and a sort of drawling tone in speaking. In the absence, however, of any Chinese adulteration, the offspring of pure Spanish and Indian blood are very good specimens of humanity; many of the girls are exceedingly pretty, their figures being particularly neat and well-formed. The hair of the women of all classes

of Mestizas (inherited from their Indian connection) is invariably black, immensely thick, and when worn loose, which it frequently is for hours after bathing, flows down to below the knee. It is somewhat coarse, but being taken great care of, has a beautifully clean, glossy appearance, and they are very proud of it. I could hardly have conceived its density and profusion, had I not attempted one morning, on commencing a polka, to pass my hand through my partner's flowing tresses in order to make the authorised embrace; it was with considerable difficulty I was able to achieve it, and the hand never saw daylight again until the dance was over.

From about fifteen to nineteen or twenty the Mestiza girls are in their prime, but they soon begin to look *passé* after that age, especially if they are overtaken by matrimony; and what is odd, they almost invariably, whether married or single, become either very thin or very stout—the latter to my taste (and I think the choice is general) being by far the most preferable of the two conditions. Some people have been scandalous enough to assert that they all, *sub rosâ*, both smoke cigaritas and chew betel nut, but I believe I am justified in denying this sweeping charge. That most of the old ladies (and they are not the only old ladies in the world that encourage the tobacco trade in one way or another) do now and then take a whiff, I suspect there is little doubt; and perhaps occasionally the young ones in private,

as much for a lark as anything else, may "try what it's like," but I don't think it goes beyond this; and as for betel, when used in small quantities and with the requisite cleanliness, so far from being prejudicial either to appearance or otherwise, it is beneficial in more ways than one, but especially as a corrective to any impurity of the breath; and the color of the teeth soon betrays whether its use has become an objectionable habit. I believe, and in fact I know, that many of the lower class of Mestizas, who are perhaps only a few removes from Indians, are addicted to both practices, frequently to a disgusting extent, as their bright red teeth and horrible habit of constantly spitting at all times and in all places fully demonstrate. So far from their being ashamed of the latter, they seem to court attention to it by a very sonorous and long-drawn preparative. I have frequently watched (of course, with intense interest) young ladies of this description lolling out of a window, and carrying on a highly intellectual and exciting course of sportive amusement, in spitting at a mark, or occasionally taking a random shot at the sombrero of a passer-by, which latter exploit, when successful, was immediately followed by a "caramba" or worse.

But it is with the Indians themselves that smoking and chewing the betel, or bouya, as they call it, takes a form so much to be regretted. These people, both men and women, are generally good figures, very

much like the Malay, from whose family I imagine they spring, having agreeable features, and being scrupulously cleanly in their habits and persons, with the exception of the red filth engendered about their mouths by this disgusting habit of chewing the bouya, which, from want of proper cleanly precaution, is allowed not only to turn the teeth the colour of red sealing-wax, but to leave a deposit over the lips and mouth. Generally all ages and both sexes among the Indians smoke, and the little girls always seemed to me to prefer the largest cigars: not the cigarilla of the Spaniard or Mestiza, but huge baccies, eight or ten inches long, and thick in proportion. The people there tell you that these hopefuls sometimes take their weed before they are properly weaned, which latter process is often accomplished at a singularly late date, I believe sometimes three or four years old. This I cannot vouch for, but I certainly have seen children of five or six smoking cigars that might almost have served them for walking-sticks. There are, however, exceptions even to this rule, and I have known Indian girls, who had the good taste neither to smoke nor chew, and could show as brilliant a row of ivories as ever furnished a pretty mouth. But where am I wandering? What on earth has smoking and chewing, and such like abominations, to do with the ladies, who are delighting us with one of those sweet, soft,

Andalusian songs, so admirably adapted to the harp or guitar?

Our new friends, a lady and her two daughters, were of the best class of Mestizas, almost, I imagine, what the Spaniards in their poetic style call "*Hijas-del pais*" (daughters of the land), *i.e.*, of Spanish parentage, but born in the country; the mother was a comely dame, of perhaps five or six and thirty, and the young ladies not more than seventeen or eighteen, and very pretty, and all of them possessed that sort of easy confidence and natural lady-like softness of manner, which is so very engaging, and seldom seen in greater perfection than among the Spaniards.

A small primitive style of harp is the instrument of the country. There are few houses without one, even amongst the Indians. I fancy they were introduced by the Spaniards, and though the guitar is a good deal in use, I think the ladies in particular generally excel on the harp.

Our fair friends, we found, had come to Los Baños as a watering-place for a little while, and they were making a morning call only on his reverence. The "lays of many lands" were sung of love and war, and all that poesy delights in; piquant were the compliments exchanged, simple acquaintance was softening into something approaching intimacy, and how long *one* of us, at least, might have remained spell-bound under the fascination of such very agreeable

society it is difficult to surmise; and had it not been for the unmistakeable hints of "time to be off" from the other, who did his mentorship on the occasion, I greatly fear that our tour might have been considerably curtailed of its destined proportions. For a long time winks, nods, sudden twitchings of the thumb to the rear, were alike unavailing; frequent consultations of the watch followed, and its face sometimes surreptitiously displayed, in order that it might speak for itself; fortunately a considerable space was between us, or somebody's toes would certainly have been martyrized; but nothing could be effected, until the exhortist, driven to a "*coup d'état*," started on his legs and announced that we *must* either go at once or make up our minds to remain there altogether. The first condition was hard to comply with, such great friends had we become in so short a time, but the terms on which we had hired our boat, together with, perhaps, just one or two other reasons, rendered the latter, however agreeable, hardly practicable, and with many regrets, both felt and expressed, we parted; and amidst a simultaneous waving of kerchiefs, so long as the eye could reach, sailed away, and perhaps saw the last for ever of Los Baños, with all its kindly and heart-stirring attractions.

CHAPTER VII.

VIA SANTO TOMAS.

Start for the Lake of Taal—Affecting instance of attachment—Loyalty of our boatmen—Waiting for horses—Digression on the political freedom enjoyed by the Indians of Luzon—The native amusements—Cock-fighting and gambling—Arrival of the chargers—Their singular equipment—March to the Casa Reale—Appeal to the capitan—Restorative virtues of brandy—Exchange of steeds—The capitan's medicine in request—Wet through and independent—A country road in Luzon—Arrival at Santo Tomas—The padre out at night—Political sympathies with England—The priest's band—Ride through the dark to Tananan—Gonzales—The lost cargadores—The Gobernocillo's sleeping accommodation—Early departure.

HALF an hour's run to the westward brought us off Calamba, from which point we were to start across country to the Lake of Taal, distant from it about twenty miles. Seeing that the means of travelling were primitive, and withal expensive, we determined to send our servant back in the casco, on its return to Pasig, with all our heavier luggage, and to retain what was barely sufficient. This we found consisted of mats and rugs to sleep on, a small box, with a change of clothes for each, and a "chow chow" or

provision-basket, containing enough to fall back on in default of *provision del pais*,* which is not always to be depended on; and amongst other things a pewter teapot, which my companion had an especial affection for, and would not listen to my suggestion that it should be returned with other lumber. We all have our weaknesses, and his displayed itself in for ever carrying this teapot and one or two waistcoats with him, which struck me as being articles of superfluity under present circumstances; and whenever the cargadores (porters) lagged on the road, I invariably threw the blame, in joke, on the teapot or the waistcoats; but in truth there was little to complain of, for a more agreeable companion, or one that entered more fully into the spirit of the thing, than my friend was, it would have been difficult to have found.

Our boat's crew, who had altogether behaved exceedingly well, gave us three cheers as we landed; and supposing, from some anti-Carlist songs we had been singing, that we were exceedingly loyal to her present Majesty of Spain, bestowed another cheer on *la reina Isabel*, which, of course, it was only polite of us to reply to by a proportionate number of maledictions on Don Carlos and his cause, though, goodness knows, we were little interested either in the one or the other.

* "Anything eatable to be found on the road," is a liberal interpretation, I should think.

To the village of Calamba, situated about half a mile from the beach, we despatched an Indian for horses, and sitting down amidst our saddles and baggage to await their arrival, watched with something of regret (for it is surprising how soon one begins to look on a temporary abode with regard) our clipper, as old Vidie had christened her, weigh her anchor, hoist her huge mat sails to the breeze, and glide off gaily, as though rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy return home.

As a general rule, I believe, the Indians of Luzon are as little molested or annoyed by Government taxes and restrictions as the native population of any part of the world; and, from the very productive nature of the country, it is hardly necessary for them to work more than a day or two during the week; they have any amount of village feasts and amusements among themselves, and lead altogether, I should think, a very jolly life. It is true that Government occasionally does funny things, in the way of sweeping off the inhabitants of a district to people a distant island, or catching any men they can lay hands on to send as soldiers on some expedition against the Moors, as they call the Malays of the isles to the southward; but these visitations, like the eruptions of volcanoes, are sufficiently rare to give everybody a fair chance, and a little speculative gambling in that way has, perhaps, its attractive excitement as well as any other.

The amusements to which the native population, at least those of a sporting nature, are most attached, are cock-fighting and gambling, and in pursuit of these, particularly the former, they will risk all they possess. There are regular licensed Government cockpits and gambling houses, where alone they are allowed to indulge in these recreations; and half the convicts that are seen working on the roads in chains are doing so for the grave offence of fighting their cocks, or playing "monte," in unlicensed places, by the roadside, or anywhere but at a Government establishment.

Every village has at least one cockpit, and in Manilla there are several. Sunday afternoons and some of the principal saints' days are the occasions of the largest attendance. You may hear the crowing of the warrior birds for a long distance off: about the doors you find a concourse of men, mostly Indians, dressed in their gay party-coloured cottons, with a handkerchief, oftenest of a bright red, twisted turban-fashion round the head; and resting on one arm, with a string to his leg, is Master Gallo, looking as "mild as milk punch," excepting when the too near approach of another causes him to ruffle up. Inside you pass through between two lines of cocks, with their tethers pegged into the ground, stretching their necks out, and apparently abusing each other to their hearts' content; while the owners stand about making up bets and matches; and occasionally,

as if to see their relative mettle, hold the birds close enough together to make them exceedingly angry with each other, or to get an occasional peck. The pit you find about the centre of the building; a large circular space, surrounded by raised seats, for the more respectable proportion of the attendance; the lower part, separated by rails from the mob, and with one or two reserved seats within for judges and other privileged individuals, including not unfrequently strangers, who may entertain designs on the forbearance of the public in general, by inflicting on them books on the Philippines, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants thereof.

Sometimes a single main is fought; at others, two or three at the same time. When the cocks are brought in, the spur—a bright piece of steel, of about three inches long, and as sharp as the best razor*—is covered with a sheath, which is not removed until, after a good deal of sparring, nursing, and coaxing, it is concluded that both the combatants are worked up to a mortal strife pitch, and the bets being satisfactorily arranged, the "draw spurs" takes place, and the two are posted in juxta-position, to sacrifice Nature's bright gift of indomitable courage to the demon of man's brutality. Sometimes one flight settles it, not unfrequently from an accidental blow of the inferior bird, for such is the power of the deadly spur that one strike near any vital part is

* I believe they are generally made from old razors.

fatal. At other times, I have seen it last for several minutes, not unfrequently ending by the flight of one from the combat altogether, in which case a fearful scream of derision escapes from the spectators, to add to the constant din and excitement displayed. It was rather singular, but in every fight that I witnessed, and that was a good many, the lesser and more humble-looking bird invariably won, and some beautifully proud, majestic fellows turned out great poltroons; the hardest fight I ever saw was between two little fellows (not bantams) who were at it for, I suppose, six or seven minutes, and though both were badly wounded, neither would give in; I would have given a great deal to have saved them both from their final doom, they had fought so bravely, but that was against rule, and at last one fell from pure exhaustion, and the other dropped down dead in giving him his final quietus.

Few things strike one with the fact of the mutability and evanescent nature of terrestrial things more than the difference in the appearance of one of these noble birds before the battle, when strutting about in all the pride of conscious beauty, dealing defiance around, and apparently exulting in the pride of life, and after his defeat, when crest-fallen, his plumage soiled, blood-stained, and reversed, he is carried ignominiously by the heels, dead or dying, from the arena. The Indians, too, are very cruel; frequently plucking a beaten cock while yet alive, in revenge for the loss

he has caused his master, which is the more strange as the chances are he has petted and made a constant companion of the poor creature for months before.

Barbarous and cruel as cock-fighting undoubtedly is, and much as it may be desired that all things of the sort should be discontinued, yet we would, I think, do well, while condemning the practice in these poor half-civilized people, to remember, that with all our boasted superiority of refinement and attainments, spiritual as well as temporal, how very recently it has ceased to be a national pastime among ourselves, and up to a very late date, was secretly indulged in, even in defiance of the law, by polished and educated gentlemen of our own country.

Like two Don Quixotes watching their harness (barring time and place), we sat, as I have already said (before this Indian digression), amidst our saddles and valuables, on the beach, for the space of about a quarter of an hour, ready with guns and revolvers to defend them, if need be, to the death; at the end of which period of time, two steeds made their appearance which the worthy knight aforesaid would have scorned to acknowledge as holding any comparative merit to his far-famed Rosinante. They had all his highness of bone, and lowness of flesh, with considerable less height of stature; and, by their drooping heads, they appeared either to be looking earnestly after something dropped, or per-

haps, as the state of their legs would render more probable, searching for a soft place to fall on.

In Ireland "take care how yer fall" is a very customary piece of advice given to beginners in horsemanship, and these steeds seemed to have applied to themselves the caution. Each had on his head a very elegant arrangement, something between a halter and a bridle, composed of an extraordinary mingling of old rope and bits of untanned leather, so curiously knotted and cunningly devised, that it struck one that the man who could put it on the animal's head was only a shade or so less clever than the one who had manufactured it. The part that I admired most, and which, indeed, was by far the most useful, was a bunch of leather secured to the rope rein, long enough to use as a whip. Besides this head gear, they had on Indian saddles, which are small, and bound with brass, indeed curiously fashioned in all respects. I can only describe them briefly, as high behind, and higher still before, the rise there taking the form of a great horn, which sticks up in front of the rider (for what earthly purpose I could never discover), and would certainly, in any sudden jerk forward, inflict on him a very serious injury. The stirrups were funny little brass affairs, just large enough to stick two toes in, which, with their feet well to the rear, is the way the Indians ride. This style of seat, though very inelegant, enables them to retain their position firmly;

and, as a general rule, they are bold riders, especially when mounted on bare back, a style which they seem rather to prefer.

So disgusted were we with the first sight of our chargers, that, making some "cargadores" who had also arrived sling our traps, saddles and all, on bamboos, we marched up to Calamba *à pied*, and went straight to the Tribunal or Casa Reale of the place, to ascertain whether better ones could not be had. Calamba is a long straggling village, inhabited almost entirely by Indians, with a slight sprinkling of Chinese, and differs little from other places of the kind, except that, perhaps, it is not quite so clean as they generally are, arising probably from its proximity to the Laguna de Bay, producing the concomitants of trade and fishing.

At the Tribunal, which was a dark, dirty-looking place, it was some time before we could find any one that spoke Spanish. At last we dug an old gentleman out of a corner, where he was reposing, who informed us in that tongue, in a most dolorous tone of voice,—firstly, that he was very sick; secondly, that he was guarding two robbers that lay beside him handcuffed together; and, thirdly, that the horses we had already got were as good as the place afforded; and, lastly, that he was going to sleep again, and it was not his royal pleasure to be further disturbed. Fancying that some fun might, at all events, be had out of him, one of us personified the

doctor, and inquired into the nature of his malady, which appeared to be little more than headache and laziness, and administered a small dose of brandy to him, which had so reviving an effect that he abandoned his original intention of again courting the drowsy god, and in the course of a short time, aided by the repetition of the dose, he quite came out, and was as pleasant and facetious an old fellow as one could wish to see. There was a stand of fire-arms in one corner of the room, not in quite so good order as they might have been; but what struck me most was that out of about twenty, I don't think there were two at all like each other. Every dimension, from what was little more than an overgrown pistol to the very longest of the long Spanish muskets, was there, and, barring modern inventions, every description of make.

After a little coaxing, and a small bequest of his favourite cordial to be reserved for future attacks, we persuaded the old man to exert his interest in getting us animals a trifle better than those first brought, but after all we found there was but little to choose between them. However, with our European saddles on, the steeds we now secured did look a little more wholesome, and in the end proved themselves much more enduring than might have been expected. Our resort to the "Tribunal" had brought a number of the idlers of the place up to have a look at us, and when we left, they were all

importuning the old gentleman to let them taste his medicine, which he was vainly endeavouring to persuade them was only fit for his particular case; it is to be feared, however, that between the curiosity of his friends and his own tastes there would not be much left half an hour after our backs were turned. On the whole, the Indians are not much given to drunkenness, but, like all half-civilized people, when they do indulge to excess, become perfectly frantic, even to the extent occasionally of running, like their kindred race the Malays, "a-mok," or as it is generally pronounced in matter-of-fact English, "a-muck."

Just as we had completed our arrangements to start, down came the rain, with that steady force which ever betokens its intention of continuing to do so for the rest of the day; but as we had made up our minds to push on for "Santo Tomas" at least, and we had no time to spare in reaching it before nightfall, we made the best disposition we could of our baggage to keep it dry, and set forward. Four stout "cargadores" shouldered the bamboos on which our luggage was swung, and having mounted our Rosinantes, we sallied forth together, getting satisfactorily wet through before we were clear of the town, which, when the inconvenience of a soaking must sooner or later be endured, is always preferable to a slower process, and gives you at once a regardlessness of consequences on the score of weather, very

favourable to the impressions of independence. I think I have somewhere heard of a Scottish laird who so fully appreciated this view of the matter, that in rainy weather he always rolled himself in a pond the first thing in the morning, in order to render himself perfectly independent of what the day might bring forth.

Our way lay across a pretty undulating more than hilly country, very fairly cultivated, with small hamlets dotted along at rather distant intervals; these, however, afford little to the traveller beyond a drink of water or a light for a cigar, and it is very rare to find any one amongst the inhabitants of them who can speak other than Tagalan. The road was about the width of an ordinary country road in England in its less frequented parts, and in the dry season would doubtless have been a very good one of its kind, but in consequence of the rains which had already fallen, it was with great difficulty we could force our horses through the deep mud, and we could imagine it becoming wholly impassable by the end of the season. Unlike the generality of their kind elsewhere, who are for the most part sociable animals, and love to travel side by side, these steeds of ours preferred to go Indian file, *i.e.*, one after the other, a habit induced probably by the narrowness and badness of the roads in general; we exerted ourselves for some time to persuade them to do otherwise, but were obliged at last to give it up

and content ourselves with driving our conversation to and fro, through the back of the head of the front-rank man.

Here, as is generally the case in tropical climates, the feathered tribes are more to be admired for their plumage than their song, and you may travel for miles with little to break the silence of the landscape, beyond the rushing of a stream or the chattering of a monkey, as he swings himself about on the branches of the trees that skirt your path on either side. The further we went the worse became the roads, and what tended to render them more so than they otherwise would have been, was what appeared to me either a very selfish or a very absurd arrangement adopted on either side of every village. This consisted in cutting off one-half the width of the road, and of course the best half, and rendering it unavailable for public use, by placing bamboos across it raised a few feet from the ground, and close enough together to hinder you riding between them; why it was done I never could find out, unless to preserve it for the use of some grand individual who had the power of having them removed at his pleasure. As far as the villagers were concerned, they were as badly off as we were; and the constant treading of buffaloes with their sledges, droves of cattle, besides foot and horse passengers, &c. &c., over one narrow strip of wet earth, soon converted it into a perfect quagmire, in which we wallowed pretty nearly up to

our saddle girths. Had our horses been up to it, we would have taken a rise out of them, and amused ourselves at the same time, by doing a little Astley's in leaping the bars; but I don't think either of our poor jaded animals could have got a jump out of himself if he had had a fire lighted under him, and great credit was due to them for having waded so far in the manner they had done.

By the road, it is fully fifteen miles from Calamba to Santo Tomas, though a little less as the crow flies, and as our pace was necessarily slow, it was getting quite dusk as we approached the latter place. My companion fortunately knew the road, or otherwise we might frequently have been at fault, for we had lost sight of the "cargadores" shortly after starting. Whether they had trudged on a-head, lagged behind, taken some short cut, or, what was not at all improbable, cut away altogether, we could not divine; but gone they were; and my solution of the mystery was a full impression in my own mind that the aforesaid teapot and waistcoats were at the bottom of the mischief somehow. On entering Santo Tomas, which, as far as the darkness enabled us to judge, appeared to be a large, populous village, we rode up to the door of the convento, which formed one wing of a fine, stately church, and enquired for the padre, with whom my fellow-traveller had been previously acquainted. Unfortunately, he was from home, and it seemed doubtful

where he had gone, or when he might return. We desired his servant to go hunt him out, but he shrugged his shoulders, looked knowing and mysterious, and said he would rather leave that alone. Despairing under these circumstances of seeing him, we turned our horses' heads to depart, but had not proceeded more than a few yards when we met his reverence coming along at a great pace, in rather negligé costume, looking very hot and red in the face, as if he had been indulging in more violent exercise than the nature of the climate rendered advisable. He was a tall, stout man, of an intelligent, pleasing countenance, a light Mestizo, I imagine, by his complexion; and seeming heartily glad to see us, he ushered us into his residence.

So thick were the walls, and altogether so old and strong-looking were the passages and rooms of the convento, that one might easily have imagined oneself in some fortress of the bygone days of Spain's greatness and glory, when her chivalry and her learning were unexcelled in Europe, and her adventurous mariners sought out the new places of the world. All the ancient buildings on the island exceed the modern both in strength and beauty; and from the durable nature of the stone of which they are built, it would appear to have been brought from somewhere at a distance, as none such (at least so I was informed on pretty good authority) is to be found in Luzon at the present time. Few if any of

the churches or their conventos appear to be of at all a modern style, some are a good deal out of repair, and all partake more or less of the same heavy, solid form of building.

The good padre gave us some chocolate, which was very acceptable after our long, wet ride, (for in addition to the moist nature of the ground, it had rained hard every inch of the way,) and we soon got into general conversation; he, as they usually do, taking much interest in European matters, and displaying a very fair knowledge of the state of things there. It was just at this time that peace with Russia had been agreed on; and it was rather a singular fact that, although these Spanish priests, who, during the war, had been biassed, I believe, most unmistakeably on the side of Russia, not, I imagine, from any ill-feeling to either France or England, for Spain herself had more or less joined the alliance, but from a sort of morbid prejudice of Christianity of any kind against Islamism, strengthened probably by a remembrance of how long and how stoutly the Moslems of old had held the fairest part of the mother country in their grasp; yet no class of people that I ever heard speak on the subject of the peace, as it was ultimately arranged, condemned it more strongly than they did. Whether it was that they only feigned to do so, or that, by the continuance of the war, Moslems and Greek-Churchmen, almost equally inimical to the Latin faith, might

chaw each other up more fully, malgré who else suffered, (and certainly the Pope had not so very many staunch supporters amongst the allies, for even the Sardinians were at loggerheads with him,) or from, it is to be hoped, some clear-sighted and more charitable view of the probable future of Europe, it is hard to say; but as far as those of Manilla were concerned, I know the inconsistency existed, and have frequently heard it commented on by Englishmen there.

While sitting chatting and sipping our chocolate, the rain suddenly ceased, and almost immediately afterwards its splashing was succeeded by the strains of a spirited martial air, played evidently by a large, well-arranged band immediately under the tall narrow windows of the vaulted chamber we were in. The worthy father evidently enjoyed this to us sudden and agreeable surprise; but on my enquiring whether this was the village band, he appeared a little annoyed at my making such a blunder, and said, with a characteristic blending of Castilian pride and courtesy, "It is mine *and* yours;" and went on to inform us that, having a turn for music himself, he had got this up at his own expense (and it certainly did him credit), and that it always performed for the edification of his flock on feast days and Sunday afternoons. "The rain that," like the war in Marmion's last battle, "for a space did fail," started afresh from its repose with renewed vigour,

which was pleasant, seeing we had some miles of our journey to perform before we could reach the first rendezvous arranged with the "cargadores;" but as night was darkening fast, and despite the chocolate we both began to feel a chill creeping over us from sitting still in wet garments, we were obliged to bid our kind entertainer good-bye, and remount our unhappy steeds, whose legs by this time had attained a sort of frigid stiffness very difficult to thaw into a walk. Fortunately the good priest had provided us with a guide in the shape of a small bare-legged "gillie," as I suppose he would have been called in Scotland, who capered on in front of us in a most playful manner as if he quite enjoyed the thing, and made his whereabouts known every now and then by reproofs in Tagalan, either to ourselves or our beasts, for our tardiness; and had it not been for the local knowledge of this auxiliary, I believe we might have floundered about the whole night in the mud. As it was, after various and sundry down-comings over the bamboos, fast stickings in the mire, and other mishaps of a like agreeable nature, having got over some two or three miles in this way, the welcome lights of the village of Tananan began to gleam through the rain on us.

I mentioned before that the Spanish commandante we had met at Los Baños had given us a letter of introduction, and this was to a Mestizo of the name of Gonzales, who either was then, or had been

"Gobernocillo"* of this place, and we accordingly made straight for his house. My companion, who had known him before, said he had found him useful and obliging, but he was generally supposed to be a great rip at bottom; his usefulness, rather than his moral attainments, bearing, however, on our particular case, we gave him the benefit of the doubt, and found him all we could desire in that way, and rather an amusing, quaint character to boot.

Our satisfaction at reaching a place of shelter was somewhat abridged by the non-arrival of the "cargadores," for, in addition to the want of dry clothes, our creature comforts were reduced to a little boiled rice, which, with eggs, was about the best the place afforded. The question was, what had become of the traps? I began, as the discomforts of our position became more palpably evident, to have some pangs of parting regret even for the teapot and waistcoats, much in the sort of way that one hardly likes to bid a final adieu to old acquaintances, even though they may be amongst those we have never truly loved; or, in other words, who have rendered themselves anything but agreeable. My ignorance of the geography of Luzon left me in doubt as to whether it possessed within itself that emporium (the only one of the kind I ever heard of) to which all things missing in this world are traced with such unerring

* Literally "little governor." The capitan, or temporary head man of the village, is frequently thus styled.

confidence and precision. I need hardly say I mean Jericho; but—in the event of there being a branch of that establishment amongst the sunny Philippine Isles—that the aforesaid chattels had gone there, was a conclusion that was fixing itself on my mind with melancholy firmness, when, after sitting shivering and doing our wondering for the greater part of an hour, lo! there was a shouting and distant greeting on the road we had come by. Presently more bellowing, and flambeaux brought out by the villagers, and a few minutes after, on drawing aside the oyster-shelled window, to our great joy we beheld the lost "cargadores" trot into the court-yard below, amidst a volley of Spanish and Tagalan exclamations, not the most parliamentary perhaps, but all highly expressive of the dreadful state of the roads, and of their almost superhuman struggles in accomplishing the journey at all. Of course they did not forget to make the most of it, with a view to a proportional reward, but at the same time I really don't think any one but these light-footed sons of the soil could have got through it as well.

It had been our original intention to have pushed on that night for a house belonging to Gonzales that stood on the edge of the lake of Taal, in order to start at daybreak for the Volcano, so as to make its ascent before the sun became too powerful, but taking everything into consideration, we agreed to let well alone, and not run the risk of going further and faring worse.

Thanks to a waterproof boat-cloak that I had fastened over our box, the things contained in it were all dry, and we were quite in a position to appreciate the change, which, with the addenda of a glass of grog and a baccy, fully restored us to our wonted equanimity. My companion shortly fell asleep, but I suppose, from the excitement of the day, I did not feel inclined to follow his example just then, and sat up until midnight prosing away with Mr. Gonzales, who amused me much by his quaint remarks and ideas.

In these houses the Indians generally sleep on mats spread on the floor, higgledy-piggledy about the room; in honour of our being strangers, however, they had spread out mats and rugs on some chairs and benches put together, which answered all the purposes of the very best four-poster. There were, I suppose, about a dozen men all sleeping about in the same room, but the ladies of the establishment retired to an inner apartment, which arrangement, however, was like Paddy's sedan minus a bottom, "more for the name of the thing than anything else," as the door between the rooms was wide open, and they were all laid down just inside it. A sense of justice, however, compels me to add that as very nearly the same clothes are worn at night as in the day-time, the indelicacy that might be attributed to this arrangement does not really exist.

After hearing all the scandal of the neighbour-

hood; the Spaniards abused and English praised, (an ingratiating dodge I was rather too old a traveller to be taken in by,) I bid my worthy host "buena noche" (good night), and lay down with the understanding that we were to start at a very early hour in the morning. Sure enough he kept his word, for by about three he had us both up, pitch dark as it was. The weather fortunately had changed for the better; so, bidding adieu to the family, not forgetting the ladies, who had curtailed their slumbers to witness our departure, and mounting horses of a much better stamp than those of yesterday, we trotted off after our host, the light of whose cigar served as a beacon to mark the whereabouts of the road, which otherwise we might have hunted for in vain.

At either end of most of these pueblos (villages) there are two gates, of different dimensions, abreast of each other, the smaller one just wide enough to allow a horse to pass, being only kept open at night. So dark was the morning, that passing out through this, my horse, having swerved a little, brought my knee against the side post, with a crack so loud that my friend, who was riding a little way behind, called out to know what had happened. I was afraid at first that the knee-cap was injured, as the pain was considerable, but fortunately it passed off by degrees without leaving any permanent damage; the only way I could account for which was, that it must have come what in ordinary parlance is termed "full butt,"

i.e., the whole surface receiving the blow at the same time, for otherwise the force was sufficient to have smashed it to pieces. Luckily the road was a great improvement on that travelled yesterday; and with the exception of a few holes here and there, which our horses kept sticking their feet into, we had not much to complain of. Indeed, generally, I have found that horses go better in the dark than in the light, I mean as to sprightliness of pace, as though fully conscious of man having, to a considerable extent, resigned his control, and left them to the guidance of their instinct and sagacity.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ISLAND AND VOLCANO.

Volcan Isle in sight—Beauty of the lake and its surrounding shores—Civility and eloquence of Gonzales—His lake-side residence—The nymphs who waited on us—Reliques of the Negritos, or Papuan, population—Malay predominance—Admixture and distinction of the black and brown races of man—Preparation to visit the island—The boat—Awning of bamboos—Manifold uses of the bamboo—Our parting with Gonzales—Tagalan boat-song—Attempt to read a bad book—Flavour of the water—Ascent of the volcano—Volcanic cinders and rents—Appearance of the crater—Its panoramic effects—Reminiscence of a lake in Java—Anecdotes of monkeys—Descent of the volcano—English travellers—Bathing in the lake—Reminiscences of danger—The "Birkenhead"—The Styx.

THE distance from Tananan to our place of embarkation on the lake of Bonbon or Taal was some six or seven miles, but as our progress was not very rapid, the morning was fast breaking as we approached its shores, and I think a more interesting sight I hardly ever beheld. The scenery, as you near its vicinity, is more picturesque than grand, but with blue cloud-capped mountains frowning in the distance. Long before the lake was visible, we

could see huge volumes of smoke* rising up in immense columns beyond the intervening high land, giving the idea of a dense monster vapour endeavouring to frustrate the effects of the coming sun's early and yet struggling rays, and keep on o'er the earth the dark shades of night. In my opinion, no object in nature more fully demonstrates the comparative insignificance of the works of man, compared with those of the Creator, than either a volcano in action or a giant cascade, each the embodiment of all that is terrible and grand; combining, also, as they do, the elements that we are taught to believe have destroyed one race of the inhabitants of the earth, and will destroy the present, surely they must strike awe to the heart of the most thoughtless beholder.

After ascending a green woody upland intervening between our present position and the shore, the lake and volcano burst on us in all their beauty and grandeur. The former, a fine sheet of about sixty miles in circumference, and in form oval, is surrounded, for the most part, by high, thickly wooded land, interspersed with huge overhanging rocky cliffs and ridges, that (to a more limited extent) cast over its water the dark, sombre shade so striking at the Lake of Socol, giving to the scene an appearance

* There is a superstition among the Indians that the volcano always puffs up unusually strong at the approach of Europeans, or rather, I think, that if it does not, it is a sign of bad luck to them: we were certainly most favoured.

of calm subduedness, which is finely contrasted with the column of white vapour constantly ascending from the peaked summit of the island in its centre. The latter, most probably the offspring of some early volcanic eruption, with its jagged, broken peaks and gray, time-worn hue, looks not unlike the ruins of a giant fortress, or, one might imagine it one of the strongholds of the Elfin kings, who, according to ancient romance, used to hold "high revel" and iron sway in just such scenes as this.

After feasting our eyes for some time on this beautiful landscape, we commenced the descent of the slope leading to the northern shore of the lake, where stood the house belonging to our friend Gonzales, to which he was conducting us. Whether it was the effect of the scenery, of the morning air, the exhilarating ride, or some other more material cause, it would be difficult to determine, but the worthy gentleman alluded to, began to speak at this juncture as if his heart warmed even still more towards us than heretofore. Expressing the great pleasure our society had afforded him, and his heart-felt regrets at the prospect of our early parting—"Ah! what," said he, "would be the condition of this island, if we had but Englishmen here, instead of these lazy Castillanos, who do nothing but smoke cigarillos (he was indulging in one himself at the time) and sleep half the day. Look, for instance, on yon mountain: you will find, to your cost, that

if you desire to look into the crater, you will have to scramble up its cindery sides more in the fashion of dogs than of old Christians;* whereas, had your countrymen but possession here, how soon would there be a road you might drive a carriage up, or perhaps even a railway might be laid down; but there is no energy in the Spaniards of the present day, their strength and their glory have departed." My companion, who was some little distance behind, lost the benefit of this piece of eloquence, so I was constrained to return thanks as best I could, sympathizing most heartily with him on the fearful loss and inconvenience sustained by society at large in the want of his projected line of rail or turnpike; though I must confess that, with my extreme short-sightedness, I could not perceive that the commercial interests of the community, at all events, would be much benefited by its construction, unless it were with a view to the obtaining of sulphur, which scheme, like many others of a similar nature, would probably end in smoke. However, whatever may be said of his judgment, his intended civility was undoubted, and that alone is more than one always meets with.

It was between six and seven when we reached his lake-side mansion—an extraordinary, disjointed-

* This expression is peculiar to Spain, and used in contra-distinction to the "Moors," although in our case it must have been more complimentary than otherwise, we being only "heretics."

looking wooden edifice, with the usual palm-leaf thatching. It was one of those houses that look as though they had grown with the growth of the owner's means of enlarging it, and no two parts seemed at all adapted, or even intended, to keep company with each other. One wing in particular, comprising a sort of half-terrace, half-kitchen, with a few other appendages in the way of apartments, which might be turned to any or no purpose whatever, bore about the same relation to the rest of the building that Utah does or did bear to the United States of America, a kind of half-fledged right to be considered a respectable portion of the great whole. The apartment we established ourselves in might be either entrance-hall, receiving, dining, or drawing room, and as it was devoid of furniture, excepting one or two old boxes, it had an equal right to every one of these designations. However, on the arrival of our cargadores, we accommodated ourselves to circumstances, and gave it a title to consider itself *pro tem.* a sort of breakfast-room.

Here we were waited on by several handmaidens (I know not how else to designate them), who seemed to have charge of the establishment, and also assisted perhaps in any little agricultural pursuit of which the place might boast. They were exceedingly kind and attentive; but what struck me particularly was that in one or two of them, who were of unusually dark complexions and somewhat African style of

features, I thought I recognized traces of that negro race which here, as in New Guinea, and several other places in this part of the world, are supposed to have been the possessors of the soil before the occupation of it by the Malay tribes; and, as far as I remember, this was the only instance in which I was struck by the fact. History records that these negritos (literally, little niggers), or Papuas, as they are also called, were driven into the interior of Luzon by the Malays, not being able to withstand the latter, and that they maintained their independence. However, you never hear of them now in Manilla; and I suppose that they have either become absorbed in the rest of the population, or, if they do exist in organized bodies, it must be amongst the mountain fastnesses between the capital and the North end of the island. I believe the remnants of a negro race, perfectly distinct from the brown or Malay tribes, with all their different denominations, shades, and distinctions, exist more or less throughout the whole of the islands in the Indian Archipelago (I have myself seen them in a good many), and that invariably, wherever they are found, they are considered by the rest of the people as infinitely beneath them, and are either hunted down like wild beasts or used as slaves.

We all, indeed, have our peculiar tastes and prejudices, for your copper-coloured, thorough-going Chinaman, if unenlightened by mixing freely with

Europeans, despises a man with too white a complexion very nearly as much as one too dark, and they are not the only people who have professed to look down upon the white faces. Of all the black and brown races, the natives of most parts of Australia make the nearest approach, so far as my own observation extends, to what may be regarded as a blending of the two varieties, yet even amongst these, as we near the Northern coasts most adjacent to the Indian isles, the distinctive features of the two become more marked, and this goes on in an increasing ratio through the islands of Torres Straits towards New Guinea, where they are found perfectly distinct.

Having fortified the inward man with whatever came readiest to hand, without considering whether it was a viand or a beverage constitutionally adapted to breakfast, dinner, or supper, in which grateful exercise our host joined, descanting much on the superiority of English fare, we packed up our chattels, and proceeded to the edge of the lake, where a canoe was in preparation for our reception. In the little narrow stern-sheets rude seats were being fixed, and a sort of bowery awning, of bamboos and leafy branches, being wove overhead, to protect us from the sun, which was by this time unpleasantly hot. While watching the process, and the stowing away of the baggage, I was very forcibly struck with this instance of the wonderful manner in which

nature has provided every part of the world with what is best adapted to the use, habits, and requirements of its inhabitants; a fact which is always most obvious where civilization and refinement have made the least advances. It is shown in ten thousand ways, but I do not know any one of such general application as the bamboo. An Indian can make almost anything out of bamboo; and it would take much more both of time and space than I could afford, to enumerate the half of its uses. At the instant in question, I counted some twenty different applications which they were ingeniously making of this single gift of nature.

All being at length ready, our luggage in the fore end of the boat, and our saddles piled up over all, eight stout Indians to paddle, another to steer, the bower looking quite inviting (making one say to oneself, "Will you, will you?" &c. &c., *à la* Moore), and a small supply of refreshments handy, we arranged with our good friend Gonzales to his entire satisfaction, by giving him a price for the hire of the boat (which belonged, if I remember rightly, to another person,) sufficient to compensate him for lodgings, horses, &c. &c. This was the system we generally adopted, by which means we avoided hurting the pride of the people, of which they possess a very considerable share. It is shown in the same haughty yet courteous bearing in which the "Dons" excel, which sits gracefully on the Indians, who

have imbibed it from them. Independently of this, many, and apparently sincere, were the regrets at parting, and hopes of meeting again, expressed by our late host, who had behaved throughout in a manner that left a very favourable impression on our minds. We could not help feeling, as we bade him adieu, that it would be easy to go further and fare worse than we had done with our good friend, Señor Gonzales, ex-Gobernocillo of the ancient and renowned pueblo of Tananan.

Gaily we glided over this "lake of the ashy hue," whose surface lay unbroken, save by the ploughing of the paddles, which were plied by our gallant Indians as though they had staked their all on a race against time, chanting as they went a Tagalan boat-song, the burden of whose chorus was, "Jala jala! Jala jala!"* This appears to be an expression about equivalent to our "Hurrah, my boys!" inciting to greater exertions; and, as old Vidie informed me, he believed, and I believe, that La Gironière's Philippine Paradise received its appellation from this identical expression: but whether so named by that amusing and interesting chronicler himself, or some one who flourished antecedently, does not appear. The distance to the island from where we started is ten miles —about a two hours' pull, and that is quite long

* Whether this word be Spanish or Tagalan, the J in it is always given the tone peculiar to the former, *i. e.*, almost H.

enough to sit at one time in the cramped-up accommodation of a small canoe.

I remember, on this occasion, we had one book between us, but how it had got into our baggage neither I nor my friend knew; a more perfect collection of trash I don't think I ever met with. The leading subjects were illustrations of American chivalry, in most of which it appeared, to my clouded comprehension, that the point of honour and height of glory was the meed of the hero who did his fellows out of the greatest number of dollars; such a libel on our noble Transatlantic cousins as no impartial person could read without disgust. The unhappy book was within an ace of being presented as an offering to the "spirit of the lake" (who would doubtless have returned it if he had had any real spirit about him); it was pitched down into the bottom of the canoe so often that it became black in the face, its back was rent, its leaves torn, but still, somehow, its perusal was resumed over and over again; for which anomaly the only motive I can assign was a sort of morbid curiosity, to see whether it contained anything worse than we had hitherto discovered in it. In this way, how often do we see people reading books, against which they are all the time keeping up a running fire of abuse: a fact, however, in which there is hope and encouragement for the most diffident aspirants to authorship.

Whether it was imagination or not I hardly know,

but it appeared to us that the water of the lake had what Dickens would term "a cold, flat, irony sort of flavour." Possibly the volcanic nature of its sides and bottom might impart something of the kind, assisted probably by its being a little stagnant; but we discovered that a dash of good cogniac rendered it very palatable. So supported and refreshed, mentally and corporeally, we at length reached the foot of the Isla de Volcan; and though the mid-day sun forced his way through some vapoury clouds about its summit, rather more fiercely than we could have wished, commenced its ascent, taking with us four or five of our boatmen as guides or assistants, in the event of breaking down. The sides of the volcano, from foot to summit, are one mass of black cinders, or clinkers, as they are sometimes called, strewn in all shapes and sizes, from large blocks, several feet square, to mere powder, over the hard, black, burnt face of the mountain. In some places it is rent into deep chasms of varying width and eccentric course, and at others into shafts or huge holes, dark, deep, and dangerous to approach. What the height of this isolated mountain is, I did not learn at the time, and am but a very indifferent judge of such matters generally; but I think its ascent occupied us about half-an-hour, doing our best all the while. Taking flying leaps across the chasms, which at times required a little while to make up one's mind to, as the consequences of a slip or short-coming would

have been serious, and fulfilling our late friend Gonzales' prophecy of having in some places to proceed "more like dogs than old Christians," no doubt retarded us a little, and its very steepness still more: but we did manage in about that time to perch ourselves on the north-western edge of the summit, in a position to look down into the outer crater, and the sight well repaid us for our trouble.

We here found ourselves on the rim of a circular bowl, of six or seven miles in circumference, and of profound depth, its sides being mostly perpendicular, in the very centre of which was a huge black hole, emitting constantly smoke and sulphuric vapour, with a large sulphur pond a little on one side of it. The whole *coup d'œil* had much more the appearance of a vast panorama than nature itself, so clear and distinct every object appeared, all around and below, the distance but revealing itself by their diminution —huge blocks of cindery rock appearing like little knobs, that you might hop from one to the other on; altogether, it seemed hardly credible that the eye could grasp at one glance so vast, and yet minutely perfect a view. The descent into this monster cavity has, I believe, been once or twice effected, by the assistance of ropes; but it must, under any circumstances, be a very hazardous undertaking.

The beautifully clear distinctness of every object in the crater, as seen through the azure-like atmosphere by which it was surrounded, reminded me

of appearances I witnessed once at a very curious little lake in Java, called "the blue waters." It was, perhaps, hardly half a mile in circumference, situated in a dense forest, and surrounded by trees of a giant growth, whose shade it was, most probably, that imparted to its waters a tint almost deeper than that of the sky, and at the depth of six or seven fathoms, or even more, every object, to the smallest particle of weed, was seen as distinctly as though held in the hand. It had, however, another peculiarity, that probably did not apply to the atmosphere of the crater, that the rays of light struck it in such a way as to give a false position to everything below the surface, and fishes, that you thought quite close and immediately under you, would remain not only unharmed, but even undismayed, by a dart of your lance, and though you might keep on repeating at each attempt, "I'll have you this time though!" a cool "Don't you wish?" on the calm countenances of the attacked, after each futile endeavour to carry out the threat, was the invariable response. When a bather was immersed in this lake, you saw nothing of him but his head and his feet, reminding you of the figures of Chinese criminals as displayed on cups and saucers, when you are favoured with a front view of the unhappy wretches, resting on their hams, with their chins on their knees.

The forest in which this lake was situated swarmed with monkeys, and, on one occasion, I

had a rather sharp encounter, while (what in Ireland would be styled) "considerably undressed," with a pack of them, headed by an old villain, standing three or four feet high, with a long white beard, who disputed, most manfully, my right to detain one of his tribe that a Malay had caught for me. Fortunately I was armed with a stout stick, or it was very evident that my throat and his teeth would shortly have been disagreeably connected. The oddest part of it was, that my prisoner, who was a very young one, had made several most determined attempts at suicide, jumping into the water and allowing itself to sink without an effort; and had I not pulled it out by a string, that was round its waist, a case of *felo de se*, to all appearance, must have ensued. While I was doing battle it again plunged in, and, by the time the foe had been beaten off, I found it under water in a perfectly quiescent state, and all but dead, from which, however, we managed to revive it, and rewarded its trials and sufferings by emancipation to its leafy home.

We sat for some time in a state of semi-fascination, gazing down into the mighty crater, wondering how deep the inner one was; how long it had been smoking on; and how long it would continue to smoke; whether it purposed favouring the neighbourhood with a fresh blow-up soon; how awkward it would be if that event should take place while we were up there; whether some smaller jets that had

lately broken out, in different parts of the island, might be considered as safety valves, that would lessen the rate, supposing we had the opportunity of insuring our lives for the next six or seven hours; whether an attempt to descend the outer crater would not be beyond our time and present means; whether an attempt at the inner one would not be a very hot job, and such as hardly the most inveterate smoker would fancy; and, lastly, whether a small drop of the *cratur*, a libation to be pledged to the "ruling spirit" of the volcano, would not, ere descending, be exceedingly *à propos*. This latter point was soon settled, and heartily joined in by our Indian followers, and then, seeing we had many miles by flood and field to get over before nightfall, we took one long look at this never-to-be-forgotten scene of romantic grandeur, and commenced retracing our steps towards the canoe.

In ascending, our Indian companions had had rather the best of it, frequently running on gaily while we were glad to set one foot steadily before the other. Now, however, the tables were turned, for, in descending, their naked feet stood no chance, amongst the sharp edges and points of the cinder-like rocks, against ours encased in strong boots, and we trotted along at a good strong pace, while they were obliged to proceed carefully, picking every step, and frequently making great *detours*. At length we all re-embarked without any accident,

and pushed off for the northern shore, distant about ten or twelve miles, where we purposed landing at the pueblo, or village, of Taanari, situated at the foot of the Sunguian Mountain, whose frowning summit we could distinguish looking down on us, as much as to say, "If you wish to rest on my head to-night, you have no time to lose," a hint which we did not neglect.

On leaving the "Isla da Volcan" my companion remarked that we had been more fortunate and successful in the object of our visit than a party with whom he had, on a previous occasion, come to explore its wonders; and who, it appears, adopted a somewhat ingenious and, perhaps, one may say, a not very un-English-like course of proceeding in the prosecution of their object. Finding that the day was hot, the ascent rugged and steep, the reward of the labour doubtful (as, after all, they might, like the used-up man, when he looked into the crater of Vesuvius, discover "that there was nothing in it"), and themselves dreadfully lazy, the gordian knot was cut by the production of a pack of cards and a cribbage-board, and down they sat in the bottom of their canoe and devoted the time that others might foolishly have "wasted" in scrambling about amongst the clinkers of the "Volcan," to that soul-stirring and highly intellectual pursuit in which "one for his knob and two for his heels" so frequently occurs.

After a somewhat tedious pull, during which, I am ashamed to say, our only book went through many a process similar to that already described, we at length reached our destination, and, while our baggage was being removed to the village, indulged (notwithstanding the remonstrances of the natives, who vowed and prophesied that eaten up by alligators we must be) in a delightful swim in the lake. It might seem odd at first that people who themselves go into places infested by sharks and alligators with comparative impunity should express alarm at seeing others do so, but I believe it is a well-established fact that the colour of the skin makes all the difference, these monsters preferring white meat to black or brown. Indeed, I have known it proved beyond a doubt that persons having their clothes on, more especially if they were dark-coloured clothes, stood a much greater chance of preservation from this horrid enemy than those immersed without. Amongst other instances this fact was commented on to me a short time after the accident by one of the few survivors of the unhappy "Birkenhead" troop-ship, lost on Danger Point at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 26th of February, 1852, when 449 out of 638 persons were drowned. On this occasion, I was assured by my informant, that few if any of those dressed in dark clothes, or dressed at all, were taken down by the sharks, while, on the other hand, the shriek of despair which ascended now and again

through the gloom of that night of horrors told but too plainly of the fate of some unhappy being otherwise circumstanced.

I may add here, that the vessel I was then serving in (H.M.S. "Styx") left the day after the "Birkenhead" to go exactly the same route, and must have passed the neighbourhood of the disaster about twenty-four hours after it occurred, but during the night, and too late, of course, to see or hear anything of the event. Very singularly, on a subsequent trip, with most of the survivors on board, we were, during the darkness of the night, carried by an unusual current into the midst of a group of islands and rocks, just above water,* into such a position that had we not anchored at the moment we did, our fate must have been, in all human probability, worse than even that of the "Birkenhead's," for I do not think it possible that one soul on board could have escaped, there being no landing-place whatever. The guiding hand of Providence was in this circumstance so distinctly marked, that when daylight revealed to us the real nature of our position, our commander, after calling on the ship's company to look and judge for themselves on the dangers by which we were surrounded, offered up, amid the responses of perhaps as sincere a congregation as ever assembled, that beautiful portion of our Liturgy,

* The "Bird Island group," on which there has since been erected a lighthouse.

"A Thanksgiving for deliverance from shipwreck." After which, even in broad daylight, we had considerable difficulty in extricating ourselves. There were some at the time who blamed us for running the risk consequent on night passages through such places; but there were others among those on the Kaffir frontier, whose lives were not worth an hour's purchase, and whose sole reliance being on the constant and speedy supply of the munitions of war, enabled them fully to appreciate and feel heartily grateful for the hazard encountered in their behalf.

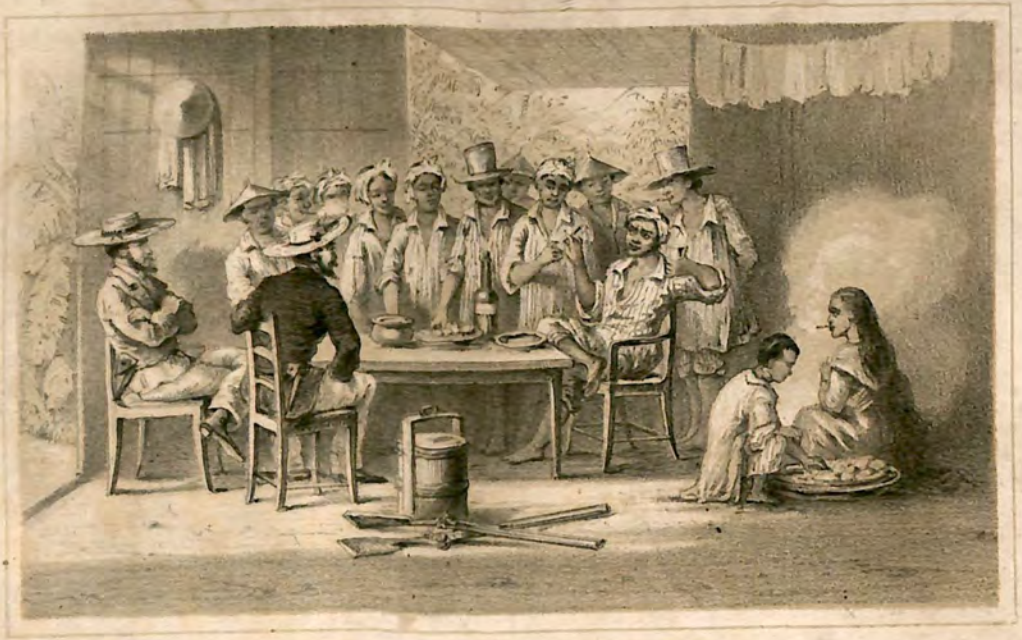
But it is high time that I returned from this digression to the Lakes of Luzon, and the further prosecution of my journey, which it will be convenient to resume in another chapter. Here I will only remark that our Indian friends proved false prophets, and that we were not destined at present to furnish food for the alligators; though possibly their advice was, on the whole, wiser than our practice on this occasion.

CHAPTER IX.

ACROSS THE SUNGUIAN MOUNTAIN.

An interpreter wanted—Appearance of a village exquisite—Preparations for our repast—Ludicrous scene—Preserved salmon—Start for the mountain—Wildness of this part of the country Difficulties of the ascent—A doubtful rencontre—Character of the Tulisanies—Murder rarely committed—Extract from "The Friend of China"—Anecdotes of the hill-robbers of Luzon—A traveller betrayed by his presentiment—Reminiscences of the author—A presentiment verified—Unexpected display of spirit in the author's steed—Arrival at the summit—The quartel, or guard-house—The hospitable "cabo"—Stroll with the guard—A singular introduction—Night on the mountain.

THE village to which we proceeded immediately after landing, was situated but a few minutes' walk from the beach. It consisted of some scattered native houses, the best of which we selected as a temporary resting-place, and sent to hunt round for an interpreter, *i.e.*, one who could speak Spanish, for English was not to be dreamt of, and indeed it was some time before a "savant" versed in the former acquirement could be found. Establishing ourselves in a clean, airy room (the only one deserving the name) of a



A Village Exquisite who had seen the World.

small "nipa palm-house" our first care was to tumble out the contents of the provision basket, and order eggs, or whatever could with the greatest despatch be found, and most readily prepared, for the satisfaction of certain internal cravings provoked by our long trip on the water, and the bath we had enjoyed afterwards. While thus engaged, I studied the style and *personnel* of the interpreter, who had been duly introduced.

He was a tall, thin, light-complexioned Indian, or possibly Mestizo enough to swear by, with some good features in his countenance, though, indeed, these were sadly spoiled by the exuberance of red fluid about his mouth. The *tout ensemble* of the fellow, with his gay dress of many colours, and his little red turban-like handkerchief cocked up on one side of his head in the most approved fashion of native foppery, was that of a dissipated, devil-may-care village exquisite, who had "seen the world," and the air of nonchalance with which he threw himself back into a seat, requesting us, with a patronising wave of the hand, to do likewise, was exceedingly rich. He proceeded to inform us, in not perhaps the most grammatical Spanish, of his having for some months honoured the capital (Manilla) with his presence, and assumed how readily we could sympathise with him in his feelings of disgust at his being fated to associate at present with these poor ignorant people, (referring to a crowd of villagers, who had

half-filled our apartment, and were expressing their curiosity by various ways and means,) who could talk of nothing but their local and domestic matters, and that only in the "vile Tagalan tongue." He expatiated largely on our good fortune at finding him there, otherwise "what could we have done?" and undertook to provide us with horses, cargadores, or whatever we stood in need of, at a nominal expense, and even offered to accompany us himself up the mountain. The latter we politely declined, thinking it just possible that, as that part of the country had the repute of being infested by bands of "Tulisanies," we should be none the worse prepared to resist open enemies by being unhampered by treacherous friends. We might be doing our new acquaintance an injustice, but really, to use an old but expressive saying, "he certainly did look much more like a rogue than a horse."

His first care was the preparations necessary for our repast, and we observed, amongst other little arrangements, that he emptied the remains of a bottle of brandy into a tumbler, nearly filling it with the raw spirit, which he placed on the table with some such remark as, "of course we would want that." It might have remained there a minute, when, affecting a reflective mood, and holding up the tumbler between him and the light, he exclaimed again, "Ah, then, this is brandy!" Then applying his nose to it he further remarked, "Dear me, so it is! how it does

remind me of Manilla, to be sure! I really cannot resist the temptation of tasting it; it does so remind me of old times, since which I have seen nothing better than villanous palm-wine," and suiting the action to the word, without more ado he applied his red bouya-besmeared lips to the glass, and pledged "old times" in a dose that would well nigh have choked a Dutchman; but which, as far as he was concerned, caused not even a cough or a wink. "Delightful!" he exclaimed, "that indeed is a drink fit for Christian gentlemen!"

Having in mind, I suppose, that what was good for the master was good for the man, the other villagers, who had been pawing and turning over our things in a manner that was, doubtless, more gratifying to themselves than us, began tasting too, to the rapid diminution of the liquor; but as we had supplied ourselves with more than we now felt we were at all likely to want, and this glass, at all events, was "lost to us, our heirs and successors," from the moment the red muzzle of our interpreter had been immersed in it, we did not interfere with its consumption; but, on the contrary, the manner in which it was conducted, afforded us considerable amusement. After each intruder had tasted, the "exquisite" remonstrated with the individual on the impropriety of such a liberty, and immediately taking another small sip himself, just as a finisher, replaced it on the table, in a decisive sort of way, as much as

to say, "Now, no more of this;" and the consequence was, that as this mode of procedure went on until it was all gone, he had about two-thirds of the whole to himself, finishing the last of it with a self-sacrificing air, as though he only did it for fear the others might do themselves an injury, or make a further display of their ill-breeding. Nor after all, with the exception of being perhaps a little more loquacious, did it seem to have any effect on him.

I had become, by this time, uncommonly hungry; and as there was no sign of the viands we had ordered making their appearance, I, in an evil moment, commenced operations on some preserved salmon, and devoured a most imprudent quantity of it before my friend's remarks brought to my recollection that it was one of the most indigestible things of its kind, and more likely to produce dyspepsia, and other ills to which flesh is heir, than perhaps anything else; but reflection came too late, and so did the eggs, &c., as further experience but too fully showed me, as I shall have to remark hereafter.

Through the instrumentality of our travelled friend, whose acquirements, impudence, and bombast, certainly had given him some influence amongst his more primitive fellows, we were mounted and away for the mountain about three o'clock in the day; the cargadores, whom we always changed with the horses, plodding on before us at a steady pace, which showed

that they knew right well they had heavy work to do between that and sunset.

Mount Sanguay forms the northern extremity of a rocky chain, running semicircularly in a south-westerly direction for a distance of between thirty and forty miles, and terminating in another somewhat similar mountain, called Mount Batulao. The country between this ridge and the line of coast to the northward, forming the south-east side of Manilla Bay, on which, at a distance of about forty miles from the Sanguay, is the bay and town of Cavite, is thickly interspersed with streams of different dimensions running down from the mountains to the sea, which render it at all times exceedingly difficult to traverse; and during the rains almost impassable. The greater part is but thinly inhabited; the mountain district, especially, is quite uncultivated, and being the reputed resort of robber bands, is seldom visited by foreigners, except by occasional tourists, tempted, like ourselves, by a love of the wild beauties of nature, to risk any little toil or danger there may be attending the undertaking, and which, perhaps, after all, gives zest to it, as we but prize the rose the more for the thorns that endanger the hand that culls it.

At first our path lay pleasantly enough through brakes and grassy slopes, with here and there a patch of cultivated land skirting the foot of the mountain, but when the ascent was commenced in good earnest

it was quite another style of thing. There was certainly some sort of apology for a bridle path, but in many places it had much the appearance, and doubtless in the wet season was the bed of a torrent, bounded on either side by overhanging rocks, that seemed quite prepared to fall on the intruding traveller, and were only held back, as one might fancy, by the tangled copse and brushwood, which, blended with tall coarse grass and other herbage, asserted their protecting sway in all the pride and luxuriance of tropical growth. In many places it was so steep that our horses, though partaking a good deal of the wild-cat nature, which seems implanted more or less in all quadrupeds of a mountain breed, came fairly to a stand-still and "looked at it;" in which cases our only resource was to dismount, convert ourselves into something like quadrupeds by using both hands and feet, and let the other four-footed traveller follow as best he could at the full length of his bridle.

We had just accomplished one of these manœuvres (in one sense elevating, but in another depressing), and had not yet remounted, when through the foliage of an intervening thicket we saw descending a neighbouring height and coming towards us, with bounds and leaps that would have done credit to antelopes, about thirty or forty Indians. Their wild appearance, gay-coloured dresses, and long mountain poles, which in the distance might easily be mistaken for the Spanish "escopeta larga" (literally, long musket),

gave them a very formidable appearance; and as it was just as likely that they were Tulisanies as anything else, we lost no time in making what preparations we could for a fight, if needs be, for the credit of the "old country," notwithstanding the long odds against us. On they came, shouting and yelling to their hearts' content—at least, one may hope it had that effect, for they certainly made noise enough to satisfy a legion of warlocks—flinging their legs and arms about as though quite regardless of consequences. When within a challenging distance, my friend greeted them in Tagalan, in an inquiring manner, blending the compliments of the day with a slight reference as to their intentions, whether friendly or hostile, which was answered with a full assurance of the former; and on further inquiry they informed us that they had collected from different neighbouring villages to work near the top of the mountain that morning, on some Government business or other, but what the nature of the occupation was did not quite appear, nor could we afterwards find anything in the way either of cultivation or road-making which appeared to have been the result of their operations.

During this brief conference, I suggested, in English, that it might be just as well to keep on guard, as it was possible we had not at first misunderstood their real character; but on mentioning the word "Tulisanies," my friend, who knew the

peculiarities of Indian character well, checked me at once, and I noticed that some of our new friends exchanged glances which were not of a kind to inspire confidence. I saw clearly that it was the best policy to keep up an appearance of considering them exactly what they represented themselves to be, and which possibly they really were. Indeed, from the way brigandage was carried on then and there, I have great reason to suppose that much the same system existed which some years ago used to prevail a good deal in the neighbourhood of some portions of the Rhine, and does, I believe, also in Italy, up to the present day; in fact, we still occasionally see, in our own country, something resembling it. I refer to the assistance rendered to robbers on the one hand, and smugglers on the other, by what would be called, in slang parlance, the "loose fishes" of the surrounding peasantry; partly, perhaps, from love of gain, a little from sympathy, and some little, it is to be hoped, from that more excusable motive, an innate love of enterprise and adventure.

The nucleus, or staff, of the robber-bands in Luzon were, no doubt, professional gentlemen, who turned their attention to nothing else; but from what I saw and heard during my stay there, I am inclined to think that they all knew where and whom among the peasantry they could call on to join them in any undertaking of importance, and whose protection or concealment they could claim with confidence.

They seldom, however, commit murder, unless in absolute self-defence, or from motives of revenge. An instance of the latter occurred about eighteen months previous to my visit, when two American gentlemen were attacked and murdered in their own house at noon-day, within a mile or so of the town of Manilla; in revenge, it was supposed, for some disagreement that one of them had had with his servants, who had probably connections among the bandits.

An extract from a letter that appeared in the *Friend of China* shortly after my return to Hong Kong, under the sobriquet of "Alguna Persona" (somebody), may not be out of place here, as illustrative of the condition of Manilla and its adjacent country in this respect, which at the same time, however bad it might be, was not a bit worse than the state of Hong Kong even then, before the Canton troubles had broken out; for there no one person could move with safety half a mile out of Victoria without fire-arms, while robberies with violence, incendiarisms, and other blessings of a like nature, were not only of nightly occurrence, but the former were committed frequently in the heart of the town in broad daylight. In most cases the offenders either escaped apprehension, or through want of evidence, or a mistaken clemency displayed at that time towards Celestials, rather to the detriment of the outside barbarians, eluded justice eventually:—

"Brigandage still exists in Luzon to a considerable extent; armed bands of Tulisanies (hill robbers) patrolling the country, levying contributions, and plundering, with seldom much effectual molestation from the authorities, carrying their depredations in quite an organized form into the suburbs of Manilla itself.

"Not long ago, a gang of them, in broad daylight, took possession of one of the streets, planted sentries, and directed passengers to go round by another way, while their comrades plundered a house, and carried off their booty successfully, the military arriving just in time to be too late. The other day, however, one of their principal hordes experienced a reverse which will probably have a salutary effect. A party of soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Enciso, in the gray of the morning of the 25th July, managed to surprise a famous brigand leader of the name of Jimenez, who, with a part of his band, were caught napping in a house in the neighbourhood of the cave of San Mateo* (not many miles from Manilla), a clue to the place of their concealment having been obtained through the treachery of some of their fellow bandits. The house was immediately surrounded by the soldiers, and the officer stepping forward called on those within to surrender, the reply to which was a pistol-shot from a pretty Indian girl of seventeen, wife or *chère amie* to the chief,

* See "Twenty Years in the Philippines."

which, striking the stock of the officer's pistol, deprived him of the forefinger and thumb of the hand he held it in, and, either from his own pistol as it fell to the ground, or another shot from the Amazon, he received a ball in the knee, which laid him *hors de combat*. The soldiers (native troops) were at first panic-stricken, but finding their officer still lived, they rallied, and opened a brisk fire on the house, which was returned by the robbers while they had ammunition, failing which, they made a sortie through the ranks of their assailants, and many escaped. The chief had passed through the cross fire of the military unscathed, when he heard the lady, who had been badly wounded, calling on him from a window of the house not to desert her, and with a gallantry worthy of a better cause, he returned to the rescue, and perished in the attempt. Three dead bodies and four prisoners were brought into Manilla, and the former exposed the greater part of a day in one of the public squares; the prisoners, I believe, including the heroine, have since all died of their wounds.

"This chief (Jimenez*), although in figure an exceedingly slight, small man, had, through the daring and determination of his character, long held a most perfect sway and control, not only over his own particular band, but more or less over all the 'gentlemen of the craft' in that part of the country,

* Pronounced Heemaneth.

and, it was said, had frequently used his power for good, punishing severely among his followers acts of wanton outrage, and restraining them from unnecessary violence and bloodshed. He carried on a black mail system, levying contributions principally on the rich, and was not only respected, but rather a favourite among the poorer villagers, going amongst them with perfect immunity.

"Most of the Tulisanies are deserters from the native regiments, and it is said that the system at present in force of obliging (with a few exceptions) all the Indian men of the district to serve eight years in the army, and discharging them with neither a pension, nor the knowledge of any peaceable calling, nor perhaps much inclination to work, adds not a little to their number. As a general rule, however, they do not interfere much with Europeans. I know, from my own experience, that you may travel through some of the wildest parts of the country without meeting with anything but the most kindly and respectful hospitality from the Indian population. For some days it was doubtful whether it would not be necessary to amputate the leg of the officer wounded in the attack on the robber's house; but when I left there was every chance of its being saved, and the community, including foreigners, were raising a subscription to present him with a sword and pistols as a testimonial to his gallantry. It is said that several of the bandits who escaped from the

house have since been taken by the troops and rural police, and on the other hand, that those who betrayed their chief have been found dead—evidently murdered."—*From the Friend of China and Hong Kong Gazette,* August 16, 1856.

In addition to the above, I heard from my fellow-traveller, subsequently, when on a visit to Hong Kong for the restoration of his health, that shortly after my departure a party of some three or four gentlemen had visited the lakes, and having reached Jala Jala, were about to return, when one of them, of what country I forget, was seized with a presentiment that they would be attacked by Tulisanies, and preferred waiting behind his more adventurous companions, who started in a "banca" until a "casco," or large boat of some kind, could be procured. It seems, however, that the days of "lying spirits" are not altogether past, for this soul-inspiring presentiment but led the gallant youth into the very danger he fain would have avoided. His companions arrived at Manilla in all safety and honour; he arrived eventually also, thanks to the Tulisanies! but minus all the worldly gear in the possession of which they had left him, excepting, I believe, either his shirt or a part of it; and wounded (how much in body I know not, but) oh, how sadly in spirit! I tell this little anecdote simply as it was told to me, believing it to be but "o'er true a tale."

With respect, however, to presentiments in general,

I cannot but say (even at the risk of being considered superstitious) that the number of instances in which I have seen them verified has led me to have a considerable amount of faith in them. I could mention several that have come under my own immediate notice, which were true to the letter; one in particular occurred but a few months ago on board the very brig of which I happen at the moment I am writing to hold the temporary command.*

Mr. Turner, the then master of this vessel, on one occasion before going into action with a very powerful pirate fleet in Sheipoo Bay, told some of his messmates the evening before that he felt convinced he would not come out of it alive, and that he had a dread lest his remains should fall into the enemy's hands. They of course tried to laugh him out of this persuasion; but though his personal courage had been too well and too often proved in the fights that were then of almost daily occurrence, he continued to take a serious, resigned view of it. He went into action the next day, behaved as he had ever done—the admired of all for unshaken valour—and the result may be found engraved on a little capstan-shaped monument in the graveyard of Hong Kong, where it is recorded, among other casualties, that "Charles Turner, late Master of

* Her Majesty's ship *Bittern*, conveying the guns and stores of the wrecked frigate *Raleigh* from where she was lost in the China Sea to Hong Kong.

H.M.S. *Bittern*, died of wounds received in action with pirates in Sheipoo Bay, on the 22nd September, 1855, aged 31 years." And, strange to say, not only was the presentiment as to his death fulfilled, but even to a certain extent that respecting his remains; for on account of some unavoidable detention they were obliged to bury him in the waters of the Bay, on whose bosom his last fight was fought, and though the enemy were eventually totally scattered and slaughtered to a fearful extent, yet in one sense he still lies amongst them. It would appear, however, from the results of these two cases, that the events indicated by presentiments, if true, are unavoidable, and therefore I would not wish to induce any one, from the faith I have expressed in them, to follow the example of the youth who returned to Manilla from his travels in just the reverse of that condition which "Jack," when disposed to be facetious, describes as "having everything on *but* his shirt."

Whatever might have been the actual moral tone or position in society of our quondam associates, to us they were exceedingly jolly, good-tempered fellows, passed a few jokes with my friend in Tagalan, and, giving some directions about our road, were about to go on their way, when, just as I was in the act of remounting, my animal turned his head round, took one steady look at me, and then, chucking the bridle out of my hand, whisked himself round, sent his heels up to within a quarter of an

inch of my head, and bolted straight for the bush. This was pleasant, seeing we had yet fully half of our afternoon's journey to perform, and, from the look of things, rather the tougher half of it, too. However, "a friend in need, is a friend indeed," and so proved our doubtful acquaintances; for, after enjoying a hearty laugh at my expense, they took up the pursuit, and presently brought back the runaway, and held him hard until I was in a condition to hold him myself; when, taking our respective and opposite routes, we parted with as many "adios" as if we had been, what John Chinaman would term, "number one olo frens."

This little escapade on the part of my charger was only the commencement of a long series of performances of the like nature that he favoured me with whenever he found me dismounted, and the road clear for a bolt; and had it not been for the assistance of the cargadores, I should have been reduced to a state of infantry many times over, for although he would let them catch him, he never, if he could help it, allowed me to approach nearer than just within range of his heels: why he had taken such a deadly hatred, I am at a loss to determine, but it appeared to me that his eyes always concentrated their gaze on a sombrero of somewhat novel shape that I wore—one of those pith, ventilating, roundabout hats, now so common, and so useful, too, in tropical climates. Whether he took

it for an enlarged mushroom, which he thought considerably out of place on my head, and therefore desired on principle to unship, or made a similar mistake to that of Don Quixote, when he mistook the barber's basin for Membrino's helmet, it is hard to say, but as long as I had the loan of him, he afforded me more chances of my brains being publicly developed than I should wish to have again in the same space of time, and brought down on himself anything but blessings and mercies, for when once remounted I always considered it my turn.

Notwithstanding our difficulties, shortly before sunset we had reached the highest peak of the mountain, having been about three hours in the ascent; and after riding some little distance along its ridge, arrived at a "quartel," or guard-house, where we purposed spending the night. There was nothing very inviting in its external appearance—a low wooden building, looking the very extreme of everything dirty and miserable, with the smoke, for want of a chimney, finding its way out of the holes intended to do duty as doors and windows. This elegant public building was surrounded (including a space that, in very great courtesy, might be termed a courtyard,) by a stout railing and outer gate, on one side of which was a look-out house, perched up a considerable height, from which, on ascending, you had a very commanding view of the surrounding country.

On entering the courtyard, or, as it would be called in India, "compound," we were met by some of the militia troops, that are scattered about the provinces doing a sort of half-military and half-police duty, headed by a corporal, or "cabo," which means a leading man of any kind. By this worthy fellow we were greeted very civilly, and informed that we were welcome to any accommodation his limited means could afford, and, indeed, he recommended us to take advantage of it, seeing there was no habitation for many miles, and the road was but a wild track, difficult to make out even in daylight, which now was fast drawing to a close, and infested by Tulisanies. Our minds were soon made up on the subject. On dismounting, I received my customary salute with perhaps rather better aim than usual from my steed, when one of the soldiers—uttering at the same time a very unparliamentary expression—made a spring at him, and, in a twinkling, whipping off both bridle and saddle, and thrusting a piece of rope across his mouth, sprang on his back, and, giving him the full benefit of one end of the rope, dashed out of the gate and away across the country, as though a certain unmentionable individual had either taken possession, or was in full pursuit of the pair of them. The professed object of this sudden flight was to water him, but I daresay he would have been just as well pleased not to have been so hurried about it, but he had created so deadly a feud between

us that I left him to his fate without a single remonstrance.

On entering the quartel, we found its internal by no means an improvement on its external appearance. The accommodations consisted of one outer large apartment, and one inner smaller ditto. The former evidently served for general purposes, including cooking, which the existence of a huge smoky wood fire in the middle of it sufficiently indicated; and the latter seemed something between an armoury store-room and possibly a reserve for the cabo, or other more exalted individuals. The general dirtiness of the whole place was extreme, and the sides and heavily-raftered roof were quite black with smoke. Ourselves and our baggage were at once established in the inner apartment, and an attempt made to get something cooked for supper; but, as far as I was concerned, I did not find myself in a position to do justice to it, beginning already to suspect that enough, if not too much, and too unwisely, had already been done in that way.

Unable to endure the denseness and disagreeable odour of the smoke, blended with that of Indian culinary arrangements, which clouded both rooms, we lit our cigars and strolled out, until such time as these operations should have ceased, and rendered our quarters more habitable. We had not, however, gone more than a few yards out of the courtyard, when we were followed by two of the

"guardalleros" (as, if I remember rightly, these soldiers were termed), who told us that they would be happy to accompany us in our walk, otherwise it would hardly be prudent to go more than a few yards from the place, as armed Tulisanies were known to be prowling about in the immediate neighbourhood, and had paid them a visit only a few nights previous. Whether there was really necessity for such stringent precautions, or whether they were adopted to enhance the value of, and prospective reward for, their services, is doubtful, especially as we were ourselves armed; but taking it in the courteous tone it was offered, although we had no intention of going any distance, we accepted the proffered protection, and strolled about for some time.

Amongst other places to which we were taken by our escort, was a wretched hovel, where, in starting back from the rather disagreeable proximity of a water-buffalo's horns, who held a post on one side of the entrance, but, from his colour so closely resembling that of the night itself, was difficult to discern, I found myself encroaching on the legitimate abode of a huge sow and family, that formed the "Scylla" to the buffalo "Charybdis." Escaping these two dangers, we were ushered into the presence—so far as the thickness of the smoke would allow us to make out her proximity at all—of a smoke-coloured lady, and one or two little moving objects

that, but for their humanized squalling, might have been mistaken for imps. The lady, one of our guards informed us, was his sister, on whose virtues and merits he descanted at large. We could not but feel regret that such excellencies remained so much *under a cloud;* but as, by reason of that cloud, the place was anything but agreeable to the olfactories, we were ungallant enough to beat a retreat to the open air without more than a hasty "adios" to the subject of his eulogy: curiosity as to where they were taking us, having alone been our inducement to follow them, we were soon quite satisfied.

Strolling back towards the quartel, we presently perched ourselves on the top of a rock that quite overhung the Laguna, and where the cool misty mountain air, so raw, so sharp, and chill, could play around us at freedom, causing sensations essentially different from those experienced in the heated atmosphere of the lower lands. This, from its novelty, together with the scene before us, had a wonderfully soothing and (excepting the drowsy part) mesmeric sort of influence on the senses, disposing to that style of reflection commonly known as a "brown study," wherein the student is supposed to think a great deal of nothing in particular. The degree of light was that of a dark twilight, leaving distant objects but ill defined, and near ones but partially distinct; the night wind came in uncertain

gusts, as if, at one moment, it were the advanced guard of a hurricane, but the next, the soft lullaby that generally succeeds one of these outbursts of nature; now it roared up the sides of the mountain, and seemed bent on tearing the old trees, with the crags that supported them, from where Dame Nature, apparently in a moment of freak, had placed them; then it murmured, so sweetly and softly, through their branches and crevices, rolling in dulcet cadences from cliff to cliff, that it seemed hard to class the two great opposites as forming parts of a mighty whole, had it not been that the analogy of nature with divinity—which may be seen in things both small and great throughout the world—spoke in it of the two great attributes of vengeance and mercy—the thunder and the still small voice.

Under and before us lay the lake, with its mysterious Volcan, hardly definable; and, indeed, it was only here and there that the dark chaos-like surface of the former could be perceived through the masses of cloud and vapour that, at different elevations beneath us, rose and fell and rolled to and fro, as if performing some mystic adoration to the dark grim spirit of the night. All nature was hushed into, not a deathlike silence, but that sort of low murmuring stillness peculiar to forest and mountain scenes, unbroken, save at intervals, by the wind, or the occasional screech or flapping of the wings of a bird of night, or the howl of some rover of the wilds, search-

ing, as is said of another being, whom, or what, he might devour.

After enjoying our state of brown-studiousness for a much longer period than our guards could see any object in, we returned to our quarters, which we found somewhat more habitable than before, in consequence of the fire and culinary proceedings having made their *congé* together, and thereby considerably purified the air. The soldiers were stretched out on benches round the large room, amusing each other with narrations of adventures, as likely as not got up with that object in view, varied occasionally by a verse or two of some Tagalan ditty, which, perhaps, with abler performers, might have sounded well; but their voices were generally harsh and discordant, savouring more of the raven than the nightingale. Spreading our mats out, and some warmer covering as a protection against the cold mountain air, and placing our arms within reach, which we observed the soldiers had also done, we lay down, and, being somewhat wearied with the fatigues of the day, the drowsy god required no great amount of courting before he favoured us with his refreshing presence.

CHAPTER X.

DESCENT TO OLD CAVITE.

My steed again—Ulterior effects of the preserved salmon—The mountain declivity—Lost in the grass—Traces of game—Up-hill and down-hill saddles—A critical situation—Buffaloes—Crossing the line—Digression concerning the water-buffaloes of China and Luzon—Anecdotes—Their domestic value—Continued indisposition of the author—His acquaintance with a wasp—The lowlands—Arrival at Silan—Its cleanly streets and pretty houses—An Indian lodging—Description of the house—Bamboo and nipa palm—Scavenger pigs—Reminiscence concerning the sacred pigs of China—Pork-eating Chinese—Their singular ailments and cures—Roman Catholic charms—Pictures—An Indian family—Notions of the simple natives—The Padre's cook—Spanish travellers—Cock-crow—The priests' imaginary repast—Start for Cavite—The rival equestrians—Mill-streams—A gallop to Imos—My memory at fault.

We were awakened by the hospitable cabo, soon after daylight, and with a pull at our old friend of tried metal (though of pewter), and some remuneration to our hosts for their attentions, we started on our descent of the opposite or north-western side of the Sanguay, with a view of crossing to Cavite, distant, as before-mentioned, about forty miles, and through a little frequented country.

As my steed approached, the compliments of the morning in the shape of his usual salute, and the exertion required to keep clear of his heels, brought for the first time to my knowledge the fact of my feeling exceedingly unwell. Whether the cause of my indisposition was to be attributed to over-exertion the day before, the metallic flavour of the water of the lake, the fluid mixed with it to correct this, or the sudden change from a densely heated to a cold, raw, damp mountain air, or, finally, to the preserved salmon, or to a combination of these causes, it is hard to say, and but unprofitable to inquire.* Whatever the cause, the effect was an intense headache, accompanied by a sensation of sickness and giddiness, to such a degree that I was hardly able to keep my seat in the saddle, and, had it been practicable, I should certainly have cried a halt for a few hours. This, however, was not to be thought of; we, therefore, proceeded slowly onwards—as, indeed, the nature of the ground would have rendered necessary under any circumstances.

For the first mile or so, the road led along a narrow but tolerably well-defined bridlepath, rocky, however, and encumbered here and there with stumps

* Possibly an extraordinary wild dream that had kept me hovering all night among the mist-clouds that overhung the lake of Taal, listening to tantalizing and unapproachable nymphs of air and water, who touched their harps to dulcet lays, or sported on "mailed caymans," might have been in some way connected with it.

and fallen trees, but every now and then breaking out into open grassy patches of slight declivity.



RIDING THROUGH LONG GRASS ON THE MOUNTAINS OF LUZON.

Then we had to wade through a tract of vegetation so wild, rank, and gigantic in height, that, as we forced our way onward, we seldom saw more than the ears of our horses; and occasionally the coarse grass, mingled with sugar-cane and the produce of self-sown grain of several descriptions, rose to a level above our own heads, and we had to call out to ascertain each other's whereabouts. This lasted for some three or four miles, and though it possessed the charm of novelty, and perhaps, under other circumstances, would have been a little amusing, I felt rather harassed by it, situated as I then was. Emerging at length, we discovered that the cargadores,

who were also supposed to be good guides, had—and no great wonder at it—lost their way, and not the sign of a practicable path was there in any direction as far as the eye could reach. They were lawless-looking ruffians, and we could not help a misgiving as to whether they had not purposely led us astray into the neighbourhood of an ambush of Tulisanies; but as they began to show an earnest desire to redeem their error, the feeling soon wore off, and we commenced beating about separately in all directions, to recover the lost track. In many places the traces of large game, wild pigs and deer, were visible; but we had none of the requisites for hunting at hand, except our guns, and the wild animals had not the courtesy to come forth to be shot.

It was in rushing up and down the steep declivities of this wilderness, while thus employed, that I first began to discover the want of that part of a saddle, to the necessity of having which, particularly when riding a small-shouldered steed in a hilly country, I have already alluded. One of the two girths attached to my saddle had been, by the knowing ones who prepared the horse for his journey, drawn across his chest, instead of its usual position under him, and this had most effectually kept the saddle in its place, and quite hindered it from slipping backwards; but unfortunately, for various reasons, a similar arrangement in the opposite extreme was not practicable to hinder it from coming forwards in the

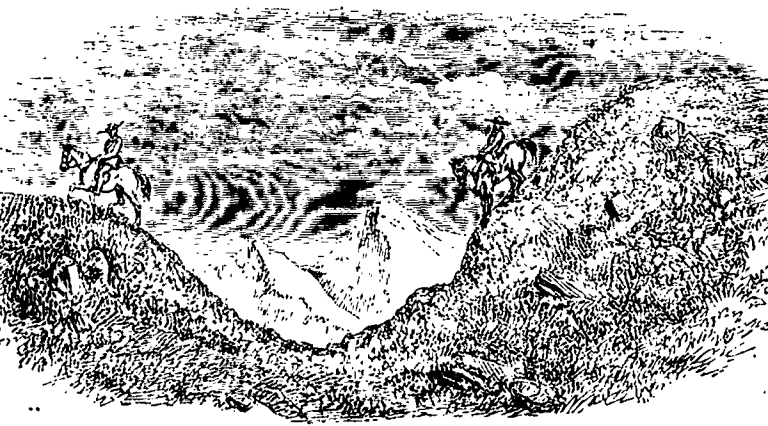
descent. The consequence was that, though the most devoted martyr to tight-lacing might have envied the state of the girth, while going down the steeps, our little animals might have been mistaken for elephants —seeing that their riders bestrode their necks rather than their backs. In one instance, in particular, we



HOW MY FRIEND GOT DOWN.

came so suddenly on the brink of what might almost have been called a precipice, that, turning to retrace our steps would have been inevitable destruction, though, I must own, advancing appeared to hold out little else. My companion took the lead and dismounted; but, partly from the peculiar propensities of my steed, and partly because I thought it safer to trust to his surefootedness than my own, I thought it

better to ride than to lead him; though quite foreseeing that, if we had the good fortune to escape rolling head over heels to the bottom, my heels and his head must be in very disagreeable proximity



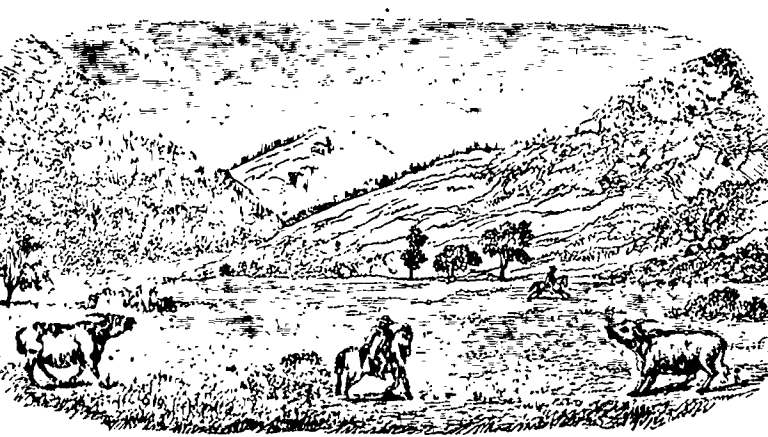
HOW I GOT DOWN.

long ere we reached the desired goal. But to the pencil rather than the pen must fall the task of delineating a little episode that, though accomplished in safety, I do not think either of us had the slightest wish to repeat.

Whether it was really a road on which we eventually struck, is a matter that has always appeared to me doubtful; but, as we knew we were proceeding in the right direction, the prospect of the end lightened the difficulties attending the means; cheered also by the assurance that if our saddles were all

wrong in going down-hill, they would come all right again in going up, we proceeded, if not in a spirit of hilarity, at all events in one of resignation, and here and there we came on a patch of grassy plain, which always proved a great relief.

In crossing one of these little oases, and passing between two huge buffaloes that I had not noticed were tethered to cross lines pegged into the ground, my horse got his feet entangled with both ropes, and, in the endeavour to extricate himself, gave such tugs



A DISAGREEABLE HALT BETWEEN OPPOSING OPINIONS.

at the noses, or rather snouts, of these ungainly brutes, that, added to their hatred against white men, and their frequently very savage temperament, was quite sufficient to induce them to charge us or bolt

away, either of which would have been a rather disagreeable proceeding. In the one case, considering their weight and size, they must certainly have upset us, if they did nothing more; and in the other, there was every probability that by suddenly tightening the ropes, they would have tripped the horse's legs from under him, and produced a similar result. I must confess, as the ugly brutes snorted and grunted, turning their noses up with all manner of contortions, and pawing the ground, that I felt a strong inclination to jump off, and leave my steed to his fate; and had they charged, I certainly should not have been Quixotic enough to have waited the result; fortunately, however, for some reason best known to themselves, possibly from not knowing what to make of a European, they remained stationary for a few minutes, and gave us time to disentangle ourselves.

Some writers speak of these domesticated buffaloes as being similar to the wild ones of Luzon; but I am inclined to think that the latter partake more of the character of the bison—at least, judging from the description of their fleetness and activity, and somewhat noble appearance. One thing I can answer for, that neither in India, China, or Luzon, did I ever behold a domesticated buffalo with such a splendid pair of horns as those between which "La Gironière" is portrayed, in his book, as having triumphantly planted his naked foot. The domestic

buffalo, or "caraboa," as it is generally called in Luzon, is an ugly, leaden-coloured, ungainly animal in every way, excepting, perhaps, in the shortness of its legs; larger and more bulky than the generality of English cattle, it carries its head low, with its nose slightly upturned; its horns, though large, are generally rather receding; its tail, short, and ratty-looking, and its thick hide barely covered with very coarse short hair. In its walk, as in the heavy bulkiness of its body, it reminds one a good deal of the elephant; and though so exceedingly tame and docile, to those it is accustomed to, as to allow little children to lead it about and do whatever they like with it, yet to strangers, more especially Europeans, it manifests most unequivocal signs of enmity, and has been frequently found a most dangerous customer to encounter.

I have known several instances, particularly in China, of attacks made by these animals on strangers, and have experienced a few hair-breadth escapes myself. On one occasion, a lady was thrown from her horse and pitched, perhaps fortunately for herself, over a hedge, by one, and a good deal injured. At another time, a gentleman, who was going out shooting, had left one of his Chinese servants to follow him to his ground with the dogs, while he himself pushed on in a mountain chair (a light wickerwork affair on two bamboos, a good deal used in China for travelling), but finding that the man

did not make his appearance as soon as he might have been expected to do, he returned some little distance to look for him, and when found, the poor fellow was rolling on the ground, bellowing with pain; the explanation he gave of the accident that had befallen him was, in his own words, "That beef hab flog mi;" referable to a buffalo in the neighbourhood which had knocked him down and pummelled him most unmercifully.

The flesh of these animals is exceedingly coarse, light-coloured and ill-flavoured, and the skin, though thick, is too porous to make good leather; but the milk of the cow is better than that of other cattle, and makes, I believe, very good butter. They are used for ploughing, for drawing carts, or a kind of sledge on which the Indians in Luzon are fond of riding, and for all manner of agricultural purposes; in general, they are most patient and enduring, only requiring a swim in some stream or pond, which they seem most thoroughly to enjoy, to keep them in good humour; and on this condition they are willing to labour from morning to night.

My indisposition increased so much as the morning sun became more powerful, that it was only by dismounting occasionally and laying down for a short time on the ground, that I could retain sufficient strength or energy to proceed at all. This state of things was not by any means bettered when a large wasp, which having flown into my face, as

I brushed him off, struck his sting into the inner corner of my right eye, causing most excruciating pain, and so profuse a flow of what nature had, I suppose, intended for tears, as to deprive me of its sight for half-an-hour afterwards. At the suggestion of my companion, I stuck a large green leaf under my sombrero, in such a way as to shade it, and this had the double advantage of giving me a good deal of relief, and forming the subject of great amusement to the Indian girls we passed on approaching the more inhabited neighbourhoods. They evidently thought me mad, and no great wonder they did so.

The country here, though less steep and rugged, was almost as difficult to pass as that through which we had already made our way, being reduced to a perfect swamp by the water of the late rains running down into it from the higher lands. This aqueous tendency was also somewhat increased by the slight rise which intervened between us and the sea, before the final slope to the beach, rendering this locality, to a certain extent, a reservoir from both sides. After passing through a few straggling hamlets, which to horses and riders, equally jaded, were as "hope deferred" of the village we were in quest of, we were at length rewarded by entering a pretty little pueblo, which our cargadores, with an air as much as to say, "We know all about it now," assured us was the long-sought Silan.

The place had an unusual air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort, with little railed gardens in front of the nipa houses, and footpaths on either side of the regular, well-laid roads forming the streets, for the most part at right angles with each other. We were afterwards informed that a visit from the governor, who was refreshing himself with a little country air in the neighbourhood after his late rencontre, was anticipated, and that the place had been ordered by the authorities to be "done up" for his inspection; but whatever the cause, Silan yielded the palm to no other village of the kind we had met with in appearance.

A twenty-mile* mountain ride before breakfast on a restive horse, in a tropical climate, is not bad work under any circumstances, but when suffering from indisposition, of however temporary a nature, it is, to say the least of it, rather trying; and so I thought as I threw myself down on one of the narrow wooden benches in the tribunal, where we had gone to make inquiries about the practicability of proceeding further that day, *i. e.*, with respect to fresh horses, &c.; or in the event of non-progression being determined on (which I rather advocated, as far as I was concerned), the finding a house for our accommodation until the next morning. The latter course was eventually adopted, and a

* By the plan it is only twelve miles, but I imagine this is an error; or, possibly, our route had been more circuitous than we were aware of, for we had certainly ridden fully twenty miles.

clean, well-ventilated Indian mansion selected, where the good people belonging to it did their utmost, and very satisfactorily succeeded, in making us comfortable.

A warm bath for my eye, a cold one to the body, a light breakfast, and a siesta after it, did much to restore me to my wonted health and spirits, and by the next morning my ailment, whatever it was, had quite passed off; and, with the exception of being a little bloodshot and weak, my eye had recovered the effects of Sir Wasp's poisoned lance.

The house in which we had quartered ourselves was a fair specimen of the generality of those in use amongst the middle class of Indians. The structure, sufficiently lofty for one story, fitted with oyster-shell windows and sliding shutters, and composed in toto of bamboo and nipa palm, with the leaves of which it was thatched, was raised on wooden piles, some fifteen feet above the ground, and the whole framework, roof and all, put together and secured without the assistance of a nail or morsel of iron of any description; wooden pegs, grass string, and slips of bamboo bark, answering the purpose throughout,* and leaving it, from its consequent elasticity, well adapted to resist the effects

* It is on this principle, that is, being sewn together, that the famous "mussoola," or surf-boats, of Madras, are built, and which enables them to bear beaching and other rough work so well. As a late eminent author has libellously said of ladies' hearts, "they are easy to bend, but very hard to break."

of earthquake or hurricane. The flattened bamboo floor has a delightful springy feel, and the slight odour emanating from the wood itself is not at all disagreeable.

There were three good-sized rooms leading into each other, besides kitchens and other offices, a little removed from them, but on the same platform; and here, for the first time in the course of upwards of twenty years' journeyings, did I see what I had so frequently heard of, the custom of using pigs as general scavengers. Through a hole in one part of the raised platform descended filth and offal of every imaginable description, to be received and gobbled up beneath by loathsomely fat pigs, that fought and jostled each other for what almost any other created animal would have fled from in disgust. Surely, never was any epithet bestowed more deservingly than that of the "unclean" on their race. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are human beings so debased in idolatry as to venerate and adore, if not actually to worship them. Who that has visited Canton, or rather the Honan Temple on the opposite side of the river, has not seen the sacred pigs there kept, fed, and pampered by the Buddhist priests, until they are so grossly fat and unwieldy that few can walk. I think there were five or six when I last paid them a visit in 1855, and only one or two had the power of standing on their hallowed legs, but lay grunting their aspira-

tions to their hardly less swinish devotees, who would have considered it an imperative duty to have inflicted torture and death on any son of Adam who presumed so much as to slight these sweet emblems of purity.

The Chinese are, amongst other things, a very grossly-feeding people, and, notwithstanding that some pigs are held sacred, fat fresh pork is their great delight, and, strange to say, it seems to agree wonderfully well with them. I remember, in one instance, a boat-race was to be pulled in Hong Kong between European sailors and Chinese, and in making arrangements, the Celestials were asked what refreshment they would prefer; I think it was two pounds of roasted pork each they requested, and this to be eaten, not after the race, but just before commencing it, to make them, as they expressed it, "Number one strong." According to our ideas, it would have had anything but that effect, but not so with John Chinaman—

> The pork was eaten—
> The English beaten,

and that was not by any means the only occasion on which, equally situated, and pulling in our own boats, they have beaten Europeans.

I think, taking the average amongst the Chinese, they are as little subject to sickness as almost any other nation; but their ideas, or rather manner of expressing their ailments, are peculiar. It was

invariably either "too much a hot inside, or too much a-colo" (cold). "No can chow chow," was a sad malady; but what amused me most the first time I heard the expression, was that of a Chinese servant I had, who requested one day that I would intercede with the doctor to give him a plaster to put on his shoulder, and when the desired end to be obtained by so doing was asked, the reply was, "Wantchee" (want to) "pull out that wind, hab got that wind inside that bone." It was apparently rheumatism; a strong blister was applied, as desired, and next day the report was "that wind hab make a-wilo,* no got more than small o' piece now."† It is seldom that they will put themselves under the treatment of European medical men, and, indeed, for anything not surgical, their own doctors seem to answer every purpose; they themselves say, "Englishman no can savee Chinaman; inside no belong all same Englishman, no makee all same chow chow, how can makee all same inside;" and there are not a few foreigners who have in fevers, gout, and diseases peculiar to the climate, consulted with advantage the native practitioners.

* "Make a-wilo," gone.

† This expression here means, that there was little wind or pain left; but the word "piece" is applied very generally in enumerating:—for instance, one man and two women would be, "one piece a man, two piece a woman." And what sounds still more odd is their way of denominating the sex of a child, or "chilo," as they pronounce it; a boy is termed a "bull chilo," and a girl a "cow chilo."

But why this digression into Chinese matters? Talking of cures, preventions, and restoratives, here just over my head hangs something equal, nay, professedly superior, to all others of that ilk, a charm, the offspring of Holy Mother Church, to guard the possessor against many ills, but more especially Cholera. I know not whether our Episcopalian divines, who have lately seceded to Rome, include the issue and efficacy of charms amongst the list of the many things to be believed in—I had almost said, swallowed—but if any one thinks I exaggerate or mistake as to the fact that charms* of this kind are given to the Indians in Manilla by the priests, let them inquire of Protestants who have been residents there, and I think the result will prove that my statement is correct.

But here, to balance the charm—spread out on a board, and framed picture-fashion—hangs another document; on inspection, it proves to be an invitation, or proclamation perhaps it might rather be called, of a grand cock-fight that is to take place a few days hence—the *fiesta, funcion,* or whatever you like to call it, given by an individual who has reasons to see it meet that he should make merry with his friends, to whom he promises to exert himself in every way to their entire amusement, and concludes with a fervent hope that, by the blessing of God, it will "go off well." There

* This charm was printed in the form of a cross.

were several other documents of minor importance hung up in a like manner, and not a few representations of rosy-cheeked saints, with yellow hair curling, one might almost say, straight on end, with white gowns, blue and red scarfs, crooks in their hands, with their eyes turned up, their hands turned out, and their toes turned in, together with representations of the Virgin passing through vicissitudes of life on which our heretical "Big Book" is wholly silent.

While strolling about the village, and a shower of rain coming on, I was induced to seek shelter in one of the Indian houses, and found myself in the company of an old man and woman, and two pretty girls, their daughters. Only the paterfamilias could speak any Spanish, so that all correspondence with the young ladies was limited to what compliments he might care to translate and the universal language of the eyes. They were exceedingly simple and primitive in their manners and information, but bore all that air of natural good breeding which the Spaniards seem so generally to impart. The Indians, at least those in the remoter districts, have an idea that all white men are Spaniards, or at all events that they must know all about the mother country; accordingly, I was regularly put through my facings with respect to many points, regarding which they evinced a certain degree of laudable curiosity. In all of these I answered with as much confidence as

though I had travelled the country from end to end, instead of, as the case really stood, never having once planted my foot on the soil of old Spain. Amongst other things, they were anxious to know whether the betel-nut grew in Hispaña, and the "bouya" was in use; to which, endeavouring to assume as much haughtiness as possible, I replied that, "thank God, in Spain, people neither wasted the ground by growing such noxious weeds, nor defiled themselves with such filthy habits." This of course had to be qualified by other comparisons, where the balance-beam was kicked in favour of the Philippines, more especially in expatiating on the beauty of its daughters.

In the afternoon, much to our surprise, a dinner of at least half a dozen well-cooked dishes was spread for us. On inquiry as to its origin, we found it to be the handiwork of the cook employed by the priest of the village, but whether lent by his reverence for the purpose, obtained by our host, or altogether a voluntary matter on the part of the "cuisinier" himself, was not quite apparent, although he took credit for the latter. In the course of the evening, we paid a visit to the padre, a keen-eyed Spaniard, with whom two gentlemen were staying who had lately arrived from some Government employment in one of the more distant provinces, and some very interesting information they gave us respecting them. Many parts they described as

perfectly impassable after the commencement of the rains. They had also had a little experience in wild buffalo-hunting, but had never seen them either tilted at from horseback, or shot from the ground *à la* Gironière!—shooting them from trees was the style of hunting they had always seen adopted: a great sign of the degeneration of our times! Nor had they been fortunate enough to encounter any brain-feast or cannibalism of any description in Luzon—a great sign of the march of civilization and improvement in the same period.

Long before we could discover any signs of approaching daylight, the voices of, I am sure, not less than twenty or thirty hoarse-crowing cocks were resounding above, below, inside the house, outside the house, and in fact bid fair, as the chroniclers of Brahm* tell us he did at last, to fill all space. Such a dreadful row they made that further repose was impossible; so making the best of it, we set to work to effect an early start for Cavite. While doing so, in walked our friend the priest's cook, who came with the twofold object of bidding us the compliments of the morning, and expressing his regret and disappointment at our having left his master's (the

* The followers of Brahm assert that before aught else existed he had being, but was so small that the point of the finest needle would not touch him, until he began to dilate so effectually that at length he filled all space; hence to them everything is more or less sacred, as being a component part of him. This I advance under correction, but I know it to be the belief of the natives of one portion of the Malabar coast of India.

padre's) house the night before, ere we had tasted of a most luxurious supper he had prepared for us. Now, as it happened that our visit to his reverence had been of a nature precisely the reverse of that admired by little boys generally, that is "all cake and no conversation," and as the good father had never hinted at refreshment of any kind (barring cigars), we were somewhat sceptical as to the fact of this entertainment ever having existed, except, like that of Caleb Balderstone in the "Bride of Lammermoor," in imagination; but whether the glowing description he gave us of it was intended to redound to the credit of his master, or with a view to enhancing the value of his services to us, was, and still is, a matter of uncertainty. This individual, not unlike the travelled exquisite we had encountered yesterday on the banks of the Taal, was exceedingly facetious and communicative, and came very much under the head of what is generally termed a "diverting vagabond." Besides his occupation as cook to the padre, he informed us that he possessed considerable talents and acquirements in the medical line; could bleed, draw teeth, cure most diseases, shave, cut hair, and tell fortunes; in fact, according to his own account, there were few things required to be done for the benefit of man or beast in the village and country round, for which his services were not called in requisition, and he threw out at the same time indistinct hints of the great power and influence that his exalted posi-

tion gave him, especially among the fair sex, concluding by applying to himself something equivalent to that expression so much in use amongst the style of middle-aged bachelors generally known as "gay old boys," that he was a "sad dog."

Fresh and superior horses were ready for us, and I had after some trouble succeeded in securing a crupper for the saddle this time, profiting by the dire experience of yesterday, although the country before us, as the event proved, was not sufficiently hilly to render it all so necessary. Our host, who was going to Manilla on business, volunteered to accompany us, and brought besides a mounted guide, so that our party looked quite formidable. The cargadores we had despatched some hours on before us, and after bestowing thanks and other matters more tangible on the kind people whose house we had occupied, and the gentleman of many callings, whose professional attainments had tended both to our satisfaction and amusement, and who accepted the former in all the high-toned politeness of the Spaniard, and the latter as it were unconsciously, and as though he would feign that his left hand should not know what his right was receiving, we cantered off shortly after daylight from the pretty little pueblo of Silan, in all the buoyancy of spirits that time and place were calculated to inspire.

Our cantering, however, was not of long duration, for we had hardly cleared the precincts of the vil-

lage when we came on the second edition of yesterday's swamp, and for several miles we were wading and dragging through it, frequently up to the saddle girths. After this it improved and widened, and for the last half of the distance was a very fair country road. Our guide bestrode an extraordinary looking animal, of which he appeared to be very proud. As he rode on just before me, he often turned round, and patting it with great affection, exclaiming, "Mi-a-bootie," ("good" in Tagalan,) which sounded so very like "my beauty," that at first I involuntarily exclaimed, "All according to taste." I remarked, indeed, a certain degree of rivalry between the guide and our late host, both with respect to their horses and horsemanship; of the former, there was about the difference existing between six and half-a-dozen, but in the latter the guide gained a great triumph, and enjoyed it with a broad grin, when the other, by a plunge of his horse, was sent spinning over the animal's head into the slough, after being extricated from which his appearance caused me to smile almost involuntarily, as I recalled to mind the "Knight of the rueful countenance."

The streams, which are numerous, are taken advantage of in this part of the country for the erection of water-mills, of which we passed several, besides some neat-looking farmsteads; the scenery also being exceedingly soft and pretty. It had been our intention to have gone on by land the whole

way to Cavite, but the gentlemen we had met last night at the priest's house had told us that by going to Old Cavite, which is on the inner side of the Bay, exactly opposite to the new town, and crossing to the latter in a banca, we would save many miles of an uninteresting ride round the head of Cavite Bay, avoid exposure to the sun, and make more sure of being in time for a Manilla passage-boat, and this plan we had now determined to adopt. I was told that the country-place so highly spoken of by Gironière, Tierra Alta, is in this part of the island, and that it fully deserved the eulogy he bestowed on it, which, from the nature of the scenery generally, I could easily imagine; nor have the bands of Tulisanies he speaks of ceased to lend a certain degree of interest and romance to the neighbourhood. The town of Imos lies a little off the main road, but, as I was determined to see all, when we got into its vicinity I galloped off to have a look at it, while my companions, who had been there before, jogged on quietly towards the Bay. Seeing I was determined to go, "our host" went with me, but evidently in great wonderment as to what had induced me to move off in this direction.

Imos is a good-sized place, graced by a large yellow church and a convento;* the latter, however,

* I forget whether I before remarked that these conventos attached to the churches are simply "the parsonages," not convents in the ordinary sense.

appeared to be a good deal out of order, and, indeed, one part of it in a ruinous state. It was market-day, and the large square in the centre of the town was thronged with buyers and sellers of all manner of both native and foreign produce, who, with their gay and various costumes, strange dialect, and many different shades of complexion, formed a novel and interesting spectacle well worth the trouble taken to see it. The sudden appearance of an uncouth, mud-besmeared foreigner, with a revolver in his belt, who dashed into the square, took a few minutes gaze round him, and then as suddenly bolted off again, seemed rather to draw their attention from the legitimate business of the day, and many were the inquiring looks by which he was followed; but a *lapsus memoriæ* on his own part very nearly made him pay dearly for his visit, the brief recital of which will conclude this part of my adventures and the chapter at the same time.

Old Cavite is generally known amongst the folks in the neighbourhood by another name, which I forget now, but imagine it to be a Tagalan one. On leaving Imos I could not, had it been to save my life, remember this name, and my Indian companion, who viewed my movements with great bewilderment as to what I might do next, never seemed to imagine it possible that I intended to rejoin my party, and was perfectly useless in the way of putting me on the right scent for doing so. At last a name, some-

thing like the lost one, occurred to me; I directed him to lead on there, which he proceeded to do, but with very bad grace, when, as good luck would have it, we came across a Mestizo youth, to whom we both appealed, and by him I had the good fortune to be put in the right track. From what he said, it was no great wonder that my poor host looked dejected, for I found that the name that I had told him was that of a place some forty miles off, quite in another direction. I suppose that I had heard it mentioned at some time or other, and it was, after all, not unlike the one I wanted.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK TO MANILLA.

Old Cavite—A sailor's watering party—Reminiscence of similar scenes in Australia—Kidnapping the sailors—A narrow escape—Over the water to Cavite—Preserved fish again—Captain of the "Jorge Juan"—Visit to the Arsenal—An incredulous marine—Waiting for the passage-boat—Selling a Government official—Passengers to Manilla—A young couple in holiday attire—Their costume and personal appearance—A glimpse of John Chinaman—An eccentric Englishman—Arrival at the Pasig—Ordeal of the custom-house—Expense of the trip—General observations on the island—Its value as a grazing country—Probable encouragement of foreign enterprise.

THE place of embarkation, at Old Cavite, or at least near it, lies amidst a grove of trees that fringe the borders of a stream having an outlet into the bay. Up this rivulet the vessels of Cavite frequently send their boats for fresh water, of a particularly pure and good description; and a fresh water swim, and roll in the grass, is a more than ordinary luxury to the sailors.

In all parts of the world, and however strict the discipline, it is common for men who go on this particular duty, to combine their own peculiar ideas of

pleasure with the business in hand. They have a remarkable fancy, for example, for cleaning and scrubbing, on such occasions, everything washable they possess, including their own persons; in all of which operations, the expenditure and consumption of soap is generally most extravagant. Many a time have I watched the contented countenance of "Jack," when, squatted on the grass, with a short black pipe in his mouth, a keg with the "day's allowance," and a frying of savoury-smelling pork in the impromptu kitchen, made at a little distance, he scrubbed away over a bucket of water, at a densely soap-besmeared piece,* probably of flannel, and while one eye was directed to laying the cleansing compound on thick, so that not an inch might escape the operation, the other would cast business-like glances towards the filling casks with a view to "shifting the hose" when required.

In the wilder parts of the coasts of Australia, where many years of my early career were spent, these litle bivouac parties, either for watering or fishing, were not unfrequently disturbed by a shower of spears, or other missiles, from the hands of some roving ambushed band of the inhospitable children of the forest. On several occasions our men had narrow escapes from being kidnapped by them, and many were wounded, some killed. In one instance,

* This term is applied, indiscriminately, by sailors to any article of clothing, when dirty.

I remember, a sailor was left by himself to cook some fish, while the rest proceeded a few hundred yards along the beach to a more convenient place for a second haul of the seine, or large net, fitted in a peculiar manner, and supplied to ships of war for the purpose of fishing. While engaged in this way, the solitary artiste observed a group of the naked monkey-like natives emerge suddenly from the bush, a short distance off, and two of the tallest, separating themselves from the rest, stalked close up to him. Considering a pacific course best adapted to the occasion, "Jack," who was but a small man, compared with the grizzly red-earth and grease-besmeared savages confronting him, took up two large fish and presented them as a peace-offering; on which one of his visitors, seizing each fish by the tail, commenced beating poor Jack about the head with them. Though Jack struck out manfully in his defence, the blows, which fell thick and fast, soon rendered him *hors de combat;* when he was immediately picked up by his assailant, who, tucking him under his arm, as though he had been a bundle of old clothes, commenced striding off with his prize, with all the coolness and composure imaginable, quite unmoved by the screams and struggles of the horrified victim.

Fortunately his cries of despair reached the ears of his brother fishers, in time to bring them up in chase, ere he was borne into the bush, there, most

probably, to become eventually "a feast" for his cannibal captors, for cannibals they undoubtedly are, though some affirm to the contrary. As our party neared them, they increased their speed, and it was soon evident that pursuit alone was hopeless, for the natives of Australia run like deer. Our men were armed with muskets, but the danger in firing, of course, was the probability of hitting the captive instead of the captor; the officers hesitated to give the order, the men pressed their triggers in the anxiety of the moment, but dared not pull them. It was a scene worthy of that in "William Tell," excepting that there was not the same decision displayed; every moment increased the danger, and the intenseness of anxious hesitation was depicted on every countenance, and brought the huge drops of perspiration rolling down the foreheads of men that in other circumstances would have dared anything. The spell was at length broken by the victim himself, who, in the depth of his extremity, called out, "Fire, Bill, or the beggars will have me!"—this was addressed to a man whose euphonious cognomen was "Bill Grub," an odd, eccentric, and rather unscrupulous individual, but well known to possess a nerve of iron, and to be a dead shot. No second sanctioning call was required by Mr. Grub; crack went his solitary musket, a moment's suspense for the smoke to roll by, and then, behold, right nobly has it done its work; the gigantic savage is rolling

in death-throes on the sand, the rescued tar is on his legs shaking his fist at him, and inquiring facetiously whether he didn't wish he might get him now.

Many such scenes and adventures could we relate, stirring reminiscences of "the merry days when we were young." But Manilla and the Lakes of Luzon are, I think, what we commenced talking about; besides, my good friend and companion has taken up his position in a "banca," amid saddles and mats, guns and boxes, not to omit respectful mention of the basket which contains the venerated teapot. I must, therefore, hurry on, for my friend is calling out to me inquiringly whether I purpose going to Cavite to-day or not. Of course I do, and, as we emerge from the river, there it stands on the opposite side of the bay of the same name. Few places, I may observe, afford better protection for shipping than Cavite Bay; and the town, on the outer point, which forms a sort of natural mole to it, is a large, well-built place, containing, amongst other things, a cigar manufactory, second only to that of Manilla, and a naval arsenal. The distance across, from our point of embarkation, was only about five or six miles, but partly from having risen at an early hour, and partly from a desire to be doing something, no sooner were we fairly on our way than the propriety of eating suggested itself; and we proceeded to act on it, by taking whatever came to hand of the remains of our stock. Taught by sad experience,

I scrupulously avoided preserved meats, whether of fish, flesh, or fowl; but not so my companion, who, after an infinity of trouble, and using all manner of things, that never dreamt of being so used, to open a case of sardines, rewarded himself by devouring a large portion of them, and they returned the compliment within a few days by bringing on an attack of dysentery, which at one time assumed a dangerous appearance, and took months, and a visit to China for change of air, to cure. This effect was, perhaps, not to be laid to the charge of the "little fish" alone, but was probably superinduced by our discovering, when too late, that we had no fresh water in the boat, and were obliged to have recourse to a "nip" of raw brandy to allay our thirst after eating.

Generally speaking, a small passage steamer goes once a day between Manilla and Cavite, but on our arrival at the latter place we found that it did not go that day, being laid up to repair, but that a large sailing-boat would leave some time during the afternoon, of which we determined to avail ourselves, and in the meantime to see what was to be seen about the place. The gentleman who commanded the "Jorge Juan," when I crossed over from Hong Kong, had been superseded, and was living in Cavite previous to going home, having realised, it was supposed, a considerable sum of money by freight on specie carried to and fro; an advantage which made the appointment to these steamers an object of great

attraction. We called on him, and asked him to obtain us an *entrée* to the Arsenal; on which he very kindly sent a servant with us, charging him with a verbal message to the Commandante, which had the following gratifying result.

On our arrival at the outer gates, after a little parley with the sentry, we were admitted into a sort of court, intervening between them and the Arsenal itself, appropriated to the purpose of dwelling-places; and for the marines and other people attached to the Arsenal, a guard-house, &c. At the guard-house, we were stopped by another marine sentinel, who, notwithstanding the message, and all the arguments we could advance, maintained that proceeding further was impossible; that the Commandante was asleep (it was then about eleven o'clock in the forenoon), and that the idea of awaking him, or admitting us without his sanction, was not to be entertained for a moment. We were rather annoyed at this, thinking that, as likely as not, it arose from the man's own stupidity or obstinacy; so, in order to overawe him with a sense of the national discredit that his discourteous conduct was calculated to produce in the case of such distinguished visitors as ourselves, confronting him, I directed him, with as much dignity as a strong inclination to laugh would permit me, to proceed at once to the Commandante of the Arsenal, and tell him that a Commandante of the British navy (on the strength of commanding an old store-ship) waited his

attention and desired to see him. "Quien es el commandante?" (Who is the Commandante?) said the marine, with evident surprise. "I am!" replied I, pointing to my breast, with what I intended for an air of offended dignity. The fellow gave a knowing wink to one of his comrades, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "You are!" which, had he been anything but one himself, might very well be translated, "You may tell that to the marines!" and commenced walking his post without bestowing on us any further notice whatever. The coolness of his impudence was such that it produced a much greater inclination to laugh than be annoyed; and, after all, as I turned away from the place, considering our mud-besmeared, unshaven, and rather savage appearance, I could not but think that we looked much more like brigands than commandantes or caballeros of any description.

Having expended our last dollar in paying for the boat that brought us across the bay, we were constrained to wander about in the rain, which commenced descending pretty liberally, until the passage-boat should start for Manilla, which, being two or three hours unprofitably spent, left but an unfavourable impression of the place on the mind; for, as I remarked before, a thing of the kind is apt to have that tendency, even against the conviction of one's better judgment. But I believe Cavite is really a very healthy, social, and agreeable place, and, when viewed under more fortunate circumstances, one in

many ways calculated to impress the visitor in its favour. After wandering about for some time, we returned to the quay, where the banca we had crossed in was still lying with our baggage, which we now landed and mounted guard over, finding sufficient employment for our sticks in keeping at bay the curiosity that we provoked.

While thus pleasantly occupied, we were suddenly joined by what Mr. Punch would style a "stout party," who, to judge by the black jacket that surmounted his flowing shirt-tails, was evidently a Government official of some kind; breathless he rushed to the rescue, and blustered forth a demand as to who it was that dared to break the public peace, and what we wanted with him, by having sent for him. To this we replied that we wanted nothing, nor had we sent for him at all; and so absurdly blustering was his address, so thoroughly had he been "sold," as it appeared to us, that we could not refrain from laughing at him, in which the mob soon joined so heartily that the "stout party" shortly beat an ignominious retreat, breathing forth all manner of execrations and vows of vengeance against every one concerned in making thus light of his dignity, but most especially against the unknown individual who had deceived him.

At length the passage-boat, a sort of dandy-rigged, half-decked cutter, was ready, and off we started for Manilla, distant from Cavite some fifteen or sixteen

miles. It embarked between thirty and forty passengers, comprising nearly all shades between pure Spaniards, pure Indians, and pure Chinese (if such a term can be applied to so "foisty" a race as the latter); and, amongst others, I was a good deal struck by a couple that might justly be regarded as a fair specimen of the half-caste or Mestizo race. The one was a young man of about twenty, and the other a girl, perhaps two or three years younger, either brother and sister, or sweethearts, I should imagine; they seemed too attentive to each other (alas!) to be a married couple—unless it was a case of honeymoon. However that may have been, my business with them, since they have been adverted to, is to attempt the description of their appearance.

The youth was about five feet seven or eight in height, but very slender and small-limbed in proportion; his complexion was about the tinge of—what shall I say? I think, perhaps, a dark shade of lemon-peel approaches the nearest to it; the expression of his face was good, but perhaps a little vacant; his teeth (evidently, neither he nor his companion patronised betel) any dentist would have coveted; his eyebrows were bushy; he had neither beard nor whiskers, and only an exceedingly incipient moustache: but the paucity of hair on his face was fully compensated by its profusion on his head, where, devoid of hat or covering of any description, it stood on end in one dense black mass, that forcibly reminded one of a

new blacking-brush of the finer description and greatest length of hair. His pantaloons were of striped blue and white silk, drawn in at the waist by a cord of the same material—a fact he happened to reveal when lifting his shirt of the finest unbleached piña.* This latter had a little pink stripe in it,—its tails, breast, and collar, were most elaborately worked with white silk, and it was thrown open at the neck, with no kerchief or tie of any kind. White cotton stockings, and embroidered leather pumps of the thinnest and most toe-case description, and some rings on his fingers, completed the costume.

His companion was of a slim, delicate figure, very small hands and feet, her complexion a shade or two lighter than the young man's, and her features, notwithstanding a little tendency, like his, to flatness and breadth of nose, soft and pleasing, but, perhaps, partaking more of the interesting than really pretty. Her teeth were perfect pearls, and her profuse raven locks, drawn off the forehead, and supported in a plait behind by a magnificent towering comb, which, with some curious-headed hairpins, little bits of silver network, &c., rendered the idea of ever placing a bonnet thereon absolute treason and sacrilege, if at all possible. She also wore ear-rings, which savage custom, I regret to have to confess, "still obtains,"

* By unbleached, I mean that of a light straw-coloured hue, most generally in use, and I think also generally preferred to the purer white.

as the Yankees say, among Spaniards. Her camisa, or jacket,* was of fine piña, the same material as the gentleman's shirt, but plain; and this just reached far enough down to cover the silk string of the saya, or petticoat, which was also silk, of a gay scarlet and green plaid pattern. As the camisa alone, from its extreme transparency, might lead to rather more *exposé* than is consonant with strict ideas of delicacy,† a little neckerchief is generally worn, and hers was of a neat blue and white pattern; the necessity of this latter article I always thought was to be regretted, as it certainly does not tend to improve the figure, giving it, on the contrary, rather a huddled-up appearance—breaking, in fact, the line of beauty. Both of them were most scrupulously clean and neat, and evidently got up for a holiday; the lady wore white silk stockings, and most delicate little slippers, with a view, I imagine, to out-of-door exercise, for in the house they seldom wear any stockings at all. With this remark, I believe, my observations on this interesting young couple are pretty nearly exhausted, if I except a brief comment on their eyes. In both they were dark and soft, perhaps a little sleepy, but, on the whole, good—a little the worse for a

* There is another name, perhaps a more strict translation of the word "camisa;" but as that is an under, and the kind I refer to an outer, garment, "jacket" is perhaps near enough the truth for our purpose.

† As far as I could ascertain, no under garments of any description are worn, most certainly none under the camisa.

slight droop of the inner corner, giving them the appearance of having been put in rather askew. Oh, John Chinaman, John Chinaman! that's all your fault! By some means or another, Celestial blood has been disseminated throughout the Mestizo races, and there are few, except amongst the highest classes, that are totally exempt from it.

The rain came down in torrents, the wind blew hard, and the swell tumbled into the bay in a style that made our little craft plunge and roll in a most lively manner; but we blew our clouds, and made ourselves jolly under the circumstances, assisted considerably, in pursuit of the latter, by the odd sayings, anecdotes, and rude wit of a fellow-passenger, who was one of those extraordinary, excitable, restless beings, who wander about the world doomed, as it would appear, never to know a moment's rest or quiet themselves, nor, as far as they can, to let anybody else experience it either. He stamped about the deck as though he had sole charge, trimmed sails of his own accord, blackguarded the sailors, bullied the captain, exhorted us all to come out and get wet, simply as a matter of choice, and, after exhausting his energies a little in this way, entertained us with the strange occurrences of his (by his own account) extraordinary life; blending here and there a few allusions to the charms of the little Mestiza, which, though intended as complimentary, were sometimes so broad and coarse as

to require us to check their onward progress, and her to take shelter behind her fan, which, though beautifully adorned with hairy-faced be-plumed cavaliers, playing guitars to rosy-cheeked señoras, reclining on grassy banks, dividing their smiles and attention between the gallants and a bull-fight in the distance, was not at all so pleasing as the "light of her sunny smile."

He was a tall dark man, with a countenance which comprised in itself an extraordinary blending of the fierce and the comic, looking at one moment a perfect fiend, and the next, reminding one of the gentleman to be seen at Astley's, with wide red-striped small-clothes, spotted jacket, and red and white bedaubed face, when, with his legs extended and arms akimbo, he stands in the middle of the stage, and sets up a laugh from his huge cavity of a mouth, that children of all ages, even to the gray-haired ones, cannot resist joining in. He might have been either English, American, or Spanish, for he favoured us at times with all three of those distinct tongues, but from the fact of his informing and assuring us that he had a beautiful estate in one of the midland counties that some one else had possessed themselves of, we supposed our own beloved country had the honour of owning him. We inquired why he did not go home to demand his rights, which he said he deferred, in order the more thoroughly to chagrin and ruin those now in possession; but from

collateral admissions that escaped him, I strongly suspect that the estate, if it existed at all, bore some analogy to that which Paddy said he possessed, "only the right owner kept him out of it." The present occupation of this eccentric genius was that of master of a small Spanish coaster that was loading at Cavite for some of the provinces, and the cause of his trip to Manilla some little difference of opinion between him and an alcalde, who, to judge from the vengeance that was thundered forth against him, and the "draggings up" before the Governor-General, to which he was to be subjected, stood a poor chance of avoiding that position in which it might be said, "His place knew him no longer."

The restless impetuosity of our fellow traveller displayed itself in driving him on, as it were, to forestall time in all things. For instance, the chief thing that occupied his mind in his present journey to Manilla was the degree of speed with which he could get back again; his luggage was prepared for leaving long before we got near the river, and when barely into it, he began bellowing for a boat, and the first that came near he pitched his traps in, in such helter-skelter style as nearly to break the boatman's back, and capsize his little banca—the first part of this operation being accompanied by abuse, in no choice or measured terms, for not having come alongside sooner, and the latter (before he had actually jumped in himself) for not having already

shoved off: and the last we saw or heard of him was his threatening to knock the boat's crew overboard, for not knowing (without any information having been given them by him) where they were to take him to.

Hiring a banca for ourselves and our chattels, we pulled up the river towards one of the custom-house boats, stationed to intercept passengers from the provinces or anywhere at a distance, where our passport (for, as I think I before mentioned, through a mistake, we had only one between us, my friend figuring as a servant in it,) was *viséd*, and baggage examined. This was the only ordeal of the kind where we had to run any risk for not having a permit to carry fire-arms, for the officer seemed unusually particular in his scrutiny, and asked us whether we had any guns with us; to which we merely replied that if he suspected so, he had better search for them, which he did to a certain extent, but fortunately not with sufficient zeal to discover their hiding-place; but once, when he came in contact with my revolver as it hung round my waist, with my coat buttoned over it, I felt much inclined to call out, as young folks do at the game of hide-and-seek, hot! hot! hot!

Forfeiture of them is supposed to be the penalty for a thing of the kind, if not fine in addition; but from what I saw of the courtesy of the higher officials, I doubt whether, in a case like ours, either

would have been enforced. A hearty welcome awaited us; we had been just six days away, having travelled during the time over about 200 miles of land and water, and made, so I was told by residents in Manilla, a more extended and comprehensive tour for the time than was done nine times out of ten; there being numbers both of Spaniards and foreigners in the place who had never seen one-half so much of the lake districts: indeed, I knew myself several foreign residents who had never been a dozen miles from the town during a sojourn of many years.

The cost of our trip (which I mention here for the information of those it may interest), including every expense, was fifty dollars each, or nearly two pounds a day. This was rather in excess of the usual rate, owing principally to the scarcity and consequently the expensive hire of large boats just at this time, an accidental matter which might be avoided by a little foresight.

Of course, our excursion was of much too short a duration, and our view of the present and possible state of things of too cursory a nature, for me to presume on giving any decided opinion on what the capabilities of the country are; but seeing it as I did, it struck me there was here a vast field open for enterprise, and one that promised fair remuneration for agricultural adventure, more especially if directed to the rearing of horses and cattle. The

former might be vastly improved by the introduction of a larger size of brood mares; but the cattle, though small in size (apparently of a Chinese breed), are, when turned into beef, quite as good and well-flavoured as that usually found in hot climates, and better than that usually to be had in China; and while Hong Kong is so dependent, as it has hithert been, for supplies of the kind, on the neighbouring mainland, which in war, or for other reasons, might at any time fail us, I should imagine that a ready and steady market could always be found there. Mr. Vidie complained much of the indolence of the natives, and the difficulty he experienced in getting them to work, which would be a further reason to pursue cattle-grazing rather than agricultural farming. How far the local Government might, or might not, encourage foreigners in a matter of the kind, I am not prepared to say; but that a more liberal feeling, in most respects, has of late been displayed, there is no doubt whatever.

To one of the most respectable and largely connected foreign houses, I am indebted for a table of trade statistics, which may possibly interest some of my readers, and is therefore given in an Appendix.

CHAPTER XII.

SOCIAL MANNERS, ETC.

Invitation to a ball—The company—Custom of observing saints' days—The belle of the evening—Mestiza girls and their costume—Their slippers—Their head-dresses—Their dances—The habinera—The band—Refreshments—Welcome to strangers—Jealousy of the "novio propero"—Rare occurrence of marriages between foreigners and the ladies of the island—Gentleman's evening dress—Early breaking up—Serenading—Breach of etiquette—Indian love of music—Quickness in repartee—Collegiate establishments—Curious profession—Celibacy and its possible advantages—The philosopher's ball.

HAVING expressed a desire to see something of the Spanish Mestiza or Indian style of entertainments, before leaving for the lakes, to a friend well up in such matters, I found he had very kindly procured me an invitation to a dance which was to take place, as it happened, on the very evening of our return; and though a little fagged with what we had gone through since daylight, I determined not to lose the opportunity afforded. The family at whose house the entertainment was given were either Manilla-born Spaniards, or very light Mestizos, and most of

the company were of the same class. The usual hour of assembly is about eight o'clock, but we did not get there until nearly nine, and found them all dancing away most industriously. There were some forty or fifty people, a large proportion of whom were young ladies, both in European and native costume, a few dueñas, some Spanish and Mestizo gentlemen, and about half a dozen English and Americans. The occasion of the dance or "bayle" (pronounced commonly almost like *bilee*) was in accordance with one of the customs of the island, that of "keeping your saint's day."

In Manilla every day is a saint's day, the particular name of each being always announced for the day following in the Government newspaper, the only one, I believe, published. In these announcements, the names of the more important saints are marked with two or three crosses against them, to show that those days are to be kept as holydays, and a short digest of the life, labours, and adventures of the saint for the day is also given. The extensive calendar of saints thus afforded allows every one to have a namesake* amongst them, and it is the custom of the place to make trifling presents, give enter-

* I used to translate these little histories most religiously every day, as a good means of improving my acquaintance with the language; and certainly some of them were most wonderful to be believed, and occasionally differed slightly from what I had ever heard before, of a few of the leading characters on whom they commented.

tainments, &c., to the lady friends you may have, who rejoice in the same name as the saint for the day. They themselves keep it in much the same manner that most other people do their birthdays, and it is considered a great breach of gallantry not to show some little attention on the occasion; the consequence of which is, that if the circle of your acquaintances is extensive, you are obliged to keep your memory pretty well posted up on the subject. The presentation of your card and a bouquet is, I think, the most customary compliment, and perhaps the idea is after all quite as graceful as our own. The custom of having a patron saint is not by any means confined to Manilla, but perhaps there may be something peculiar in the manner of observing the day there. Spaniards, as a rule, hardly know their own particular birthday, their saint's day taking the place of it.

This was St. Carmen's day, and the party was in compliment to a very pretty little "hija del pais" (daughter of the country) of that name; all the Carmens of her acquaintance were also assembled, and one of them was a daughter of the house; nevertheless she was, of course, the belle of the evening, and was well calculated to bear her part. When we entered the room she was engaged in a waltz, and as she turned in the dance, with her chin resting knowingly on her partner's shoulder, I thought I had never seen more lustrous or beaming black eyes than

the pair that peeped coquettishly over it. She was dressed in white, in European style, and had, without exception, the smallest waist that ever I beheld; on this point, indeed, some of the other ladies were a little jealous, and hinted that recourse was had to artificial means to make it so, which they scorned to use; and it is a fact, I believe, that stays are not generally worn.

The Mestiza girls, when dressed in "saya," or native costume, in-doors, wear no stockings, and their feet are inserted into the very tiniest embroidered slippers imaginable; but the funniest thing is, that as the slipper has nothing to keep it on at the heel, the little toe is always outside the other end of it, gripping it in such a manner as to hinder it from falling off altogether, and very rarely, even in the most fast and furious dancing, does this occur. On the present occasion, many of their head-dresses, or rather ornaments for the hair, consisting of all manner of pins and jewellery, were not only exceedingly handsome and becoming, but must have been of great value; and I was told there generally existed a little rivalry in this manner of displaying wealth.

These young ladies generally dance well, as indeed they ought, considering they are "always at it." In addition to the dances common in English society, they have a few that are either out of date, or unknown generally amongst us. Of the former, the

cotillon, accompanied by the kerchief, supported between two couple at arms' length, and under which they twirl their partners, is perhaps one of the most graceful; but of all those peculiar to the place, there is not one to be compared to the "habinera," the dance of all dances; and how every one's face brightens when the air strikes up! It is a sort of a waltz country-dance, something like that occasionally to be seen in England called the "saraband." To describe it is quite beyond my capacity, but being desirous of initiation in the mystery of its mazes, I was handed over to the tender charge of a pretty, young, managing widow, who most amiably did her utmost to keep me in the right way; but I must own I was at first a good deal puzzled by the figures, and my natural bashfulness startled at finding, while trying to make out what was to be done next, not my partner, but a most blooming unknown approach with her arms extended in the attitude of an embrace, lock my unworthy self in them, and commence whirling me round at her own discretion, and this agreeably bewildering ordeal, with an unmistakeably firm hold, had to be passed through with every lady of the dance. I was told that the Archbishop, of all people in life, had set his face against the innocent schottische, as being indelicate, and directed it to be discontinued. I sincerely hope the worthy man may never see the habinera, or he will be disposed, I fear, to prohibit dancing altogether.

The band consisted of about a dozen Indian performers, playing mostly on stringed instruments, including several guitars of different sorts and sizes; some looking much more like violoncellos than anything else, but which were veritable guitars: these, with a harp, some violins, clarionets, and a big drum, form, when well played (and the Indians, as a rule, do play in good taste, and with wonderful correctness) a very fair chamber-band.

Little is given generally by way of refreshment at these entertainments, unless on some grand occasion, which calls for the display of a regular supper. Lemonade, sugar and water, and a few sweet cakes, is about the usual extent, but in houses where foreigners often visit, they sometimes have beer or spirits for their especial edification; at this dance, a bottle of gin was placed on a side table for our use, and I must own I found a little of it more congenial to one's habits than sugar and water, which is a very favourite beverage of the gentlemen of the place.

Free admission to any respectably dressed person, without invitation or even previous acquaintance, wherever a "bayle" is going on, was, and to a certain extent is still the custom; indeed, as an Englishman, wherever you hear music at night, if you walk in, make your complimentary "chin-chin" (as the Chinamen say) to the lady of the house, and behave yourself with propriety, you will always find a wel-

come. At the house we were visiting this evening, so great was the number of unbidden guests that it was mooted amongst some of the English there that they should receive a hint to "make themselves scarce," but this coming to the ears of a gentleman of the family, was at once declared impracticable.

As might be expected, a little jealousy occasionally shows itself between foreigners, who pay as much attention to the young ladies as though they really had an idea of marrying some of them, and their own countrymen, who may have some real intention of the sort; and the girls themselves are occasionally a little perplexed between the flattering attentions of the foreigner, whom as a rule they really prefer, and the "novio propero," whom it would be impolitic to offend; but this seldom goes beyond a pair of dark, fiery eyes, appertaining to a moustached, olive-complexioned countenance gazing fiercely on a John Bull or a Jonathan, as he whisks some light-footed damsel about the room, as though she was all his own, or, on the other hand, the more matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon growling imprecations against some d——d novio (sweetheart) who has cut him out. If, however, the preference for foreigners really exists to the extent which we in our own vanity assume to be the case, it can hardly be on the score of appearance, for you may see as fine specimens of manly beauty in Manilla as perhaps in any part of the world. The truth is, these girls have such an easy confidence

and natural ingenuous freedom in their manners, that it is no great wonder there should be a little rivalry displayed in striving to win their good graces.

Some few instances of foreigners having married ladies of the island might be adduced, but they are very rare. Men say they are beautiful exotics, that hardly bear transplanting; but the real cause is more likely to be found in the limited nature of their education, coupled with the fact of its being almost absolutely necessary for any foreigner meditating the step, to renounce the reformed religion, and embrace that branch of Christianity presided over by the Pope of Rome.

Neither gentlemen of the island nor foreigners inflict on themselves more in the way of dress, when attending these parties, than suffices for comfort: white is almost invariably worn: a light loose jacket, generally without a waistcoat, and seldom any gloves; and the only things that savour of "full dress" are polished leather boots, for which the Spaniards, and the Mestizos in particular, have a very harmless weakness. The "bayle" broke up early, as they generally do, that is between eleven and twelve o'clock. The belle of the evening was ushered to her carriage with every demonstration of gallantry and attention, and before she had been five minutes in her house, a group of serenaders, accompanied by the band, were under her window, breaking the stillness of the midnight hour with

vocal and instrumental strains in praise of her charms, in tones whose density of sound went far to make up for any want of harmony, and the song eventually verging into a general polka, in which every gentleman danced with every other gentleman he happened to catch hold of. When, however, a fair hand and arm appeared from one of the upper windows, and a kerchief was seen to wave in acknowledgment of the compliment, one of the party below, an uncouth sea dog, but ill versed in that branch of etiquette bearing on the knowledge of "how far to go," must needs throw his cap up to the window and propose three cheers for "Carmen." This was a little more than custom warranted, and broke the spell: the hand, arm, and kerchief were at once withdrawn, and the window closed, leaving those below to howl their cheers to the moon unheeded.

It is astonishing what indefatigable musicians the Indians are, and how quickly they will pick up tunes by ear; frequently, after playing for hours at a dance, I have come across them on my way home seated in some corner of the street playing away for their own amusement, and they will go through most of the airs of any opera they have once heard with great taste and spirit, without being able to read a note of music.

Some of them are rather apt also at that smart repartee in which the lower classes of Irish in

particular so excel. On one occasion I was driven by an Indian (coachman to the gentleman with whom I was stopping), in company with a friend, to the house of a priest, who had some singularly large specimens of the boa-constrictor; one, of two that were in a wooden pen together, could hardly have been less than fifty feet long, and the stoutest part as thick round as a very fat man's body.* In one end of the pen was a wretched dog, destined to be a victim to their appetites, shivering in the most pitiable way, while the two monster reptiles lay hissing at him with outstretched tongues. Much as I pitied the unhappy "bow-wow," I felt a sort of morbid curiosity to see the attack on him, and fancying they might take their meals with something like regularity, I asked the coachman when he thought it likely to take place, that is, when one of them would eat the dog: to which, shrugging his shoulders, he replied with an arch expression, "Quando tiene hambre," literally, "When he's hungry." I need hardly say that this was quite satisfactory and con-

* This comparison, I must own, looks somewhat paradoxical, and reminds one of the Yorkshireman's description, when closely pushed, as to the size of a stone with which he complained of having been hit: after denominating it a big stone, a large stone, a big lump of stone, &c. &c., he was told to compare it to something, when he exclaimed, "Why, your worship, it was about the size of a big lump of chalk." Nevertheless, having failed in getting the exact girth of this reptile, all I can suggest is that those who feel sufficient curiosity on the subject had better go to Manilla and measure him, and I'm sure the trip will bring its own reward.

clusive, and the fellow entered heartily into the joke. These snakes had, I believe, been taken on the island when quite young and reared in captivity, and the large one had the credit for having on one occasion killed and eaten a bullock *in toto;* pigs, however, were their principal food, and I can hardly say why a dog should be more pitied in such a dilemma than a pig, except that of grunter it might be said, *à la Chinois,* "More belong he pidgin," that is, his legitimate destiny is to be eaten.

I think I mentioned before that there are several collegiate establishments of different kinds, and for both sexes, in Manilla. Having heard that at the principal one of them the form of granting a degree of "Licentiate in Philosophy" to a student might be witnessed one evening, several of us repaired to the place to see it. Unfortunately, however, we had mistaken the hour, and it was over, and as we could hardly expect them to repeat it for our special edification, we solaced ourselves with a ramble over the building; and wandering through suites of large, lofty apartments, hung with quaint old pictures of saints, monks, nuns, and warriors, we came across a group of students, some of them known to my companion, with whom we got into conversation, and they pointed out everything worth looking at. One of these, an exceedingly handsome young Spaniard, the delicacy and regularity of whose features was almost too feminine, and with a mild, pleasing ex-

pression of countenance, was being brought up for a profession combining both the clerical and legal, which I was told was not uncommon. Inquiring whether celibacy was enforced in a case of the kind, and being answered in the affirmative, I remarked that it was rather a drawback, when a Spaniard, who had accompanied me, enlightened my ignorance by replying, "Oh, dear, no! quite the contrary; for that gives them the greater licence," which opinion was received as a good sly joke by the "padres in embryo." How far the old axiom of "many true words being spoken in jest" was applicable, I am not prepared to give an opinion; scandal says one thing, charity hopes another, and possibly truth may be found midway.

Few arrangements, whether grave or gay, in Manilla, are perfect without a "bayle," and accordingly the newly-created "Filósofo," or rather his family, gave a grand ball and supper on the auspicious occasion, to which we had the honour of being invited. The "savant" himself was a rather dark Mestizo, and most of his relatives, who, according to a custom among them, dressed in native costume, waited on their guests like servants, had more of the Indian than Spaniard about them; but they were kind, hospitable people, and never ceased pressing the company to eat, drink, and make merry; the refreshments, of rare description and in abundant quantity, were laid out in an adjoining room, where

they had been in a constant state of consumption and renewal the greater part of the day, and continued so all the evening, people falling-to as they arrived.

The dancing commenced between eight and nine o'clock, and was kept up with great spirit until after twelve, towards which period of the night, even the "Filósofo" himself, forgetting the dignity of bearing with which he had looked on during the earlier hours, might be seen footing it away with the best of them, and bearing an appearance of jollity from the tip of his newly shaven crown to the very buckles of his pumps. I do not for a moment mean to imply that there was any appearance of improper excess, but the champagne was not by any means bad, and very plentiful. There were at this "bayle" rather more girls of pure Indian blood than I had hitherto met, and indeed there were not more than one or two ladies in European costume in the room.

Two Indian ladies, one old, one young, favoured us by performing the "fandango" accompanied by the "castanets," and on its becoming a matter of competition which would keep it up longest, the elder lady at last fairly danced her younger rival off the ground amid the applause of the assembled spectators. One little Indian girl, of apparently rustic and unsophisticated manners, dressed in "saya," with the unusual addenda of white shoes and dark-coloured stockings, afforded us infinite amusement in performing a waltz with an Englishman, after her

own fashion; how that exactly was, is quite beyond my powers to describe, excepting that at every turn you saw the little white shoe, with its strongly contrasting accompaniment, raised to a level with her partner's knee, shoot itself out from the direct line of perpendicular, in a most comical manner. The band was composed almost entirely of guitars, of different shapes and sizes, but answered the purpose sufficiently well; and taking it all in all, I think the "Filósofo's bayle" was one of the jolliest I was present at during my stay.

CHAPTER XIII.

RELIGION AND MORALS.

Churches in Manilla—Their reputed wealth—Pictures and other adornments—Vocal and instrumental music—Attendance of worshippers—Fast days and feast days—Processions—No Protestant services—State of the Protestant burial-ground—Morals—Liaisons with native women—Corruption of the English in China—Children's funerals—Practice of the Romish Church—Natural feelings of the Indians—Merry-making after a burial—Infant in a tray—Taking the veil—The sermon—Recollections of a Methodist preacher—Theory and practice; or, circumstances alter cases—Completion of the ceremony—The discomfited grenadier—A troublesome heretic—Peep at the interior of the convent—The veiled nuns—Colloquy with the novice—Her reception—Reflections—Home from church.

THE churches in Manilla are numerous, and, generally speaking, venerable, heavy-looking buildings, for the most part, as Paddy would say, "white-washed yellow," with a parsonage or convento attached to them. It is, I believe, a matter of fact, that many of these establishments, as well as those of monastic orders, are exceedingly wealthy, but how they manage to spend their wealth always appeared to me a mystery; unless their charities were of that

description where one hand knows not what the other does.

So far as external appearance enables one to judge, but little money is spent on the churches themselves, or anything appertaining thereto. Some are barely in decent repair, and—with the exception of numbers of absurd, and what the Spaniards so admire, blood-bestained pictures of flames and torments, angels, devils, and saints, all in a *melée*; and others that we heretics, in the blindness of our dark ignorance, hardly ever have heard of, working miracles the belief in which is utterly beyond the weakness of our faith to attain unto,— there are few adornments of a costly nature. The music, too (and this is the most singular fact), is almost invariably very indifferent; the vocal part harsh and discordant, and the instrumental about the worst to be found in the place. If I remember rightly, few of them have organs, and the style of instruments that the natives excel in are much better adapted to a "bayle" than a church. The congregations are, however, generally pretty good, especially on the feast days; but amongst the worshippers, the ladies invariably bear the larger proportion.

Sometime ago, there being a scarcity of fish in Spain, a dispensation was granted permitting the use of animal food on Fridays, and this having extended to the colonies, Good Friday is now the only one in the year observed as a fast. In fact, in

Manilla, the feasts are all more rigidly observed as days of amusement, than any of the fasts are devoted to the mortification of the flesh. The service on Sundays commences very early in the morning, and is all over by eight or nine o'clock. One thing struck me as being odd and somewhat out of place in their performance of divine service—that is, the frequent introduction of profane music, waltzes, polkas, and all manner of lively airs; and I was told that on such occasions as New Year's Eve or Christmas, it was not at all unusual for the *assemblée* of a bayle to go to church, band and all; the latter striking up something spirited whenever a chance of doing so was afforded.

During my stay there was no procession of any consequence, there not happening to be a saint entitled to one, even though St. James,* the patron of Spain, appeared on the calendar during the interim; but at some seasons they are of very frequent occurrence, and well got up.

To our shame be it said, there is no Protestant place of worship on the island; and even the burial-ground is in an unseemly position and condition, and, I believe, unconsecrated. Excepting when a clergyman has happened to be there on a flying visit, and held church service at the house of some

* St. John is the patron saint of Manilla, and there appeared but little loyalty towards the warrior-saint of the old country—the blessed, all-conquering Saint James.

of the foreign residents, nothing of the kind is publicly done; and, from there being no chaplain, everything appertaining to the priestly office has to wait these chance arrivals—a state of things hardly creditable to us, surely.

With respect to the moral condition of the inhabitants, my stay was of too short a duration, and my nature not sufficiently inquisitive to form an opinion. Doubtless, engagements of a rather too temporary nature might, occasionally, have been found to exist between foreigners and Mestiza or Indian women of the lower class, without the latter at all losing caste among their own people to the extent one might have imagined they would; but nothing so shameless or barefaced came under my notice there as was openly practised by our own people in China. In the latter case, it was painful to observe it blended there with a system, which, if not the slave-trade, bore a most remarkable similarity to it, in its most impure form, and applied to purposes, in many respects, of most unusually criminal licentiousness. I allude here, more particularly, to the very tender age of its victims.

For some time after my arrival, I could not understand why small bands of music were, during the day, so frequently passing towards a neighbouring Roman Catholic burial-ground; but at length I discovered that they were attending on children's funerals. If a child dies under, I believe, seven years old,

and in the bosom of the Church, it is assumed as a matter of course to be saved, and, therefore, that its release from after trials is a matter for congratulation and rejoicing. The most lively airs are played at its funeral, and the little corpse, decorated with finery and flowers, is borne along, looking more like a large wax doll than anything else, and I have seen scrambling for the bier, and some most extraordinary demonstrations of rejoicing, exhibited at these early graves.

This view of infant death is, I believe, adopted almost universally throughout the Romish Church, and it seems, to a certain extent, neither unreasonable nor unbecoming—excepting, indeed, as far as it may render necessary a strong effort on the part of the parents to overcome their natural feelings; and in Manilla, perhaps, the lower classes go a little too far with these demonstrations. As a rule, the Indians do not seem to have very acute or sensitive feelings with respect to the loss of their relatives; although, in other respects, of kindly natures, I have seen the funeral of an adult returning home with four or five men standing shouting and cheering on the bier, which was borne on the shoulders of others, who were equally noisy and jolly on the occasion. With the lower class, infant burial is a very simple matter; as a specimen,—one day, in driving out of Manilla, we passed a man, alone, with a wooden tray on his head, walking along most unconcernedly,

and, indeed, in rather a jaunty manner. The gentleman who was with me asked what I supposed was in the tray, which, as I looked into it while passing, I had settled in my own mind was a dead sucking-pig, trimmed with flowers. My friend, however, knew better; it was the body of an infant going to its grave, and the solitary individual who carried it was "the funeral."

One fine morning, between five and six o'clock, an unusual bustle might be observed in the commonly quiet neighbourhood of the church and nunnery combined of Santa Clara, situated in the very heart of the walled or military portion of the good old city of Manilla; a guard of soldiers was marched up, and sentries posted at the church door; a crowd of all ages, sexes, and ranks, congregated outside and thronged the neighbouring windows. A rough, heretical-looking fellow, the dimensions of whose brown whiskers spoke of Albion and maritime cultivation, in contradistinction to the well-trimmed jetty ones of the surrounding Castilians, was strutting about dressed *à la* shooting coat and wide-awake, flourishing a big stick, in apparently the consoling assumption of superiority peculiar to his countrymen when among those of any other nation under the sun, and evidently bent on seeing and hearing all that was to be seen or heard on some coming occasion. The expectants had waited some time with laudable patience, but this ungracious heretic had

begun to grumble something to himself, to the purport of "What the deuce has become of her?", when there was a suppressed and respectful murmur through the crowd of "La monja, la monja."* "Oh! here she comes!" exclaims the heretic, and rushes, with more of precipitancy than ceremony, up to a carriage that was slowly approaching, occupied by some four or five ladies and a gentleman. One of the ladies, a pretty light-complexioned Mestiza, the gravity and subdued self-possession of whose countenance contrasted strangely with the gaiety of her costume, was dressed as a bride; long white lace veil, orange blossoms in her hair, and all complete. The others were attired as bridesmaids; and the gentleman was *à la* paterfamilias.

Had you asked one of the bystanders where was the bridegroom, you would probably have been informed, in the flowery idiom of the language, that "that daughter of the land" was destined to be "the bride of the Church," and she was now about entering on her noviciate, or, as we more generally term it, "taking the white veil," which in a twelvemonth's time she would, should nought occur to avert the completion of the sacrifice, exchange for a "black one;"—black, indeed, in its deepest sense, for when once the novice has become the nun of Santa Clara, she is immediately excluded from every-

* The "j," be it borne in mind, is pronounced like "ch" in the Scotch word "loch," or almost like "h" anywhere.

thing, and every one, of the outer world; not excepting her nearest relatives, who are not even permitted to see her through an iron-grated window, as is the case with some establishments of the kind. Her sisters in (I fear) misery, and the confessor or confessors, are her sole companions on this side of the grave.

The carriage drew up at the church-door, and the ladies were handed out by the "paterfamilias," but even while doing so, as also on entering the sacred edifice, walking up the aisle, and depositing the bridal party in their pew, that worthy and respectable individual kept shooting forth fierce glances on Master Heretic, who certainly kept closer to the "bride elect" than there appeared to be any object in doing; and when the party was fairly ensconced, and the devoted one kneeling at her little altar in the centre of the pew, there was that same shameless son of heresy seated in the aisle exactly opposite, and watching every change of countenance of the fair devotee with as much interest as though he had really some special concern in the passing ceremony.

The service was not long, but on the whole imposing, as those of the Romish Church almost invariably are. Towards the close, a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached in Spanish, and it was just one of those addresses which show forth the power of rhetoric when exerted on behalf of one-

sided sophistry. Having no one to contradict him, the priest went on proving, from sacred and profane history, and the authority of the early fathers, the orthodoxy and expediency of monastic institutions; the utter worthlessness of the pleasures and things in general of the world; the cares, and sins, and heartburnings avoided, and the blessings which might be looked for, not only on the individual making the sacrifice of the world, but on the Church and world at large by it; and how that what this lady was about to do was just the very best way in which she could dispose of herself. Having the argument all his own way, as I have already observed, he certainly did his duty and made the best of his subject. What fallacy, indeed, cannot be made to appear like the truth itself when thus reasoned upon?

I remember some years ago hearing an ex-military officer preach on the horrors of war; his text was, "Forgive your enemies," and he went on at railroad speed to prove the impossibility of forgiving them and killing them at the same time (killing them first, and forgiving them afterwards, I imagine, did not suggest itself to his comprehensive mind). As he played his own game, discarding the trumps opposed to him, of course he carried his points, and in the same sort of way he might have proved the venerable aphorism as to black being white and white no colour at all. This address was delivered in a Methodist chapel, and I verily believe that

many of the "really serious" listeners would have endeavoured to have carried out the doctrine of non-resistance they had groaningly approved of, had they, as he pictured to them, been attacked that very night in their beds, and seen their wives and children's throats being cut. How true it is that fact is often stranger than fiction!

It so happened that many years afterwards, while serving on a war-station, far away from that peaceful Methodist chapel, I met, but unknown by him, the identical preacher of peace, peace, nought but peace and non-resistance: he had by that time become a rather high Government official. During some conversation at the wardroom mess-table of the ship I was then serving in, on the state and progress of the war, some comment was made on the unwillingness of the colonists themselves to serve as volunteers or levies. To my surprise, this disciple of the school of peace gave us to understand that, if he but had his way, he would ballot them, and those that would not serve he would treat as military deserters. For the fun of the thing, I argued a little with him on the extreme harshness of such a measure, but he was inflexible in his stern policy, and would hear of no milder course. At length I was wicked enough to remind him of a certain text and discourse I had heard some years ago; at first, as sailors say, he was "taken all aback," and, I fear, inwardly cursed the retentiveness of my memory, but even here he proved

himself what Jonathan would call "a smart man, sir;" for quickly recovering his presence of mind, he said, "Ah, I am still of the same opinion myself of the unjustifiability of all war; but I have been speaking now as if I were one of the world, and if the world will plunge into murdering violence, denominated war, by force and violence alone can its wants be supplied, or its ends effected." He certainly, I think, deserved credit for his ready tact; of his sincerity or honesty, perhaps, the less said the better.

The heretic, I said, watched every change of countenance in the "gentle devotee," but more correctly should I have said watched for any change, but watched in vain; no symptom of emotion of any kind ruffled for one moment that calm, placid air of self-possessed resignation with which she had entered the church, the outer portal, as it were, of her living tomb. From what I afterwards heard, I had reason to believe that she had been for some time in an establishment preparatory to a life of seclusion, which, to a certain degree, accounted for the firmness of her demeanour on this trying occasion.

All, however, who are admitted as nuns to the "Santa Clara" establishment, at least so I was told, are not of so pure a caste, or have undergone the same training that, to all appearance, existed in this instance; many are tired of the world from having seen a shade too much of it, and their training been

in establishments of quite a different description. Whether sincere or not in their penitence, the fact of catching another stray sheep tells up well for the Papacy, and is always trumpeted forth and made the most of. A singular blending of alternate sacred and profane music (whether intended to be typical of the choice of worlds supposed to be afforded the novice, or not, I cannot say) succeeded the sermon, and was then immediately followed by a general movement, the novice and her party being in advance, to the main altar, where the consecrated wafer might be partaken of. At first, this movement was slow and orderly; but by degrees the crushing and eagerness of progression increased: people trod on other people's toes, one shoved forward, another obstinately held back, and did a little *à la* battering ram to the rear; one old lady abused another in no measured strain for spoiling her tunica; and the amount of "Carambas, à Dioses," and even more questionable expressions, of anything but a devotional character, rendered the scene, at least to a benighted heretic, hardly in keeping with the sacred nature of the locality. This state of things lasted some little time, and the unfortunate novice, or rather the paterfamilias for her (he being a stout, able, elderly gentleman, apparently somewhat choleric withal), had hard battling to retain her free of damage; when suddenly a door was opened on the right-hand side of the altar, which led to a narrow passage

opening into a court, at the lower extremity of which, within two ante-chambers, or rather cloisters, was the entrance of the nunnery. The novice and her immediate attendants were allowed to leave the church by this way with some little show of decorum; but the moment after, there was a general rush at it, of so inveterate and determined a nature that the crowd fairly blocked up the doorway in one solid, immovable mass of voluntary victims to the shrine of "curiosity."

The fact of things having come to this dead lock, regular fix, or whatever else it might be termed, was perhaps partly attributable to another fact; which was that of a grim grenadier being stationed within the passage, who, with his bright-barrelled musket and bayonet brought down to the charging posture, swore by every saint in the calendar (or at least as many of them as he could remember) that he would assuredly run through any one that came within his reach. This looked formidable, and had it not been for a slight difference of opinion between two elderly ladies on the subject of which was to blame for squeezing the other so (or at least as near that style of expression as the Spanish idiom will admit of), goodness knows whether this jammed knot would ever have been loosened at all. As it was, despite the bloodthirsty threats of the grenadier, backed by those of paterfamilias, who was bent on hurrying his charge down the passage, and every

difficulty that arrayed itself against progression, out shot one old lady like a pellet-ball at the luckless grenadier,* and then the spell being broken, such an avalanche of "humans" (as Jonathan would say) broke through and rolled on, that all my bewildered senses enable me to bear testimony to, is the melancholy circumstance of seeing the son of Mars *hors de combat*, having been (in plain English) sent flying — musket, shako, and himself, all taking opposite directions.

Onward pressed the throng; and as it poured itself out at the end of the passage into the court-yard, who should make his appearance, looking as if he considered it rather a lark than otherwise, and so close to the novice that some of the flowers, showered on her from the windows above, were actually falling on his profane head, but that vagabond heretic; who showed every intention of holding his position in spite of the scowls of pater-familias, or the half-jesting, half-earnest remarks of the other kinsmen of the lady who were at hand. Having reached the lower end of the court, the door leading to the outer cloister was found open, and the apartment soon filled, but there was some little delay about the inner one. As it was evidently desired that only a limited number should be admitted, and as all seemed anxious to be of that

* How she escaped being spitted is a wonder; but I don't think she had much cause to thank the soldier for it.

number, every individual in the crowd, the old women in particular, nerved themselves to the great occasion.

Now it so happened (and it was about the only decent thing I observed the heretic do that day) that when it came to this point, either from fear of crowding on the novice, or from an idea that her immediate kindred had the best right to get in first, he not only held back himself, but stood torrents of abuse from some of the ancient fair ones for doing his best to keep all else back. Either paterfamilias had mistaken this line of conduct altogether, imputed it to a wrong motive—imagining in sporting term, that he had "established a funk," or his choleric temper had led him into rashness; but no sooner had he got his charge safely in, than some evil genius induced him to turn back, and, fastening on to the collar of a certain heretical coat, endeavoured to force the wearer back *vi et armis*.

Englishmen, as a rule, dislike being handled in this particular way, and the consequence was, that the assailant shortly retreated three paces to his rear, through the door again, in nautical phraseology, "stern foremost," and would, but for friendly aid within, have shared the fate of the "luckless grenadier." The heretic and a few others shot in after him, and immediately the door was adroitly closed, leaving those without, like Lord Ullin, lamenting.



Adieu to the World

The candidate for admission rapped at the convent gate: a hollow voice from within inquired the cause, and being requested to unbar, the folding-doors were slowly thrown open, and displayed a scene within that certainly wore anything but a cheerful or inviting aspect. In a lofty-vaulted entrance-chamber, to which—save that from the door leading to the cloister—no ray of external light was admitted, were fifteen figures, completely covered from head to foot in black garments. Their veils, apparently of thick black crape, if not of something more impervious still to light, descending to the waist. Each figure bore a tall lighted taper, just sufficient to make darkness more grimly visible, and, as they glided slowly to and fro, chanted one of the most dolorous strains I ever remember hearing; the muffling of the thick veils, of course, increasing the melancholy nature of its sound. A tall figure from among them (I presume the lady abbess) advanced to the door, taper in hand, when a dialogue somewhat as follows took place between her and her (of course, quite unexpected) visitor:—

"My daughter, what seek ye here?"

"Holy mother, I seek admission to your sacred house."

"Thou, my child, art not of those to be admitted here. Thy gay attire bespeaks thee too much a daughter of the world for this poor house of ours, where all is penance and mortification of the flesh,

and the sinful pleasures and gaieties of the world are not so much as named among us. Go back to the world, my child, it ever loves its own!"

"Nay, mother, it is but for the utter renunciation of these vanities and pleasures I am a suppliant for admission; and quite prepared am I to give up all for that holy calmness and peace of mind I have faith to believe will be found among your sisterhood, and which I have sought for in the world in vain."

"If with true earnestness and contrition of heart thou art minded to become one of us, far be it from me to thwart thy godly intention; freely mayst thou enter, and if, after making trial for one year, thou again pinest for the world, as freely mayst thou depart; only binding thyself by a holy vow to obey our rules, and for ever keep secret whatever may transpire here. If at the end of thy noviciate, thou shouldst still long for the peace thou now seekest, gladly will we receive thee to be for ever one of us. Say, daughter, dost thou agree?"

"Mother, with heartfelt thankfulness, I do."

The abbess advances, takes her by the hand, and leads her in, the dazzling whiteness of her bridal dress strangely contrasting with the dark figures surrounding it, not inaptly suggesting the idea of a spirit of light among those of darkness. The doors slowly close, the countenances of the bystanders are all sad—and what is the idea which first arises

in the mind of the heretic as he passes the weeping bridesmaids, some of them sisters to the immured one? It is that beautiful hope-giving passage in the Divine Word so compendiously typical of the true spirit of Christianity, "I will have mercy, and *not* sacrifice, saith the Lord." Surely, what had just been witnessed was hardly in accordance with that annunciation.

Is it not a most fantastic distortion of the teaching of either the Divine Master himself, or that of his immediate followers, that a portion of any community professing to follow those doctrines should be by their spiritual advisers induced to exclude themselves from all opportunity of practising towards each other those social virtues and duties which, in the broad, sublime view propounded to us under the comprehensive name of "Christian charity," is the very bond of peace and of all virtue to the Church at large. To say nothing of scandal-bearing rumours, nor even but too well-authenticated disclosures, respecting some conventual establishments, the benefit of these virtues, if they do really exist at all within their bleak walls, are at least lost to the world—an act of suicidal oblivion has been performed, which those who countenance and recommend would do well to consider how far Holy Writ calls for or even sanctions. We are told (or at least I have been) that, amongst other advantages and blessings arising from the system, that were it not for the united

prayers of the monastic orders, the world itself, in all probability, would not have been permitted to exist to this stage of its wickedness and heresy. How far its final overthrow may have been deterred by this means, is a matter of interesting speculation: but possibly the prayers of the good, who have stood to their colours, and warred openly against the evils of the world, the flesh, and the devil, may avail as much for that, or any other purpose, as of those deserters from the contest, who have at best but sought safety in flight.

Attack, however, on the subject of nunneries or monasteries, is now happily almost as uncalled for as its defence is untenable. Their fate in nearly all countries, even those of highly Papistical profession, speaks volumes; and why I have wandered on into this digression, I hardly know, unless it was to throw water on what was already all but drowned; but I suppose the interest excited in the destiny of the entrapped damsel had a good deal to do with it. On inquiring, I found that instances of novices returning to the world after the expiration of their probationary stage were very rare; and that when they did occur, the lady generally either "turned out badly," or went mad—a triumvirate of fates hard to choose between, and with little cheerful prospect, I fear, for our poor little friend the Mestiza niña.

"Ah, bien, señor!" (said a dark-eyed houri, as she sat at her embroidery, with her dense mass of raven

tresses flowing down over the back of her piña camisa to her waist): "so I understand you have been to see the monja admitted to Santa Clara this morning."

"Señorita, I have, 'at your service.'"*

"And, pray, what did you think of it all?"

"I thought the monja pretty,—*taking her in;* a vile proceeding."

"How so? do you not know she is of her own free-will exalted to be the 'bride of the Church?'"

"Fiddlesticks!" (Bagatelas) "don't you believe it."

"On the contrary, I have a great idea of becoming one myself, and was studying this book on the subject (laying, rather coquettishly, as pretty a little hand as you could see anywhere on a musty monkish-looking volume, with a dark-coloured binding, nearly as hard as wood, and its leaves edged with brick red) even as you entered. Would you not recommend the step?"

"I should rather recommend, what I am sure you would prefer, your becoming a bride of quite another sort."

"How wickedly you talk! For shame! You Englishmen are all alike. But now tell me, since you took so much interest in the monja, are you a Christian or a Protestant?"

"I sincerely trust a Christian, 'at your service,' however unworthy."

* Frequently equivalent to our "you know."

"Nay; I fear you do but jest. Do you ever attend mass?"

"Frequently."

"Do you confess?"

"Often."

"I doubt it."

"As a proof of my willingness to convince you, I am at this moment prepared, with all appropriate humiliation of posture, to lay a most serious confession at the feet of my enchanting and adorable 'interrogante.'"

"For shame! only a priest can hear confessions."

"Then I fear I shall remain unshriven."

(A short pause.)

"You will not hear me, then."

"How can I! The Church forbids it."

"Viva la iglesia!" (Hurrah for the Church!)

"You wicked wretch! Do tune my guitar; it is all out of sorts."

Another pause; during which la señorita applies herself with increased energy on her embroidery, in putting a few stitches of pink into the plume of a gay cavalier's sombrero, just to save him from showing altogether the white feather; and two or three strings of a guitar, like an ill-assorted but well-disposed couple endeavouring to accommodate themselves to each other's tone, begin to tinkle more in unison.

The lady, after an inward struggle that had been but ill-concealed in her countenance, *loquitur*—

"Señor, what was the nature of that confession you spoke of?"

"Oh, señorita! how heretical of you to tempt me, to rob the Church of its exclusive right! after such a sermon, from such a preacher, how could I so violate my conscience?"

With a flash of the eye, and a stamp of the foot, that made the little toe that peeped out from the tiny embroidered slipper quite "colour up," the lady exclaims—"Hai caramba! and you will not tell me? Now I know you are no Christian, or you never would go on so."

El señor tries the guitar, and the burden of the ditty he hums to it commences with something about—

> "Those who will not, when they may,
> When they would," &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPORTING, GAMING, ETC.

Bull-fighting in Manilla—The opera—Indian theatre—Earthquakes—Gambling-houses—Encouragement by the Government—Lotteries—Monthly ball—Club-houses—Billiards—The Queen's likeness—Promiscuous bathing in the Pasig—Bathing parties—Saint John's day—Fireworks and other diversions on the water—A practical jest and its consequences—Manilla troops—Estimate of their courage—Obedience to orders—Fatal mistake—Anecdote of the Kaffir war—Remarks on dogs—The bloodhound of Manilla—Chow-chow dogs—Scavengers—Lap-dogs—Importation of European dogs—A degenerate bulldog—Cigars—Exchange of silver for gold.

Some few years ago bull-fighting was carried on in Manilla in a small way; but it was at best only a tame imitation of the sport still so popular in Spain, and the animals were generally, by one means or another, rendered pretty harmless before being engaged; the place was, however, blown down one windy day, and the amusement has since ceased altogether.

There had been also an opera of very fair pretension; but an earthquake had taken liberties with the house, and the performance was suspended. At an

Indian theatre, the drama rejoiced in the Tagalan tongue, and the performance, I understood, was not always of a sort to suit the taste of fastidious prudery: but whether from that or some other, I suspect, less high-toned reason, I never got there, though often purposing to do so. Two or three shocks of earthquakes were felt during my stay, but of so slight a nature as to be hardly perceptible; nor had a dangerous one visited the place for some time; but I believe that their occurrence and comparative force is not confined to any particular season of the year.

Gambling is a vice to which Spaniards are proverbially prone, and, either from natural taste, precept, or example, the native Indians have just as much partiality for it; indeed, all the Malay tribes have rather an inclination that way; and, far from endeavouring to check this unhappy tendency, the Government not only have licensed cockpits and gambling-houses, particularly for monté, which is not allowed to be played elsewhere at the risk of so many weeks' work on the roads, but there is a monthly Government lottery, where prizes, at the rate of five dollars a ticket, may be drawn up to the sum of 10,000 dollars, if not more. Scandal sometimes hints that the Queen of Spain is singularly fortunate with respect to these monster prizes; but I fancy the thing is conducted on just as honest and straightforward terms as matters of the kind are anywhere,

and strangers have drawn considerable sums at different times; besides, the names of the winners are always published, (I think in the "Diario" or "Bulletin de Goberno,"*) so that any extraordinary run of luck would, at all events, be open to public suspicion.

Gaming, however, is at best but a bad business, and in Manilla often brings great misery and distress on the poor Indian, in particular, who will save up and risk his all for the chance of a fortune. I must candidly confess that it is a temptation most especially seductive, and few, I think, of the foreign residents in Manilla of either sex will disagree with me in that opinion—our fair countrywomen trying their luck occasionally, as well as the gentlemen—very naughty, no doubt; but having fallen myself to a trifle, "just for curiosity's sake," a softening influence over the real naughtiness of the transaction is apt to steal mesmerically, and cause the blame to be thrown back on the Government that offers the inducement; which, I suppose, on its part, would say, "Don't do what you cannot approve of. We see no harm, and find it, 'by difference of exchange, &c.,' a very paying affair." My trifling venture I left to be looked after by a friend, who kindly took the charge; it gained and lost, lost and gained, to several varieties of amount, and at last flickered out altogether, just, perhaps, about the best thing that

* "Daily Government Gazette."

could happen to it. I don't think, however, that amongst our own people their investments often go beyond a few dollars, and some, I know, make it a matter of principle always to have one or two chances floating in an atmosphere where a "golden ray" may possibly be crossed.

Besides any amount of private "bayles," a monthly ball was held at the "Casino," a club lately established in the outer city. One of a similar kind had been in existence previously in the military portion of the town; but for some reason, principally, I believe, the great expense the ladies put their papas and husbands to for new dresses, it had "fallen through" of late, and the present one, in the foreign quarter, was established, with strict injunctions and a mutual understanding that the balls were to be anything but full-dress, or rather, "every-time-new-dress affairs." Gentlemen appeared in any costume they pleased almost, that is, *à la* white jacket, minus waistcoat or even gloves, and the ladies, as a rule, did keep tolerably within bounds. They were very pleasant reunions, and you met more of the European-Spanish ladies there than elsewhere; but on the whole, I think, the private "bayles" were generally preferred by those who loved dancing well, for its own sake, and still better when blended with an occasional dash of romping. There was, besides, a little jealousy on the part of the "ton,"—some of the would-be "exclusively élite" objecting to meet

Mestiza girls of what they were pleased to consider doubtful position.

This club-house was nicely fitted up, and had two or three pretty fair billiard-tables; but you seldom found them in use, and the markers were in happy ignorance of any but the peculiar pegged game played by Spaniards, which differs very materially from either our three or four ball one. There were some odd old pictures hung round the rooms; and on entering you were stared out of countenance, and, indeed, I may almost say courage, too, by the representation of a virago, with the most bloated, scarlet-and-purple-faced, fiery-eyed, and altogether awful-looking visage that the wildest distortion of fancy ever imagined; the more you looked at it the worse its countenance appeared; and it was apt to leave an impression that would return in visions of the night, "in aught but beauty borne." This I was informed (of course it must have been an extravaganza) was a flattered likeness of "La Reina de España Isabella Segunda," her present Majesty of Castile and Arragon.

I think I before mentioned that nearly all classes in Manilla have a liking for aquatic amusements. The Indians, both men and women, are very fond of immersing themselves in the refreshing waters of the "Pasig," in company with boys on buffaloes, more or less, all the day long; and morning and evening find the river resounding with the merry ringing

laughter of the light-hearted nymphs of this sunny isle, mingling with fuller peals from the throats of the other sex, native, Spanish, or foreign, as the case may be. I do not by this mean exactly to say that they all bathe up in a jumble—that would be rather too much of a joke—but each villa having its bathing-house, which leads into the open river, a visit, or even a dip, in company with some fair neighbour is not at all uncommon; and the amount of bathing attire worn is quite sufficient, at all events while pretty well immersed, to preclude any indelicacy. Formerly, I believe, regularly organised bathing parties, composed of both sexes, were much more common than now, and were looked upon as being exceedingly jolly; but though these good old days of primitive simplicity have somewhat given way to European refinement and prudery, yet something of the spirit still remains.

Saint Juan's,* or Midsummer Day, is devoted particularly to amusements of an aquatic nature; boating parties no end; fireworks on the water, with every conceivable mode by which the element may be made available to the honour of the saint or the diversions of his devotees. On a late occasion, the ardour of a portion of the participators in these amusements was rather damped by a circumstance which I relate merely as I heard it. A party of young Spaniards, among whom was the son of the

* Pronounced almost like "San Whan."

Governor, had got a small fire-engine in their boat, for the purpose of ducking any one to whom such a process might, in their estimation, be beneficial. On passing a party of ladies, who with some foreigners were amusing themselves with dancing in a verandah, these young gentlemen brought their apparatus to bear, and sent a jet of water pretty close to the party, but without wetting any one; the ladies, I believe, began taunting them on their not being able to reach them, which they, taking as a challenge to do so if they could, elevated the branch pipe, and gave them a regular good sousing. Seized with a precipitate, and perhaps injudicious desire to "do devoir" in the cause of the moistened damsels, a young free and enlightened citizen of the *U*-nited States rushed on board the boat, and a scuffle ensued, finished by his rolling overboard with the hopeful offspring of the "Gobernador de las Philippinas" in his arms, and so fierce then raged the battle, that the others had some difficulty in getting him on board again. This at length being accomplished, and the proud Castilian blood still uncooled, Master Trans-Atlantic was challenged there and then to mortal combat; but this card the Governor trumped by putting his hopeful son, who was also his aide-de-camp, under arrest for some time. Afterwards, I believe, he had an opportunity of renewing the offer, which the other declined, on the strength of the inequality of their positions, as to consequences

pending either falling—very correct and sensible reasoning, no doubt, though there were people wicked and foolish enough to think it would have made a better finale to the fracas had the Don been allowed to assume a position where he might possibly have lost a little of his too hot blood. Matters, however, of this kind seldom come to anything serious; mutual courtesies generally preclude it; and the laws against duelling are as strict, I fancy, in Manilla, if not more so, than in our own colonies.

I never could understand exactly why, but our own countrymen and Americans profess to despise the native Indian troops in the Spanish service. There may or may not be truth in what I have heard them say, that a handful of the Anglo-Saxon race, with big sticks in their hands, could walk through the whole lot of them; but they are well-drilled, well-dressed, soldier-like looking fellows, and though of course much inferior in bone and muscle to Europeans, are yet, as a body, better-limbed and stronger-looking men certainly than our Madras sepoys; and though they have occasionally a little failed in their attacks on Tulisanies, there might be other reasons than pusillanimity to be urged as to the cause "why," seeing that these very desperadoes are frequently old comrades; and whenever they have been led against the Moors (as they call the Malays of the southern isles of the group), they have done their work right well.

Like all Asiatics, while they remain loyal, their implicit obedience to the letter of an order, however extraordinary or inconsistent with customary practice, is very striking. They are most unscrupulous as sentries, and would just as soon pop at or bayonet a passer-by who failed in answering their challenge of "Quien viva" as not. As an instance of this unqualified obedience, my attention was called, in the course of a stroll in the vicinity of the town, to a guard-house where a singular and most unfortunate circumstance of the kind had transpired. The officer of the guard was, it appears, partially aroused one night by the corporal, with a report announcing, as he imagined, that a "culebra" (snake) had come into the guard-house: "Well, shoot him," said the officer. "Shoot him!" replied the corporal, in evident surprise at the order. "Yes, of course, shoot him; what else should be done with him?" The corporal shrugged his shoulders and retired; and shortly a report of fire-arms was heard, in accordance with the order. Some little time after, however, the corporal made his appearance again, and asked what was to be done with the body. "The body," replied the officer, "why, throw it away, skin it, eat it, or do whatever you please with it, only don't bother me any more about this infernal 'culebra.'" "'Culebra!'" repeated the corporal; "it's no 'culebra' at all." "What, then?" demanded the officer, becoming gradually awake.

"Why, my poor comrade 'Colábra,' who was absent when the guard was first mustered, and your worship ordered me to report to you when he returned to the guard-house." There was no help for it; there he lay, stiff and stark, the victim of error not his own. This anecdote may be thought a hoax; but all I can say is, that every European in Manilla professed to believe it. I myself do; and the occurrence was of quite recent date.

I remember a similar, but fortunately less fatal occurrence that took place in our own army during the Kaffir war. Towards the close of a heavy day's march, which had been preceded by many other heavy ones, after an invisible but ever present enemy, the horses of Her Majesty's — Regiment of Lancers had begun to knock up, and as they became unable to proceed further, they were shot and their accoutrements destroyed, in order that as little might be left for the dusky sons of the bush as possible; and the dismounted troopers had to keep up with the rest on foot as best they could, which some of them found no easy matter, and ran great risk of being cut off. One poor fellow, in particular, sat down dead beat, and swore he couldn't move an inch further to save his life. Every effort having failed to bend his stubborn will, the matter was reported to the field officer in command, who, it was well known, had always a strong determination to carry out what he ordered or threatened,

and disobedience was seldom heard of in the regiment. On this occasion, he turned in his saddle as the report was made to him, and, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, merely said, "Well, then, shoot him, and tear his clothes up." The Duke's hint to the Commissary that Picton threatened to hang was not acted upon more immediately by the individual most concerned than was this mild injunction; it caused "the lame to walk" without a second thought, and there was no more lagging that day.

As my recollections of Manilla are now drawing to a close, I do not know that a better opportunity will present itself for inserting a few observations on the dogs of the island. Occasionally you still meet with well-bred specimens of the far-famed Manilla bloodhound, generally admitted, I believe, to be one of the fiercest animals of its kind. There was an old one at the house I was staying at, a gaunt, grim-looking old gentleman, much taller and bigger in every way than a fox-hound, of a dun colour, with powerful limbs, wide chest and shoulders, and such a head and hanging jowl! Old as he was, not more than one or two privileged individuals ever ventured within the scope of his chain, from which he had not been loosed for years. Most unrelentingly savage these beasts are, and I was told that they are very apt to take a hatred to some one animal in particular; there had been one in Manilla a few years before, who, whenever he found

himself at liberty, lost no time in looking for a horse on which to wreak his vengeance, and did so to the death, I believe, once or twice.

Other dogs are numerous—all sorts of crosses and half-breeds, some of which resemble the blood-hound more or less, but almost invariably they are cowardly bullies, unworthy of the noble race whose connection their appearance might claim. The foxy-headed, bushy-tailed, half-wild, snappish cur, bearing a striking likeness to that found in most Continental countries, particularly at Constantinople, more or less all over India, in a wild state in Australia, and also met with in a modified form in China, there known as the "chow-chow dog," is pretty plentiful in Manilla, and just about as useful as elsewhere; and that's not saying much for them. Certainly, in Australia, and I believe some parts of India, they are hunted like foxes; and in China, the better classes (a distinction known by their having black tongues) are eaten and considered dainties; but over and above these applications, I know of nothing they are fit for, except that of their being vigilant watchers, and, in some places, useful as scavengers. Then there is the little white curly poodle, or lap-dog, generally dirty in its habits, with red bleared eyes, and, in nine cases out of ten, a cross, snarling, treacherous temper; but having a most especial dislike to lap-dogs of all descriptions, notwithstanding the many partisans they have amongst the ladies,

I will curtail my remarks on them, for fear I should be led into doing the dear little creatures an injustice, for which I might be called to account by some of their many fair admirers.

I ought to mention that a fair sprinkling of European imported dogs may be seen in and about Manilla; but, generally speaking, these degenerate both in themselves and their offspring, and this, I have reason to suppose, is the case, more or less, in all tropical climates. An American gentleman brought a bull-dog to Manilla from, I think, either one of the other islands of the group, or some part of India, that looked the very acme of everything savage, and when he landed him, had him led between two chains, and warned every one he met to keep clear of him. For a short time, he was treated with all the distant respect his assumed "ton" warranted; but, it being at length apparent that they had been hoaxed, and Master "Bull" a gross imposture and cowardly poltroon, without a spark of courage in him—in fact, a perfect sheep, he was made to suffer all those indignities to which such dispositions are so liable to be subjected when the fact once becomes known; *sic modus mundi est*, and few there are so truly strong as to respect the weak.

There is a little difficulty in getting cigars sometimes to take from the island, it being unlawful to buy more than a thousand at a time, unless they are purchased expressly for export, and pay the

duty accordingly. It may easily be conceived, however, that if the intention to smuggle exists, a very simple primary process is, to get a thousand yourself, your servant goes for another, your friend for a third, and so on, to any amount you like; besides which, if you pay for them in silver, the venders (Government *employés*) are not over scrupulous as to quantity, for they can convert the silver money into gold before paying it in, by which exchange they gain much, the latter being at considerable discount. This, too, is one reason why the Government lottery makes such a profitable speculation.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO HONG KONG.

After four o'clock—My friend's balcony—Expiration of my leave—A sad disappointment—Embarkation in the Reina de Castilla—The passengers—Learning English—In sight of Hong Kong—Well-remembered features—Sedan-chairs and their occupants—Chinese nursemaids—A Chinese funeral—Chinese weddings—Hong Kong improving—*Vale.*

THE evenings in Manilla are wonderfully cool compared with the heat of the day; indeed, it might be possible almost to tell when four o'clock had struck, by the sudden change of temperature, and the consequent general opening of the oyster-shelled windows that had been hitherto kept closed to keep the glare out.

Sitting out in the verandah of my friend's house at Santa Anna, situated as it was on the banks of the Pasig, over whose moonlit waters strains of music rose or fell, as some pleasure party or band wound its way along its graceful turnings, or indulging in the entrancing bewilderments of the "habinera" or gay cotillon, I found a mode of

passing through life's thorny path sufficiently agreeable to render me desirous of a more lengthened continuance; but, alas! amid the many difficulties we have to contend with, few things are harder than legitimately to convert six weeks into any more than six weeks. I had quite recovered my health, the "Reina de Castilla," another war-steamer, was about to start just at the right time, and a passage was most courteously offered. Once a spark of hope appeared inclined to kindle into flame, in consequence of some defect being discovered in the "Reina's" machinery, which would probably delay her sufficiently long to enable me to join a pic-nic of ladies and gentlemen, who were to meet on an island, and spend the day in boating, bathing, and every amusement the heart could desire. It was agreed that all were to be in Mestizo costume; and I had even taken the preliminary step of parading myself before a pier-glass, with my under garments in the orthodox style, so that it might "it's tails unfold," and had strutted about with one trouser-leg turned up, all to get in the way of the thing, and not display awkwardness on the occasion. But it was labour in vain and hope deceived; those horrible English engineers would not allow themselves to be found wanting before foreigners; they worked away night and day; and the result was, that one dark, squally evening I found myself, with a sadly lengthened visage, perched on top of various boxes of sundries,

in a long "banca," recrossing the bar of the river Pasig.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of Captain "Bustamente" and his officers; and though our passage was a stormy one, and the little vessel tumbled about in a most lively manner, agreeable society rendered it very enjoyable. There was amongst others on board an elderly Spanish gentleman, who had held some employment in the "Hacienda," and was returning to Europe per overland route, who seemed to be of a particularly studious turn, for, despite of wind or weather, he kept poring over a book, whose contents he was evidently bent on making himself master of. I got into conversation with him, and found that it was the great object of his ambition to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English language to hinder him from being starved on his way home in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, where he assured me he had been told that unless you could speak out for yourself you stood a good chance of being neglected altogether. Now I must say, that though I have heard very many complaints against the state of things, particularly in the provision of eatables, on board the steamers, yet I was able to afford him a hope that, by hook or by crook, he would occasionally get something to eat; and I offered to improve the opportunity as much as circumstances would admit, by giving him a few rudimentary lessons in the art

of asking for it. He showed me his book, and asked me what I thought of it? It was very wrong, but in spite of six weeks' tuition in foreign politeness and consideration, for the life of me I could not help bursting into a loud laugh on perusing its contents. It was written by a Spaniard, and professed to teach English "without a master," pronunciation and all; and anything more absurd could hardly have been written. For instance, all such words as "that" and "this," "these" and "those," were to be pronounced strictly as "dat" and "dis," "dees" and "dos," and all else in keeping; it surpassed description; and amongst other things a few Yankeeisms had crept in. Poor old man! I shall not easily forget his look of despair at my disparagement of this, his only hope and trust; seizing which he dashed his book to the ground, saying, with uplifted hands, "O madre de Dios!" (mother of God), "the knowledge of English is denied me for ever."

In three days we reached a place, not ill-looking in itself, which I thought I had seen before. There was a spacious bay, well filled with shipping, surrounded by high and by no means unpicturesque hills, and on a slope on one side lay a well-built, populous town, for the most part very English in appearance, and apparently prosperous, but for some undefinable reason little contentment appeared to reign there. Most of the white inhabitants looked sickly, and whatever their circumstances in life, were

constantly asking each other "when they were going home," the only goal to which they seemed to look forward with pleasure. Instead of the gay display of carriages seen every evening on the "Calzada" of Manilla, were a very few shabby vehicles, and any amount of nasty close sedan-chairs, into which as you peeped, instead of finding a petticoat, you as often,—"Oh, age and home of degeneracy!" found what our neighbours are pleased to term "pants." These sedans were borne on the shoulders of square-faced, drooping-eyed, long-tailed celestials, who regulated their pace to the orders of "Fitee" (quick); "Yow-yow" (slow); "Man-man" (stop); or "Soong" (set down), as the occupant of this unseemly conveyance directed. A few, principally naval officers, might be seen "doing the rash by walking on their own particular hind feet," on whom the sedanites looked with mingled pity and contempt, shrugged their shoulders, exclaiming, "If people will do such things they must take the consequences."

On the steps of a verandah, in front of a large building that looked like a club, lounged or sat a choice group of the younger consumers of Manilla cheroots, either military in mufti, or what by the navy were generally styled "men in houses," a polite designation for paid clerks, who, having just popped off the high-legged stools on which they had been calculating their masters' gains or losses in the very high-toned trades of opium or coolie traffic all day, had come

over to do the swell a little, and watch the fair as they proceeded to the parade ground, where a band might be found blowing themselves into a state of high perspiration, principally for the edification of Chinese nurses (invariably ugly), who, with something approaching Bloomer costume, wooden-soled* shoes turned up at the toes, and hair plastered into the form of a jug-handle, were taking specimens of the European rising generation out for a walk, by sitting down themselves, and inquiring of each other whether their "chow-chow" had been good of late, and how it had agreed with them, their young charges the while rolling about to the great detriment of their fancy dresses, which had been purchased probably in this land of cheapness at the rate of cent. per cent. or more on the English value.

But what comes here? A long piece of wood, apparently the trunk of a tree, swung on bamboos, and carried by men at a full trot, is followed by a few attendants in white garments, who are themselves followed by trays of different viands, in the rear of which is a huge roast-pig, and then that fellow preceding the procession with a trumpet in his hand blowing away like mad, and emitting a sound exactly like a very inferior bagpipe considerably out of tune? Oh! this is a Chinese funeral, and the tree trunk is

* I am not quite clear as to their being all wooden: I fancy they are often composed of compressed layers of either leather or cardboard to about two inches in thickness, but they look most like wood.

the coffin. It looks altogether rather too jolly, but it is made up by the dolefulness of their weddings, where all is the very reverse (in public procession), and the bride howls out her distress as she is borne along in a closed sedan. Next to the roast-pig, I should say, came long strings of horses led after each other, their clothing marked with the initials of their owner's name, and some of them so frisky from want of riding as to require two celestial grooms to hold them in. Oh! now we know where we are: that's Hong Kong all over; and surely the fact might have been discovered without all this long rigmarole of local peculiarities!'

Fair play and justice, however, demands that after having been somewhat hard on this far distant colony, to me a place of many years' sojourn, I should, in extenuation, say that, notwithstanding many, and some, perhaps, unavoidable, drawbacks, there are to be found, and those not a few, worse places than Hong Kong to live in; and without doubt it is, and has been for some time, improving in every sense. Its very enlargement and more full development will break down much nonsensical narrow-mindedness and unsociability* as far as society is concerned,† and

* This, be it remembered, was written on things as they were in 1855. Since which time, that is, to 1858, there has been a vast improvement in every way.

† Notwithstanding the unsocial element previously adverted to, I cannot but in justice say that I met with many firm and sincere friends in the Hong Kong community, especially among the bachelor and professional portion; and, mutually, may some of our scenes of "auld lang syne" be not readily forgotten!

for some reason, probably better drainage and other sanatory causes, it is becoming every year less unhealthy. Its prosperity as a commercial colony has long been on the ascendant, and with the good roads round and through the island which are even now in progress, and a more efficient police, or rather better *matériel* for the very able heads of that department to work with, it bids fair ere long to become a place where, as the Yankees say, "You might spend a very respectable sort of a time in."

Kind reader, "fair" or "brave," as the case may be, what can I wish you in gratitude for having so far borne with me in this long story, about little or nothing, of mine? what, in addition to lengthened days, health, prosperity here, and a cheerful looking forward to that which is beyond—what shall it be? Why, that your memories of the past may ever be as bright with the sunny rays of bygone hours of pleasure and happiness as my recollections are of my visit to "Manilla" and the "Lakes of Luzon."

THE END.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX

Comparative Statement of the Principal

——	Years.	Sugar.	Hemp.	Sapan Wood.	Cordage.	Mother of Pearl Shells.
		Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.
To Europe	1848	73,328	20,153	14,570	538	936
	1849	184,721	37,439	45,389	1,593	3,322
	1850	211,431	21,916	57,485	685	1,663
	1851	127,758	30,795	31,308	194	1,411
	1852	123,659	28,144	12,803	190	2,736
	1853	198,529	16,278	12,707	...	1,379
	1854	454,756	94,603	22,221	675	1,882
	1855	281,507	23,563	8,414	2,026	1,132
	1856	397,142	35,245	18,803	...	1,984
To the United States	1848	77,437	123,287	22,055	3,545	293
	1849	89,493	113,679	15,675	2,755	81
	1850	78,480	98,816	9,303	33	77
	1851	116,410	143,115	15,916	84	98
	1852	143,139	220,512	71,125	279	536
	1853	203,591	205,188	8,873	...	712
	1854	102,221	228,017	5,357	...	1,538
	1855	204,006	214,579	7,542	...	51
	1856	148,955	312,559	11,712	...	806
To Australian Colonies	1848	102,432	...	330	1,204	...
	1849	97,469	16	25	1,810	...
	1850	143,424	...	480	3,813	...
	1851	173,299	...	...	2,678	...
	1852	149,561	...	...	1,612	...
	1853	145,612	...	322	5,682	...
	1854	147,358	...	...	9,284	...
	1855	201,340	...	...	9,425	...
	1856	228,974	...	...	11,531	...
To California and the Pacific	1850	31,220	...	...	2,374	...
	1851	31,500	...	...	1,622	...
	1852	6,155	...	...	1,191	...
	1853	4,325	...	...	1,470	...
	1854	1,614	...	...	1,049	...
	1855	12,544	...	...	533	...
	1856	8,079	...	...	752	...

APPENDIX.

Manilla Exports from 1848 to 1856.

Hats.	Tortoise Shell.	Indigo.	Coffee.	Grass Cloth.	Hide Cuttings.	Cigars.	Tobacco	Gum Damar	Cocoa-nut Oil.	Buffalo Hides.
No.	Catties	Pls.	Parcels.	Pieces.	Pls.	Mil.	Parcels.	Pls.	Galls.	Piculs.
...	1,279	62	6,319	13,499	...	5,667	...	...	...	1,458
502	6,736	242	6,248	18,629	...	13,945	—	—	—	—
62	3,278	417	...	14,077	...	30,874	...	...	...	3,504
600	1,777	1,680	5,526	2,300	306	3,877	54,618	...	...	5,086
4,064	2,378	353	10,775	150	...	6,927	76,951	1,636	16,019	2,942
...	3,455	...	1,945	...	...	5,642	79,760	1,650	3,450	926
...	2,450	301	2,217	...	2	7,495	59,395	1,489	36,880	3,324
...	4,911	187	8,869	2,400	...	10,107	90,641	2,917	51,700	3,726
533	2,969	1,636	10,026	...	...	9,521	31,900	2,397	12,640	1,261
1,100	1,050	2,300	2,519	94,519	2,276	370	...	...	...	688
...	200	3,585	2,859	28,505	3,603	280	—	—	—	—
25,880	455	3,753	2,062	22,975	2,417	899	—	—	—	—
8,064	1,364	1,717	1,248	31,562	2,486	2,721	...	...	...	958
128	1,122	5,513	4,138	7,391	2,342	1,175	553	200	...	1,931
....	214	8,529	1,724	19,598	3,576	164	...	2,594	...	4,887
...	118	7,672	999	62,705	3,864	500	...	7,493	4,230	2,413
1,470	130	4,774	280	93,918	2,550	1,751	...	1,310	...	385
...	...	3,777	2,167	111,245	2,889	3,961	5,140	374	...	2,104
28,353	...	...	2,149	...	...	3,360	—	—	—	—
17,952	...	1	2,355	...	...	9,020	—	—	—	—
9,350	...	...	1,645	...	...	11,949	—	—	—	—
9,400	...	...	3,350	...	...	12,914	—	—	—	—
3,020	...	...	1,798	...	...	23,684	—	—	—	—
37,057	...	...	6,531	...	...	36,172	—	—	—	—
57,364	...	...	2,667	...	...	31,839	—	—	—	—
4,000	...	...	2,757	...	...	26,300	—	—	—	—
...	...	...	4,135	...	...	28,292	—	—	—	—
760	...	...	1,078	2,650	...	2,345	—	—	—	—
2,274	...	...	3,450	2,500	...	2,048	...	...	...	20
...	...	...	676	...	...	290	...	...	120	—
2,608	...	...	7,582	...	...	1,356	—	—	—	—
...	...	...	2,720	...	...	209	—	—	—	—
...	...	...	4,780	...	...	1,949	...	...	80	—
...	...	...	943	1,200	...	2,419	—	—	—	—

Exports from Manilla from 6th

		Sugar.	Hemp.	Sapan Wood.	Mother of Pearl Shells.
	To Great Britain.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.
Dec. 8	British, "Sandford," Cork	11,529	...	405	—
„ 25	British, "John Bibby," Cork	11,585	...	508	—
	Previously in 1856	366,632	34,307	17,410	1,051
	Total to Dec. 31, 1856	389,746	34,307	18,323	1,051

Loading for England, British bark "Aallotar;" for Cork, British ships Shanghai, British brig "Woodlark." Without destina-

		Sugar.	Hemp.	Sapan Wood.	Hide Cuttings
	To the United States.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.
Dec. 25	American, "Siam," Boston	3,000	8,770	400	188
„ 25	American, "Arcadia," New York	...	8,050	100	81
„ 26	American, "Indiaman," Boston	9,727	7,377	588	143
	Previously in 1856	136,228	288,362	10,624	2,477
	Total to Dec. 31, 1856	148,955	312,559	11,712	2,889

Loading for Boston, American ship "Orpheus;" and for New York, Ame- Church," "Halcyon," "Fearless,"

		Hemp.	Sapan Wood.	Mother of Pearl Shells.	Horns.
	To the Continent (*except Spain*).	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.
Dec. 12	Sardinian, "G. Mameli," Gibraltar and Genoa	12	...	...	...
	Previously in 1856	926	480	933	98
	Total to Dec. 31, 1856	938	480	933	98

December, 1856, to 6th January, 1857.

Tortoise Shells.	Cigars.	Horns.	Indigo.	Leaf Tobacco.	Hats.	Hides.	Cowries	Almasiga.	Coffee.
Catties.	Mil.	Parcels.	2 qls.	2 qls.	No.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2,769	9,521	236	1,572	31,900	533	1,261	2,084	2,076	342
2,769	9,521	236	1,572	31,900	533	1,261	2,084	2,076	342

"Amnesty" and "Defence;" British ship "Sea," for Singapore; and for tion—British ship "Espoom," and Hamburgh bark "Louise."

Cigars.	Indigo.	Grass Cloth.	Coffee.	Mother of Pearl Shells.	Arrowroot.	Gum Damar.	Hides.	Leaf Tobacco.
Mil.	2 qls.	Pieces.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	2 qls.
89	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	...	...	...	20	—	—	—	—
380	912	1,800	203	...	...	...	358	—
3,472	2,865	109,445	1,964	786	485	374	1,746	5,140
3,961	3,777	111,245	2,167	806	485	374	2,104	5,140

rican ship "Swordfish." Without destination—American ships "Thomas "Norseman," and "David Brown."

Cocoa-nut Oil.	Cowries	Coffee.	Indigo.	Rum.	Almasiga.	Sugar.	Canes.	Tortoise Shell.
Gallons.	Parcels.	Parcels.	2 qls.	Galls.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Mil.	Catties.
...	...	...	...	...	...	5,646	11	—
12,640	220	9,684	64	700	321	1,750	100	200
12,640	220	9,684	64	700	321	7,396	111	200

Exports from Manilla from 6th December, 1856,

		Sugar.	Rice.	Coffee.
	To the Pacific.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.
	As per last statement, since then no departure	8,079	15,930	943

The American bark "I. R. Mora"

		Sugar.	Cigars.	Cordage.
	To New South Wales.	Parcels.	Mil.	Parcels.
Dec. 12	British, "Sea Bird," Sydney	8,800	485	229
„ 22	British, "Benjamin Heape," Melbourne	3,282	1,500	933
	Previously in 1856	216,892	26,307	10,369
	Total to Dec. 31, 1856	228,974	28,292	11,531

January 5, 1857, British "Acacia," Sydney.

The British brig "Prima Donna"

to 6th January, 1857.—*continued.*

Rope.	Cigars.	Arrowroot.	Hemp.	Paddy.	Grass Cloth.
Parcels.	Mil.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Pieces.
752	2,419	162	2,178	1,300	1,200

is loading for San Francisco.

Molasses.	Coffee.	Rum.	Rice.	Arrowroot.	Soap.
Gallons.	Parcels.	Gallons.	Parcels.	Parcels.	Boxes.
...	400	—	—	—	—
...	243	—	—	—	—
31,435	3,492	1,109	1,872	103	99
31,435	4,135	1,109	1,872	103	99

4,000 parcels of Sugar; 320 parcels of Cordage.

is loading for Melbourne.

FALL OF RAIN.

	Inches
June	6·2
July	30·4
August	4·3
September	15·2
October	7·1
November	3·4
December	3·9
	70·5


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